THE NEW WONDER WORLD

F.K.HARPER

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THE NEW WONDER WORLD

A Library of Knowledge

IN ELEVEN VOLUMES

I. The World and its Peoples
II. Invention and Industry
III. The Nature Book
IV. Exploration, Adventure, and Achievement
V. Story and Art
VI. Sports, Pastimes, and Handicraft
VII. The History Book
VIII. The Literature Book
IX. The Child in the Home
X. The Wonder of Life
XI. Home and School Guide—Index

ENTERING BOOKLAND

THE NEW WONDER WORLD

A Library of Knowledge

GEO. L. SHUMAN & CO.
CHICAGO

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Volume IX

THE CHILD IN THE HOME

One moment now may give us more
Than years of toiling reason.

WORDSWORTH

A FOREWORD

By PATTY S. HILL
Professor of Education, Teachers College, Columbia University

IT is sincerely hoped by those who have collected and edited the materials in this volume that they will stimulate parents and teachers to study the part they may play in providing a happy and developing life of work and play for little children in the home and the school. Nor should their influence end in childhood, for it is believed that if these high ideals are carried through education they should create a developing taste for cultural materials to meet the needs of a society providing increasing hours of leisure for all classes.

It is fortunate for the little children of to-day and the civilization of to-morrow that modern educators are growing in their ability to see both the content and the method of the school in close relation to the world outside. A deepening consciousness of the rapidity with which society is changing has thrown upon teachers a serious responsibility in preparing the children of to-day not only for the social changes taking place at present, but through increasing opportunities for training in adaptability and tolerance for the changes which we anticipate in the future.

The two institutions most potent in preparing children for a society of the future are the home and the school. The leaders responsible for those changes which must take place in the home and in the school are parents and teachers. If parents and teachers hope to live up to this responsibility with intelligence and effectiveness, certain changes must take place in their own thinking. These modifications in our own thinking necessarily precede our attempts to guide the thinking of the children in our care. In the first place, we must frankly face all those changes which are taking place in society to-day whether these be scientific, industrial, economic, political, religious, or social. While it must be granted that all change is not progress — all changes, for better or for worse, must be studied with a critical and unprejudiced mind before their values can be weighed with justice and insight. Old habits of thought and feeling must give way if changing conditions set up the necessity for new standards and ideals, requiring a modification of former beliefs and attitudes. When we have growing parents and teachers facing the new day with unprejudiced eyes, there will be little difficulty in bringing about all those improvements in the home and the school which make for the development of children and the betterment of the society in which they live. The outstanding characteristic of childhood is capacity for growth, and we who live with and for children must grow with them if we are to influence the changes taking place either in the child or the society in which he must find his place. Among the most outstanding changes affecting all the other aspects of social living are those taking place in the industrial world. It may seem a far cry from the problems of unem-

ployment in industrial society to those which parents and teachers are called upon to face in the homes and the schools to-day, yet a closer scrutiny reveals the fact that they are and should be closely related.

Education, especially in the higher branches, has rightly laid tremendous emphasis on science, especially in relation to its function in preparation for a more skilled manufacture and a more enlightened commercial life. While it is readily granted that science must continue to hold its prominent place, curricula of the future will have to give equal respect to all those subjects of the curriculum which point the way to more healthful, ethical, cultural, and developing means of recreation. The right to training for the recreative life of children and youth has crept into our curricula, but unfortunately through the rather misleading title, "extra-curricular activities". This terminology has placed them in the family of educational subjects and activities in what might be called a "step-child" relationship. This must be corrected if all those subjects which especially prepare the child for play and recreation are to take their rightful place as honored members "in full and regular standing" in education.

In Volume IX of this series of books the editor is endeavoring to help parents and teachers to a new appreciation of the role of the arts and sciences in the play life of young children. If the citizens of the future are to know how to employ and enjoy their leisure profitably and nobly, we cannot begin too early to conserve the play and art life of little children, stimulating their innate love of story, poetry, and song, the dance and drama, the arts and crafts, and contacts with nature, developing these through high-grade materials all the way from the nursery to the university.

Those who have planned this volume have searched far and wide for those songs, stories, poems, games, and materials which will enable mothers and teachers to turn quickly to good sources for help in serving the art and play life of little children. In play are the beginnings of all the arts and sciences — which may be used as a point of departure for all the school subjects, but only for those who have eyes to see the values in such unpretentious beginnings. Not only does bodily health depend upon a rich full play life both indoors and out, but mental health as well. A contented and satisfying life of play and work is a tonic for body and mind. "Happiness," says Montessori, "is an inoculation of health."

A happy, wholesome childhood is one of the best investments that parents can make for themselves and for their children. The richest child is poor indeed if it cannot look back upon a happy childhood. Little children cannot provide for themselves. They are at the mercy of the environment and circumstances into which they are born. It is *our* privilege to see that they secure this great birthright, in preparation for a future society where all will be expected to participate in a life of satisfying work and play.

Patty Smith Hill

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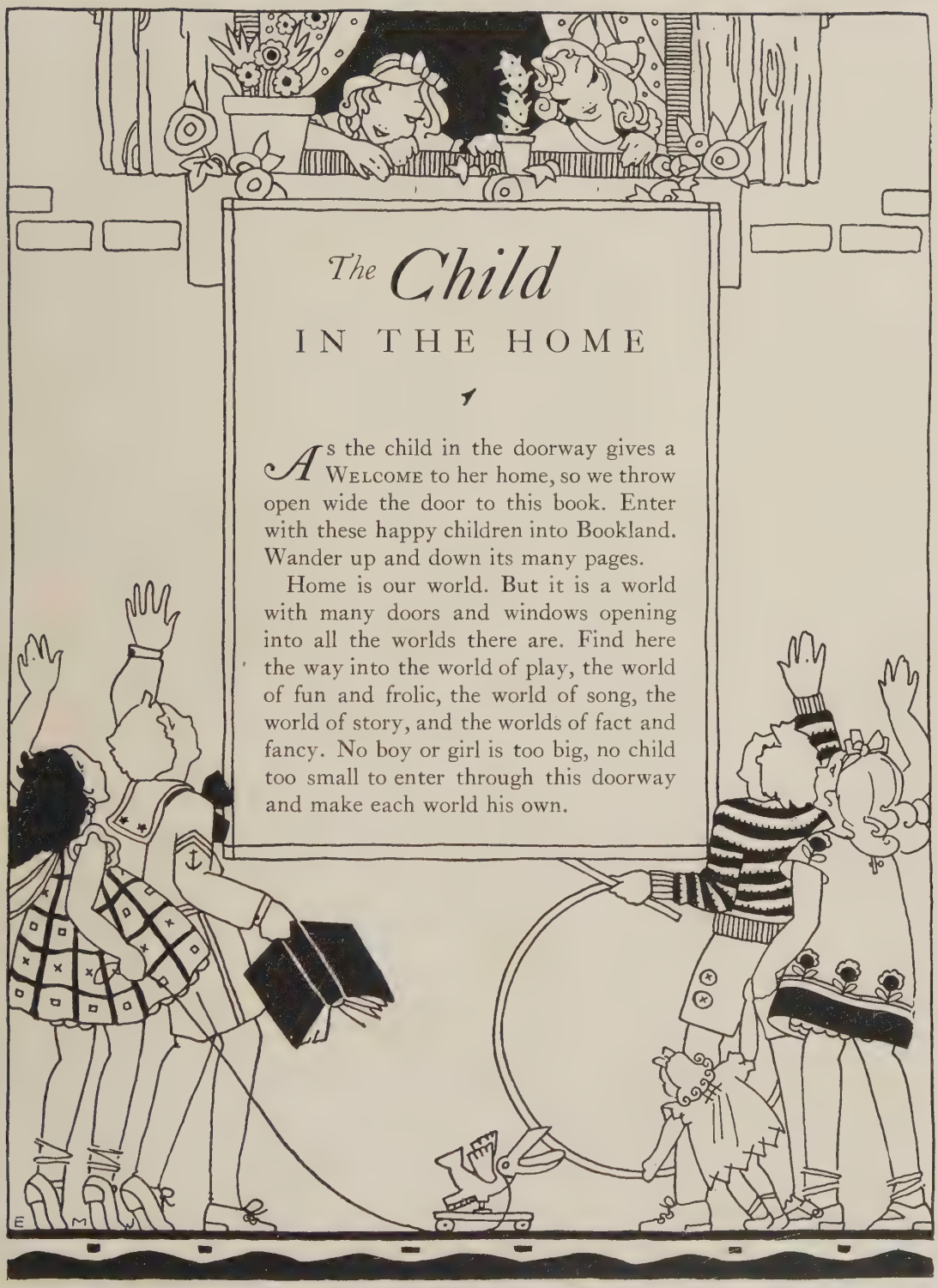
H. Armstrong Roberts

WELCOME



The Child

IN THE HOME

As the child in the doorway gives a WELCOME to her home, so we throw open wide the door to this book. Enter with these happy children into Bookland. Wander up and down its many pages.

Home is our world. But it is a world with many doors and windows opening into all the worlds there are. Find here the way into the world of play, the world of fun and frolic, the world of song, the world of story, and the worlds of fact and fancy. No boy or girl is too big, no child too small to enter through this doorway and make each world his own.

BEDTIME VERSE AND MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
  Sailed off in a wooden shoe, —
Sailed on a river of crystal light
  Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
  The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
  That live in this beautiful sea;
  Nets of silver and gold have we,"
    Said Wynken,
      Blynken,
      And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
  As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
  Ruffled the waves of dew;

The little stars were the herring-fish
  That lived in the beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish, —
  Never afeard are we!"
  So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
    Wynken,
    Blynken,
    And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
  To the stars in the twinkling foam, —
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
  Bringing the fishermen home:
'T was all so pretty a sail, it seemed
  As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they 'd dreamed
  Of sailing that beautiful sea;
  But I shall name you the fishermen three:
    Wynken,
    Blynken,
    And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
  And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
  Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
  Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
  As you rock on the misty sea
  Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three, —
    Wynken,
    Blynken,
    And Nod.

EUGENE FIELD.

(From "With Trumpet and Drum." Copyright, 1892, by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.)

A STAR STORY TOLD IN SIX PICTURES

I. When the whole earth is asleep, then quietly, very quietly there comes from the far cloud-spaces a shining company of little people with golden lanterns. The star children have awakened from their sleep in Paradise, and are come to play the whole night long in the meadows of heaven. They come by twos and threes, they come in crowds down the highroad of heaven.

SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
  Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
  Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
  Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
  Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
  Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
  Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

BED IN SUMMER

In winter I get up at night
  And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
  I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
  The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
  Still going past me in the street.

II. With them comes a chariot in which sits the North Star, driving like a prince with his attendants and four torchbearers. III. Some of the star children go fishing with golden rods, catching tiny fish in the blue lake of heaven.

And does it not seem hard to you
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(From "A Child's Garden of Verses." Copyright, 1890, by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,

IV. What is this that comes lumbering along with clumsy gait? The Great Bear in a silvery shaggy skin. He is in a gentle mood and lets the little riders tug merrily at his fur. The star children who escort him walk soberly and hold their lanterns carefully that they may give good light. Look for him some night, and you may see him in the sky.

A CRADLE SONG

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.

Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE SLEEPY SONG

As soon as the fire burns red and low
  And the house upstairs is still,
She sings me a queer little sleepy song,
  Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run quick and soft,
  Their colors are gray and white;
They follow their leader nose and tail,
  For they must be home by night.

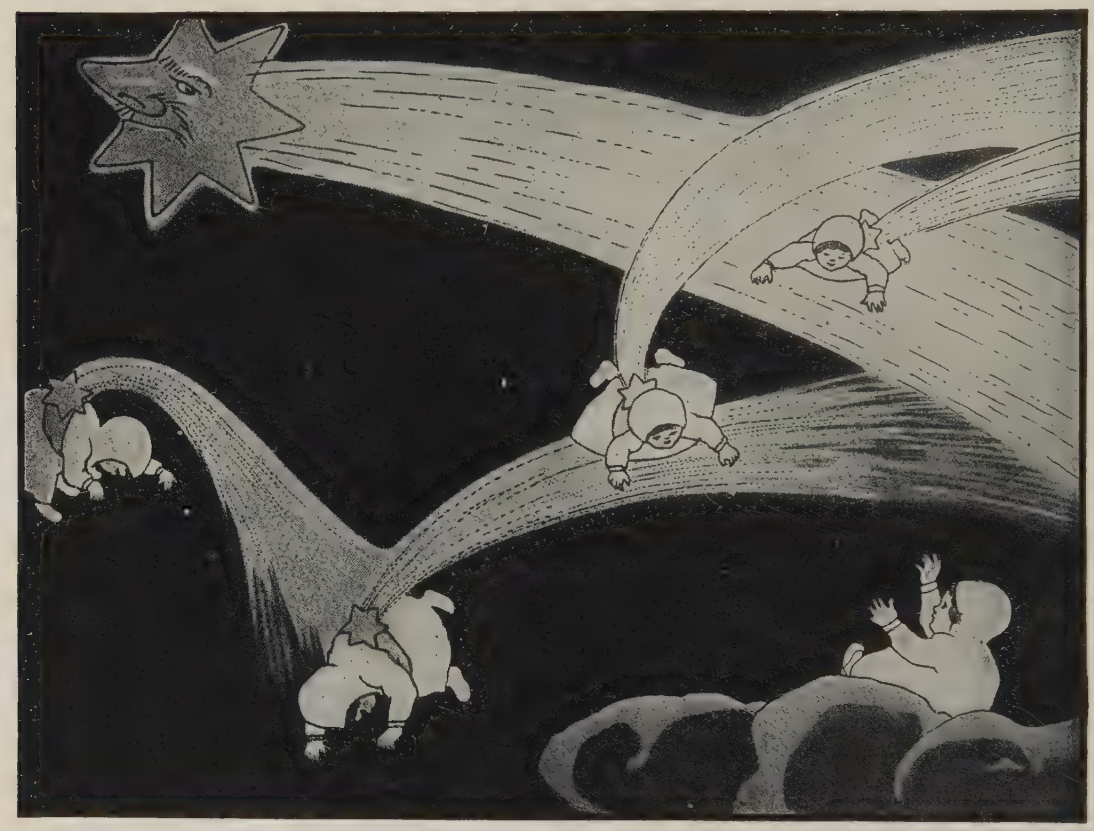
And one slips over, and one comes next,
  And one runs after behind;
The gray one's nose at the white one's tail,
  The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the hill
  They quietly slip away,
But one runs over and one comes next —
  Their colors are white and gray.

And over they go, and over they go,
  And over the top of the hill
The good little sheep run quick and soft,
  And the house upstairs is still.

And one slips over and one comes next,
  The good little, gray little sheep!
I watch how the fire burns red and low,
  And she says that I fall asleep.

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON.



V. Then suddenly through the reaches of the night there shoots a dart of flame. With his tail streaming behind him in fiery splendor a comet rushes through the air, dividing like a sword the crowd of stars. Many of the star children tumble, from sheer fright, headforemost down to earth.

(*By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.*)

BABY

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.
Where did you get those eyes of blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.
What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry twinkles left in.
Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

. . . . . .

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

. . . . . .

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

VI. Now the little star children must go home, lest Madam Sun appear and catch them. They slip through the gate of clouds into their hall. St. Peter, who guards the gate of heaven, draws the curtain, and says, "Now polish the little lanterns for another night." With nimble fingers they rub the little lights with cloud fleece until they sparkle. Then they go to bed and sleep sweetly till earth goes to sleep again, and they may run and play in the meadows of heaven, waving their freshly polished lanterns.

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see:
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good-night, good-night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying, "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good-night, good-night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road:
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good-night, good-night!"

She did not say to the sun "Good-night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light:
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and could never sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head,
The violet curtsied and went to bed:
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said on her knees her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day,
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good-morning! good-morning! our work is begun!"

LORD HOUGHTON.

BABY PLAYS

TWO FACE GAMES

Here sits the Lord Mayor; [*Forehead.*
Here sit his two men; [*Eyes.*
Here sits the cock;
Here sits the hen; [*Cheeks.*
Here sit the little chickens; [*Nose.*
Here they run in. [*Mouth.*

Chinchopper, chinchopper,
Chinchopper, chin! [*Chin.*
Ring the bell [*Hair.*
Knock at the door, [*Forehead.*
Draw the latch [*Nose*
And walk in. [*Mouth.*

A FINGER GAME

Dance, Thumbkin, dance!
Thumbkin cannot dance alone,
So dance, ye merrymen, every one,
And dance, Thumbkin, dance!

Dance, Foreman, dance!
Foreman cannot dance alone,
So dance, ye merrymen, every one,
And dance, Foreman, dance!

Dance, Middleman, dance!
Middleman cannot dance alone,
So dance, ye merrymen, every one,
And dance, Middleman, dance!

Dance, Ringman, dance!
Ringman cannot dance alone,
So dance, ye merrymen, every one,
And dance, Ringman, dance!

Dance, Littleman, dance!
Littleman cannot dance alone,
So dance, ye merrymen, every one,
And dance, Littleman, dance!

HAND PLAYS

Clap hands, clap hands
For daddie to come home,
With cakes in his pocket
For baby alone.

Pease porridge hot,
    Pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot,
    Nine days old.
Some like it hot,
    Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot,
    Nine days old.

PAT-A-CAKE, PAT-A-CAKE

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man,
So I will, master, as fast as I can.
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with B,
Put it in the oven for Baby and me.

This little pig went to market;
This little pig stayed at home;
This little pig had roast beef;
This little pig had none;
This little pig said, "Wee, wee!
I can't find my way home."

ONE, TWO

One, two,
Buckle my shoe;

Three, four,
Knock at the door;

Five, six,
Pick up sticks;

Seven, eight,
Lay them straight;

Nine, ten,
A good fat hen;

Eleven, twelve,
Let them delve;

Thirteen, fourteen,
Maids a-courting;

Fifteen, sixteen,
Maids in the kitchen;

Seventeen, eighteen,
Maids a-waiting;

Nineteen, twenty,
My plate 's empty.

WARM, HANDS

Warm, hands, warm, daddy 's gone to plow;
If you want to warm hands, warm hands now.

:THIS LITTLE PIG:
WENT TO MARKET
:THIS LITTLE PIG:
WENT TO MARKET
:THIS LITTLE PIG:
:STAYED AT HOME:
THIS
LITTLE
PIG
HAD
ROAST
BEEF

:THIS LITTLE PIG:
:HAD NONE:
:THIS LITTLE PIG:
:CRIED-WEE! WEE!
ALL
THE
WAY
HOME
:H.O.M.E:

TO MARKET, TO MARKET

To market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, dancing a jig;

To market, to market, to buy a plum-bun,
Home again, home again, market is done.

Dance to your daddie,
My bonnie laddie,
Dance to your daddie, my bonnie lamb!
You shall get a fishie,
On a little dishie.
You shall get a herring when the boat comes
home!

BYE, BABY BUNTING

Bye, Baby Bunting,
Daddy 's gone a-hunting
To get a little rabbit skin
To wrap the Baby Bunting in.

Here 's the church,
Here 's the steeple,
Look inside and see the people;
Here 's the parson going up stairs,
Here he is a-saying his prayers!

MOTHER GOOSE AND HER RHYMES

OLD MOTHER GOOSE

Old Mother Goose, when
She wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.

Mother Goose had a house,
'T was built in a wood,
An owl at the door
For a porter stood.

She had a son Jack,
A plain-looking lad,
He was not very good,
Nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market,
A live goose he bought:
"Here! Mother," says he,
"It will not go for naught."

MOTHER GOOSE LOOKING AT THE GOLDEN EGG

Jack's goose and her gander
Grew very fond;
They 'd both eat together,
Or swim in one pond.

Jack found one morning,
As I have been told,
His goose had laid him
An egg of pure gold.

Jack rode to his mother,
  The news for to tell.
She called him a good boy,
  And said it was well.

LITTLE BO-PEEP

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
  And can't tell where to find them;

LITTLE BO-PEEP

Leave them alone and they 'll come home,
  And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
  And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
  For they were still a-fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
  Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
  For they 'd left their tails behind them.

It happened one day, as Bo-peep did stray
  Into a meadow hard by:
There she espied their tails side by side,
  All hung on a tree to dry.

MISS MUFFET

Little Miss Muffet
  Sat on a tuffet,
    Eating curds and whey;
There came a great spider,
  Who sat down beside her,
    And frightened Miss Muffet away.

TOM, TOM

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run.
The pig was eat and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young,
But all the tune that he could play
Was, "Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe did play with such skill,
That those who heard him could never keep still;
Whenever they heard they began for to dance—
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET

As Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took out his pipe, and began for to play;
So Doll and the cow danced "the Cheshire round,"
Till the pail was broke, and the milk ran on the ground.

He saw a cross fellow beating an ass
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes, and glass;
He took out his pipe and played them a tune,
And the ass's load was lightened full soon.

Now Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleased the girls and delighted the boys;
And they liked to stop and hear him play
His "Over the hills and far away."

JACK SPRAT

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And so between them both
They left the platter clean.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep 's in the meadow, the cow 's in the corn;
Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep?
He 's under a haycock, fast asleep.
Will you wake him? No, not I;
For if I do, he 'll be sure to cry.

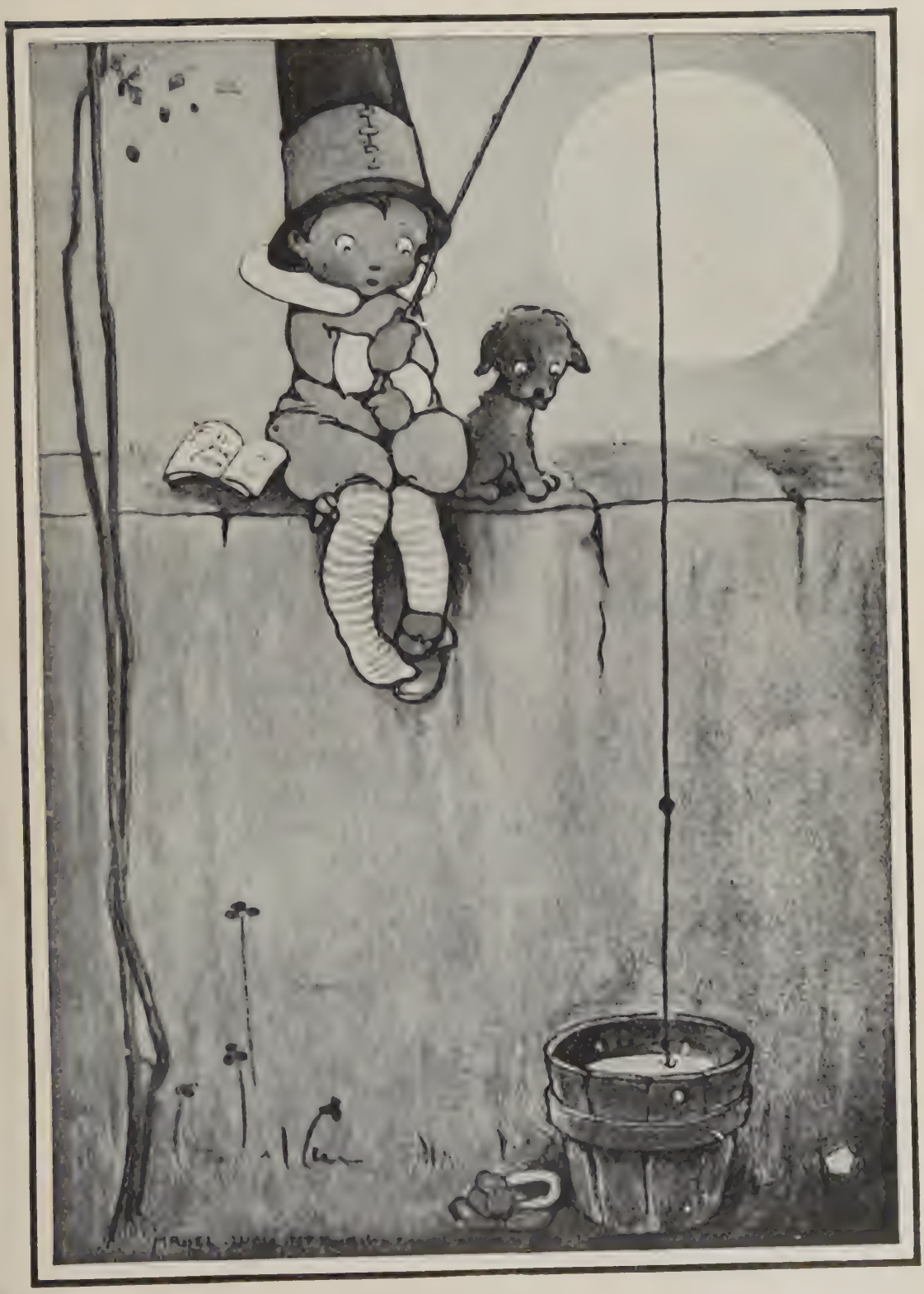
SIMPLE SIMON

Simple Simon met a pieman
Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny;"
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale;
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle;
He pricked his fingers very much
Which made poor Simon whistle.



SIMPLE SIMON

LITTLE BETTY BLUE

BETTY BLUE

Little Betty Blue
Lost her holiday shoe.
What can little Betty do?
Give her another
To match the other,
And then she may walk in two.

JACK AND JILL

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With cockle shells, and silver bells,
And pretty maids all in a row.

Rock-a-bye, baby, on the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby, bough, cradle, and all.

THE MAN IN THE MOON

The Man in the Moon looked
out of the moon,
And this is what he said,
"'Tis time that, now I 'm getting up,
All babies went to bed."

SEE SAW

See saw sacradown,
Which is the way to London Town?
One foot up, the other foot down,
And that is the way to London Town.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts
All on a summer's day;
The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts,
And took them clean away.

The King of Hearts called for the tarts,
And beat the Knave full sore;
The Knave of Hearts brought back the tarts,
And vowed he 'd steal no more.

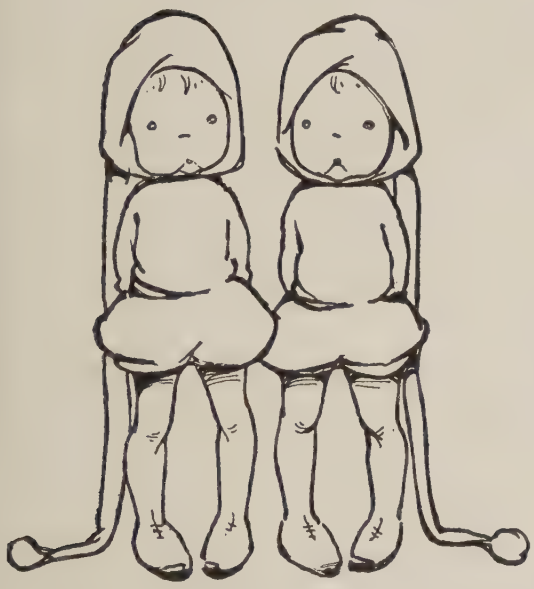
SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie;

When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the King?

The King was in the counting house,
Counting out his money;
The Queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey;

The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes;
There came by a blackbird,
And pecked off her nose.



JACK A NORY

I 'll tell you a story
About Jack a Nory,
And now my story 's begun;
I 'll tell you another
About Jack his brother,
And now my story 's done.

THE ROBIN REDBREASTS

Two robin redbreasts built their nest
Within a hollow tree;
The hen sat quietly at home,
The cock sang merrily, —
And all the little young ones said,
"Twee-twee, twee-twee, twee-twee!"

One day the sun was warm and bright,
And shining in the sky;
Cock Robin said, "My little dears,
'T is time you learn to fly;"
And all the little young ones said,
"I 'll try, I 'll try, I 'll try!"

I know a child, and who she is
I 'll tell you by and by,
When Mother says, "Do this," or "that,"
She says, "What for?" and "Why?"
She 'd be a better child by far,
If she would say, "I 'll try!"

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

THREE BLIND MICE

Three blind mice, see how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
She cut off their tails with a carving knife;
Did you ever hear such a thing in your life?
Three blind mice.

JACK, BE NIMBLE

Jack, be nimble,
And, Jack, be quick;
And, Jack, jump over
The candlestick.

SHE GAVE THEM BROTH

THE OLD WOMAN

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she did n't know
what to do;
She gave them some broth without any bread;
She whipped them all soundly and put them to
bed.

BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP

Baa, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full;
One for my master,
And one for my dame,
But none for the little boy
Who cries in the lane.

RAIN, RAIN, GO AWAY

Rain, rain, go away;
Come again another day.

MARY AND HER LAMB

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day;
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

"Why does the lamb love Mary so?"
The little children cry.
"Why, Mary loves the lamb you know!"
The teacher made reply.

AND PUT THEM TO BED

MARY AND HER LAMB

THE NORTH WIND

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then, poor thing!
He 'll sit in a barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing, poor thing.

HARK! HARK!

Hark! Hark!
The dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town:
Some in jags,
Some in rags,
And some in velvet gowns.

CURLY LOCKS

Curly locks, curly locks,
Wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes,
Nor yet feed the swine;

But sit on a cushion,
And sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries,
Sugar and cream.

WHO PUT HER IN?

DING DONG BELL

Ding dong bell,
Pussy 's in the well!
Who put her in? —
Little Johnny Green.
Who pulled her out? —
Little Tommy Trout.
What a naughty boy was that,
To drown poor pussy cat,
Who never did him any harm,
But killed the mice in his father's barn!

LITTLE JACK HORNER

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
  Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum!
  And said, "What a good boy am I!"

I LOVE LITTLE PUSSY

I love little Pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her, she 'll do me no harm,
So I 'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,
But Pussy and I very gently will play.

I 'll pat little Pussy, and then she will purr,
And thus show me thanks for my kindness to her;
She shall sit by my side, and I 'll give her some food,
And she 'll love me because I am gentle and good.

I 'll not pinch her ears, nor tread on her paws,
Lest I should provoke her to use her sharp claws;
I never will vex her, nor make her displeased,
For pussies don't like to be worried or teased.

PUSSY-CAT

Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been?
I 've been to London to look at the Queen.
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there?
I frightened a little mouse under the chair.

THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL

There was a little girl, and she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead;
When she was good, she was very, very good,
But when she was bad, she was horrid.

HERE WE GO ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH

GAMES

LONDON BRIDGE

London bridge is broken down,
  Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
London bridge is broken down,
  With a gay lady.

How shall we build it up again?
  Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
How shall we build it up again?
  With a gay lady.

Build it up with silver and gold,
  Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Build it up with silver and gold,
  With a gay lady.

Silver and gold will be stolen away.
  Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Silver and gold will be stolen away,
  With a gay lady.

Build it up with iron and steel,
  Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Build it up with iron and steel,
  With a gay lady.

Iron and steel will bend and bow,
  Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
  With a gay lady.

Build it up with wood and clay,
  Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Build it up with wood and clay,
  With a gay lady.

Wood and clay will wash away,
  Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Wood and clay will wash away,
  With a gay lady.

Build it up with stone so strong,
  Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Huzza! 't will last for ages long,
  With a gay lady.

ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH

Here we go round the mulberry bush,
  The mulberry bush, the mulberry bush,
Here we go round the mulberry bush,
  On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we wash our hands,
  Wash our hands, wash our hands,
This is the way we wash our hands,
  On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we wash our clothes,
  Wash our clothes, wash our clothes,
This is the way we wash our clothes,
  On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we go to school,
  Go to school, go to school,
This is the way we go to school,
  On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we come out of school,
  Come out of school, come out of school,
This is the way we come out of school,
  On a cold and frosty morning.

HOW MANY MILES?

"How many miles is it to Babylon?"
"Threescore miles and ten!"
"Can I get there by candlelight?"
"Yes, and back again!
  If your heels are nimble and light,
  You can get there by candlelight."
"Open the gates and let me through!"
"Not without you 're black and blue!"
"Here 's my black, here 's my blue;
  Open the gates and let me through!"
"Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!"

BUFF

Buff says Buff to all his men,
And I say Buff to you again!
Buff neither laughs nor smiles,
But keeps his face,
With a very good grace,
And hands the staff to his next-door neighbor.

THIS IS THE WAY

This is the way the ladies ride;
    Tri, tre, tre, tree,
    Tri, tre, tre, tree!
This is the way the ladies ride,
    Tri, tre, tre, tre, tri-tre-tre-tree!

This is the way the gentlemen ride;
    Gallop-a-trot,
    Gallop-a-trot!
This is the way the gentlemen ride,
    Gallop-a-gallop-a-trot!

This is the way the farmers ride:
    Hobbledy-hoy,
    Hobbledy-hoy!
This is the way the farmers ride;
    Hobbledy, hobbledy-hoy!

COME OUT TO PLAY

Girls and boys, come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day;
Leave your supper and leave your sleep,
And come with your playfellows into the street,
Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a good will or not at all,
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A halfpenny roll will serve us all,
You find milk and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in half an hour.

"HOW MANY MILES TO BABYLON?"

POLLY AND SUKEY

Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
  We 'll all have tea.

Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
  They 're all gone away.

A SHIP A-SAILING

I saw a ship a-sailing,
  A-sailing on the sea;
And it was full of pretty things
  For baby and for me.

There were sweetmeats in the cabin
  And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
  And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
  That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
  With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
  With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
  The captain cried, "Quack, quack!"

OUR EDUCATION

When we learn to write,
  Don't you see, don't you see?
Then I 'll write to Dolly
  And she 'll write to me.

When we learn the map,
  Don't you know, don't you know?
Then Dolly and I
  On our travels will go.

When we learn to count,
  Don't you see, don't you see?
Then we 'll spend my dollar,
  Half for her, half for me.

When we learn to read,
  Don't you know, don't you know?
Then Dolly and I
  To young ladies will grow!

AMOS R. WELLS.

(*By permission.*)

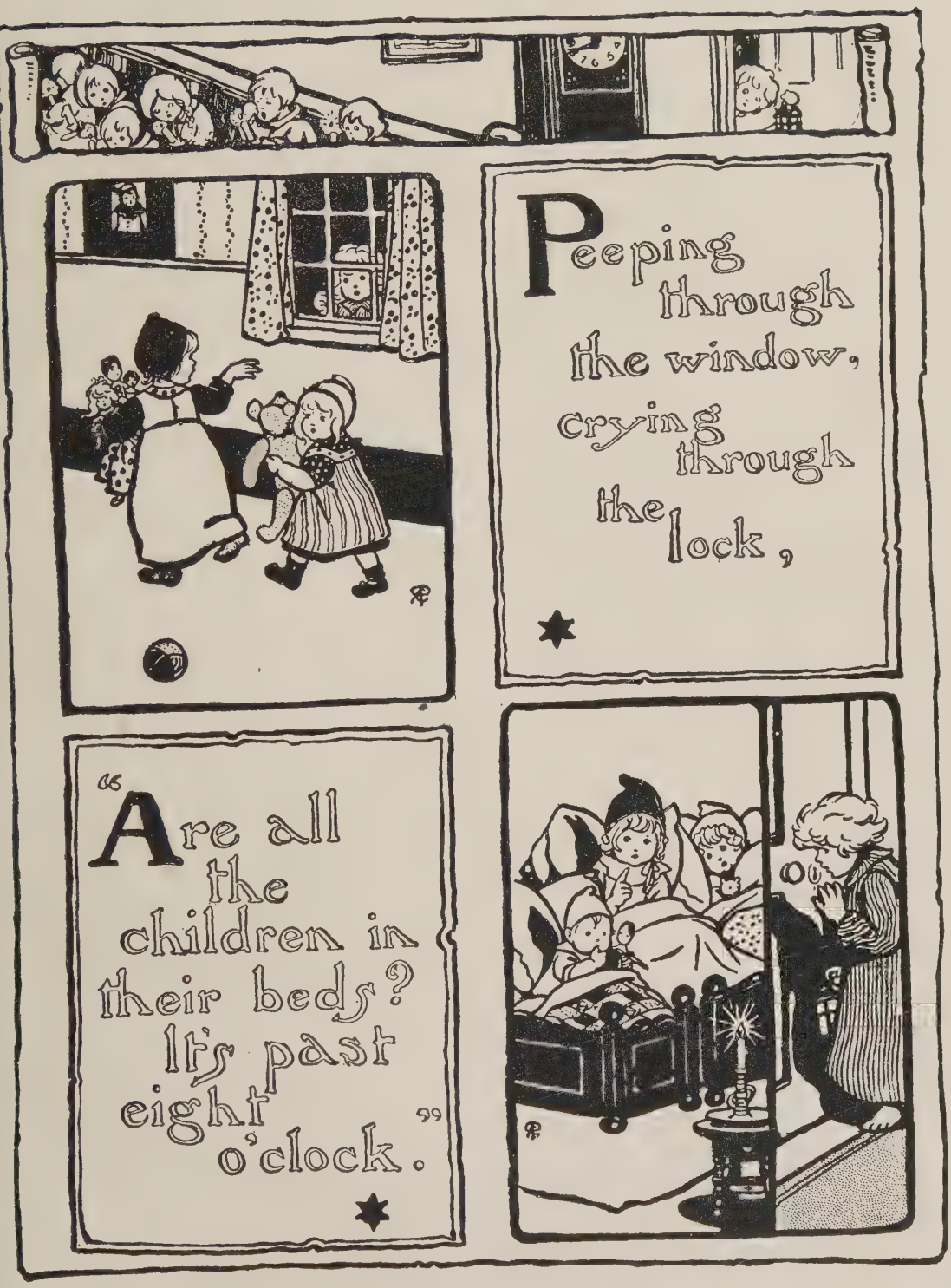
THE STRANGEST OLD ARAB

LITTLE
BO-PEEP
Little Bo-Peep has lost
her Sheep
And doesn't know where
to find them,
Let them alone and they'll
come home
And bring their tails
behind them.
LA GOVEY

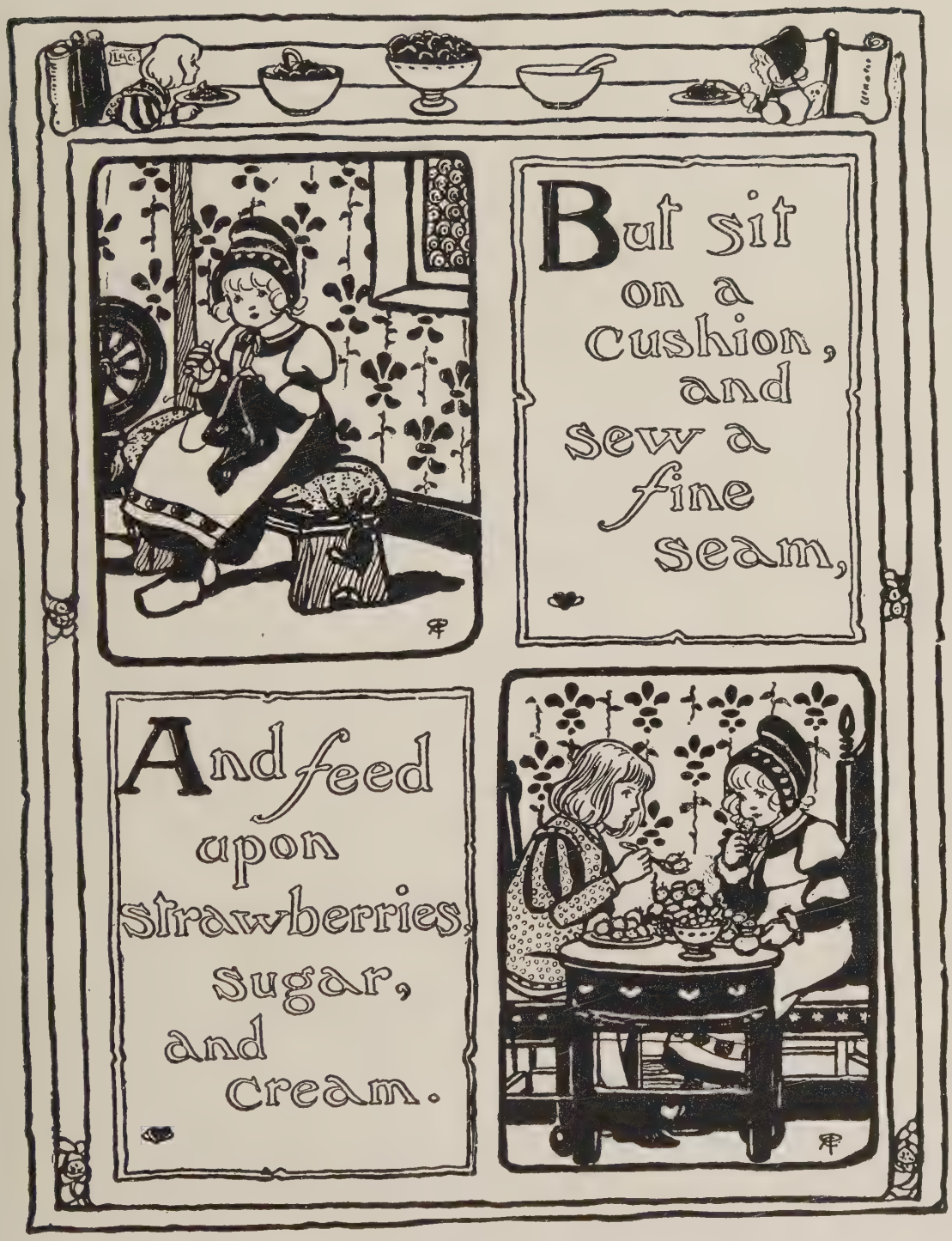
WEE WILLIE WINKIE

Wee Willie
Winkie
runs
through
the
town,

Upstairs
and
downstairs,
in his
nightgown.


Peeping through the window, crying through the lock,
"Are all the children in their beds? It's past eight o'clock."

Curly-Locks, Curly-Locks
Curly-Locks, Curly-Locks, wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed the swine;


But sit
on a
cushion,
and
sew a
fine
seam,
And feed
upon
strawberries,
sugar,
and
cream.

THE STORY TELLER'S HOUR

LONG before the child can read he may have learned the joy that comes in response to his request, "Please, tell me a story." And with sparkling eyes and with whole body expressing eagerness to hear every word he leans forward and listens as the story is told. It may not be a new story, it may not even be a particularly interesting story, yet this wee listener is enchanted and at the conclusion may say, "Tell it again! Please tell it again!"

SELECTING THE STORY

The large number of stories now available for children makes it necessary to choose from among this collection those which seem best suited to the listener. The selection should be based on the literary quality of the story and upon the child's ability to enjoy it. The story should have a real plot, and characters interesting to him. It should be written in a fluent style not in short, choppy sentences which some authors consider "child-like." The stories included in this section of the volume have stood the test of years of telling and have become every child's heritage. They will serve as a safe departure for the home's first story hours.

TELLING THE STORY

As soon as the news goes forth that "Mother is going to tell us a story," there is a rapid assembling of the youthful audience and each, sitting or lying to suit his comfort, gives evidence of being ready to hear the tale. The more dramatic the story teller is, the greater are her listeners thrilled. So intent may they become that they unconsciously imitate gestures and facial expressions of the narrator. Because interest is at such a high peak during the story hour, the story teller should use care in speaking as distinctly as possible. And, if the story is well told, it would be hard to tell who enjoyed it most, the one who heard it or the one who told it.

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE

THE cat and the mouse
Played in the malt-house.

The cat bit the mouse's tail off.

"Pray, Puss, give me my tail."

"No," said the cat, "I 'll not give you your tail, till you go to the cow, and fetch me some milk."

First she leaped, and then she ran,
Till she came to the cow, and thus began:

"Pray, Cow, give me milk, that I may give Cat milk, that Cat may give me my own tail again."

"No," said the cow, "I will give you no milk till you go to the farmer, and get me some hay."

First she leaped, and then she ran,
Till she came to the farmer, and thus began:

"Pray, Farmer, give me hay, that I may give Cow hay, that Cow may give me milk, that I may give Cat milk, that Cat may give me my own tail again."

"No," said the farmer, "I 'll give you no hay, till you go to the butcher and fetch me some meat."

First she leaped, and then she ran,
Till she came to the butcher and thus began:

"Pray, Butcher, give me meat, that I may give Farmer meat, that Farmer may give me hay, that I may give Cow hay, that Cow may give me milk, that I may give Cat milk, that Cat may give me my own tail again."

"No," said the butcher, "I 'll give you no meat, till you go to the baker and fetch me some bread."

First she leaped, and then she ran,
Till she came to the baker, and thus began:

"Pray, Baker, give me bread, that I may give Butcher bread, that Butcher may give me meat, that I may give Farmer meat, that Farmer may give me hay, that I may give Cow hay, that Cow may give me milk, that I may give Cat milk, that Cat may give me my own tail again."

"Yes," said the baker, "I 'll give you some bread,
But if you eat my meal, I'll cut off your head."

Then Baker gave Mouse bread, and Mouse gave Butcher bread, and Butcher gave Mouse meat, and Mouse gave Farmer meat, and Farmer gave Mouse hay, and Mouse gave Cow hay, and Cow gave Mouse milk, and Mouse gave Cat milk, and Cat gave Mouse her own tail again.

THE THREE BEARS

ONCE upon a time three bears lived together in a house of their own in the wood. One of them was a Great Big Bear, another was a Middle-sized Bear, and the third was a Little Tiny Bear.

In the kitchen of the bears' house were a table and three chairs. The first was a great big chair, the second was a middle-sized chair, and

THE BOTTOM CAME OUT

the third was a little tiny chair. The bedroom was upstairs, and in it were three beds. The first was a great big bed, the second was a middle-sized bed, and the third was a little tiny bed.

The Three Bears got up early one morning, and the Middle-sized Bear made porridge for their breakfasts. It was so hot, that she poured it into the porridge pots, and they all went for a walk into the wood to give it time to cool.

Now while they were walking, a little girl named Goldilocks came to the house. First she looked in at the window, and then she peeped in at the key-hole, and, seeing nobody in the house, she lifted the latch. The door was not fastened, so little Goldilocks easily got in, and was well pleased when she saw the porridge on the table.

She first tasted the porridge in the Great Big Bear's pot, but it was too hot for her; so she tasted the porridge of the Middle-sized Bear; that was too cold for her. Then she went to the porridge of the Little Tiny Bear, and that was neither too hot nor too cold, but just right, and she liked it so well that she ate it all up.

She now sat down in the chair of the Great Big Bear, and that was too hard for her; so she sat in the chair of the Middle-sized Bear, and that was too soft for her; she then sat down in the chair of the Little Tiny Bear, which was neither too hard nor too soft, but just right.

So she seated herself and sat in it till the bottom of the chair came out, and down she came plump upon the ground. Then little Goldilocks went upstairs into the bedroom, where the Three Bears slept. She looked at the nice cosey beds, and, although it was morning, she lay down on one of them.

This was the Great Big Bear's bed, but it was too high for her; so she tried the next bed, which was also too high for her. "Never mind," said she, "I will try the little bed." This was the Little Tiny Bear's bed, and was just right for her; so after covering herself up nicely she fell fast asleep.

WHEN THE BEARS CAME HOME

By this time the Three Bears thought their porridge would be cool enough, so they came home to breakfast. Now little Goldilocks had left the spoon of the Great Big Bear standing in his porridge.

"SOMEONE HAS BEEN TASTING MY

FAST ASLEEP

THE BEARS RETURNING HOME

PORRIDGE!" said the Great Big Bear, in his great big voice.

And when the Middle-sized Bear looked at hers, she saw that the spoon was standing in it.

"SOMEONE HAS BEEN TASTING MY PORRIDGE!" said the Middle-sized Bear, in her middle-sized voice.

Then the Little Tiny Bear looked at his, and

there was the spoon in the porridge pot, but the porridge was all gone.

"*Someone has been tasting* MY *porridge, and has eaten it all up!*" said the Little Tiny Bear, in his tiny little voice.

AWAY SHE RAN

Upon this, the Three Bears, seeing that someone had entered their house and had eaten up the Little Tiny Bear's breakfast, began to look about them. Now little Goldilocks had not put the hard cushion straight, when she rose from the chair of the Great Big Bear.

"SOMEONE HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!" said the Great Big Bear, in his great big voice.

Little Goldilocks had also seated herself on the Middle-sized Bear's soft chair.

"SOMEONE HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!" said the Middle-sized Bear, in her middle-sized voice.

"*Someone has been sitting in* MY *chair and has sat the bottom out of it!*" said the Little Tiny Bear, in his tiny little voice.

The Three Bears were now getting vexed, so they ran upstairs, to search there. Now little Goldilocks had pulled the pillow out of its place when she lay on the biggest bed.

"SOMEONE HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!" said the Great Big Bear, in his great big voice.

And little Goldilocks had pulled the bolster of the second bed out of its place.

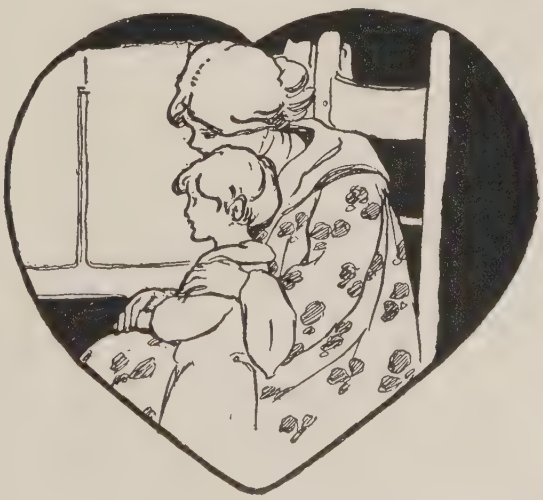
"SOMEONE HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!" said the Middle-sized Bear, in her middle-sized voice.

And when the Little Tiny Bear came to look at his bed, there was the bolster in its place and the pillow in its place upon the bolster; and upon the pillow was little Goldilocks' head.

"*Someone has been lying in* MY *bed — and here she is!*" said the Little Tiny Bear, in his tiny little voice.

Little Goldilocks had heard in her sleep the great big voice of the Great Big Bear, but she was so fast asleep that it was no more to her than the roaring of wind or the noise of thunder. She had heard the voice of the Middle-sized Bear, but it was only as if she had heard someone speaking in a dream. But when she heard the tiny little voice of the Little Tiny Bear, it was so sharp and so shrill that she sprang up wide awake. When she saw the Three Bears on one side of the bed, she gave a little cry, tumbled out at the other side, and ran to the window.

Now the window was open, and not far from the ground, so out little Goldilocks jumped, and away she ran into the wood, before the Three Bears could make up their minds what to do.



GOING OUT INTO THE WORLD

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

THERE was once a mother pig who was so poor that she could not keep her three little ones at home. "You must go out into the world and seek your fortunes," she said. And the three little pigs trotted forth.

The first little pig had not gone far when he met a man with a bundle of straw. "Please give me that straw to build a house," said he.

"I will," said the man, and the pig built a house.

Before long a wolf passed that way, knocked at the door, and called out, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin," answered the pig.

"Then I 'll huff, and I 'll puff, and I 'll blow your house in," said the wolf. So he huffed, and he puffed, and he blew the house in, and ate up the little pig.

The second little pig met a man with a bundle of furze. "Please give me that furze to build a house," said he.

"I will," said the man, and the pig built a house.

Then along came the wolf, knocked at the door, and called out, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin," answered the pig.

"Then I 'll huff, and I 'll puff, and I 'll blow your house in," said the wolf. So he huffed and he puffed, and he huffed and he puffed, and at last he blew the house in, and ate up the little pig.

The third little pig met a man with a load of bricks. "Please give me those bricks to build a house," said he.

"I will," said the man, and the pig built a house.

Then along came the wolf, knocked at the door, and called out, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin," answered the pig.

"Then I 'll huff, and I 'll puff, and I 'll blow your house in," said the wolf. So he huffed

HE BLEW THE HOUSE IN

and he puffed, and he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed, and still he could not blow the house down. At last he gave up in despair, and called out, "Little pig, I know where there is a nice field of turnips."

"Oh, do you? Where?" asked the pig.

"In Mr. Smith's field. Would you like to come with me to get some?"

"Yes," said the little pig. "When?"

"At six o'clock to-morrow morning."

The next morning the little pig got up at five o'clock, went to Mr. Smith's field, and got the turnips. At six o'clock the wolf knocked at his door, and called out, "Are you ready?"

"Ready!" said the little pig. "I have been to the turnip field, and my turnips are now boiling in the pot."

The wolf felt very angry when he heard this, but he was determined not to be beaten, so he said, "Little pig, I know where there is a nice apple tree."

"Oh, do you? Where?" asked the pig.

"In Mr. Brown's garden. Would you like to come with me to get some apples?"

AT THE APPLE TREE

THE HOUSE BUILT OF BRICKS

"Yes," said the little pig. "When?"

"At five o'clock to-morrow morning."

The next morning the little pig got up at four o'clock and went to Mr. Brown's garden. No smoke rose from the chimney of the little red-tiled cottage. Very likely Mr. Brown was asleep. Even if not, there was a broad river between the house and garden, and the little pig would have time to escape before Mr. Brown crossed the bridge. The apple tree was on the bank of the river. The little pig climbed up, and was enjoying a ripe, rosy-cheeked apple, when lo and behold! there was Mr. Wolf at the foot of the tree.

"Ah! little pig, you have got here before me," said the wolf. "Are n't they nice apples?"

"Yes, very," said the frightened little pig. "Here you are," and he threw one down. But he threw it so that it fell on the green bank of the river. Then it rolled and rolled, and the wolf had to run a long way after it. Quick as lightning the little pig climbed down, and ran for his life till he reached home safe and sound.

The next day the wolf came again to the little

INSIDE THE CHURN

pig's house, and called out, "Little pig, I know where there is a fair."

"Oh, do you? Where?" asked the pig.

"At Shanklin. Would you like to come with me?"

"Yes," said the little pig. "When?"

"At three o'clock to-morrow morning."

The next morning the little pig got up at two o'clock, went to the fair, and bought a butter-churn. On his way home he was dismayed to see the wolf coming up the hill. In a terrible fright he jumped into the churn to hide. But the churn did not stay still. It rolled down the hill with the pig in it. This frightened the wolf so much that he did not go to the fair, but after a rest trotted slowly home.

In the afternoon he went round to the little pig's house, knocked, and called out, "Little pig, I got a terrible fright as I went to the fair this morning. A big round thing rolled down the hill and nearly knocked me over. I was too much afraid to look to see what it was."

"Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!" laughed the little pig. "I can tell you all about that. The big round thing was a butter-churn that I bought at the fair, and I was inside it."

Then the wolf was wild with rage, and called out, "I mean to eat you up now, anyhow. I 'm coming down the chimney."

"Oh, are you?" said the little pig, and he took the lid off a large pot of boiling water that was on the fire. Down jumped the wolf and tumbled into the pot. In a moment the little pig had popped on the cover again, and after the wolf had boiled for some hours the little pig ate him for supper, and lived happily ever afterwards.

SAFE AT HOME

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER SIXPENCE

An old woman was sweeping her house, and she found a little crooked sixpence. "What," said she, "shall I do with this little sixpence? I will go to market, and buy a little pig."

As she was coming home, she came to a stile; but the pig would not go over the stile.

She went a little farther, and she met a dog. So she said to the dog —

"Dog, dog, bite pig!
Pig won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the dog would not.
She went a little farther, and she met a stick. So she said —

"Stick, stick, beat dog!
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the stick would not.
She went a little farther, and she met a fire. So she said —

"Fire, fire, burn stick!
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the fire would not.
She went a little farther, and she met some water. So she said —

"Water, water, quench fire!
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the water would not.
She went a little farther, and she met an ox. So she said —

"Ox, ox, drink water!
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the ox would not.
She went a little farther, and she met a butcher. So she said —

"Butcher, butcher, kill ox!
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the butcher would not.
She went a little farther, and she met a rope. So she said —

"Rope, rope, hang butcher!
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;

Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the rope would not.
She went a little farther, and she met a rat So she said —

"Rat, rat, gnaw rope!
Rope won't hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the rat would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a cat. So she said —

"Cat, cat, kill rat!
Rat won't gnaw rope;
Rope won't hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night."

The cat said, "If you will give me a saucer of milk, I will kill the rat."

So the old woman gave the cat the milk, and when she had lapped up the milk —

The cat began to kill the rat;
The rat began to gnaw the rope;
The rope began to hang the butcher;
The butcher began to kill the ox;
The ox began to drink the water;
The water began to quench the fire;
The fire began to burn the stick;
The stick began to beat the dog;
The dog began to bite the pig;
The pig jumped over the stile,
And so the old woman got home that night.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl. She had neither brothers nor sisters, but lived alone with her father and mother. Her father was a woodman, and her mother looked after the house, and milked the cow, and made the butter, and baked the cakes. The little girl liked to help her mother. Best of all she liked to search every morning in the hen-yard for new-laid eggs.

Their home was a little cottage at the edge of a wood. At the other end of the wood was another little cottage. In it lived the little girl's grandmother.

The grandmother loved her little granddaughter very dearly, and gave her many pretty presents. The present the little girl liked best of all was a red cloak with a hood. She liked it so much that she always wore it, and so she was called Little Red Riding Hood.

One morning, immediately after breakfast, Little Red Riding Hood's mother said, "Put on your things, my child, and go and see how your grandmother is. She has not been well. Take this basket over your arm. I have put in it the six eggs you found this morning, and a

roll of fresh butter, and a newly baked cake."

Little Red Riding Hood set out at once with the basket on her arm. As she went through the wood, she stopped often by the way to pick wild flowers for her grandmother.

All at once a gruff voice behind her said, "Good morning, Little Red Riding Hood."

Red Riding Hood turned round and saw a great big wolf. But she did not know what a wicked animal a wolf could be, so she was not afraid. She said politely, "Good morning, Mr. Wolf."

"What have you in your basket, Little Red Riding Hood?"

"Eggs and butter and cake, Mr. Wolf."

"Where are you going with them?"

"I am taking them to my grandmother. She is ill."

"Where does your grandmother live, Little Red Riding Hood?"

"Along that path past the wild roses, then through the gate at the end of the wood. I can see the smoke of her cottage, Mr. Wolf."

Then Mr. Wolf again said "Good morning," and set off along the path. And Little Red Riding Hood again answered "Good morning," and went in search of more wild flowers.

The wolf ran quickly through the wood and along the path to the gate till he reached the

grandmother's cottage and knocked at the door.

"Who 's there?" called the grandmother.

"Little Red Riding Hood, with a basket of good things," said the wolf.

"Press the latch, open the door, and walk in, my dear," answered the grandmother.

The wolf pressed the latch, opened the door, and walked into the room where the grandmother lay in bed. When she saw him, she gave one leap out of bed, and ran into the kitchen, and shut the door tight, so that the wolf could not get her. But as she went, her nightcap fell off. This the wolf picked up and put on his own head. Next he crept beneath the bedclothes.

When Little Red Riding Hood had gathered her flowers she came past the wild rose trees and through the gate at the end of the wood to her grandmother's cottage.

Little Red Riding Hood knocked at the door.

"Who is there?" cried the wolf.

She was at first afraid at hearing the gruff voice of the wolf, but she thought that perhaps her grandmother had got a cold, so she answered: "It is your grandchild, Little Red Riding Hood. Mamma has sent you some eggs and butter and a newly baked cake."

"Press the latch, open the door, and walk in, my dear," answered the wolf in a softer voice.

Little Red Riding Hood pressed the latch, opened the door, and walked into the bedroom, where the wolf lay hiding under the bedclothes.

"Good morning, grandmother," she said. "I have brought you eggs and butter and a cake from mother. And here is a bunch of flowers I gathered in the wood. But oh, grandmother," she exclaimed, as she reached the bed, "what big ears you have."

"All the better to hear you with, my dear."

"But what big eyes you have, grandmother."

"All the better to see you with, my dear."

"But, grandmother, what a big nose you have."

"All the better to smell you with, my dear."

"But what big teeth you have, grandmother."

"All the better to eat you up with, my dear." And with these words the wolf sprang at Little Red Riding Hood. But just at that moment in rushed Little Red Riding Hood's grandmother, with her father close behind. He had his ax in his hand, for he had been in the forest chopping wood. He did not wait a minute, but with one blow he chopped off Mr. Wolf's head.

Then Little Red Riding Hood's father carried his little girl home, safe and sound to her mother, and they all lived together happily ever afterwards.

As Chicken-Licken went one day to the wood, an acorn fell upon her poor bald head, and she thought the sky had fallen. So she said she would go and tell the King the sky had fallen.

So Chicken-licken turned back, and met Hen-len. "Well, Hen-len, where are you going?"

And Hen-len said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat."

And Chicken-licken said, "Oh! Hen-len, don't go, for I was going, and the sky fell upon my poor bald head, and I 'm going to tell the King."

So Hen-len turned back with Chicken-licken, and met Cock-lock. "Oh! Cock-lock, where are you going?"

And Cock-lock said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat."

Then Hen-len said, "Oh! Cock-lock, don't go, for I was going, and I met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald head, and we are going to tell the King."

So Cock-lock turned back, and met Duck-luck. "Well, Duck-luck, where are you going?"

And Duck-luck said, "I 'm going to the wood for some meat."

Then Cock-lock said, "Oh! Duck-luck, don't go, for I was going, and I met Hen-len and Hen-len met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald head, and we are going to tell the King."

So Duck-luck turned back, and met Drake-lake. "Well, Drake-lake, where are you going?"

And Drake-lake said, "I 'm going to the wood for some meat."

Then Duck-luck said, "Oh! Drake-lake, don't go, for I was going, and I met Cock-lock, and Cock-lock met Hen-len, and Hen-len met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald head, and we are going to tell the King."

So Drake-lake turned back, and met Goose-loose. "Well, Goose-loose, where are you going?"

And Goose-loose said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat."

Then Drake-lake said, "Oh! Goose-loose, don't go, for I was going, and I met Duck-luck, and Duck-luck met Cock-lock, and Cock-lock met Hen-len, and Hen-len met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald head, and we are going to tell the King."

So Goose-loose turned back, and met Gander-lander. "Well, Gander-lander, where are you going?"

And Gander-lander said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat."

Then Goose-loose said, "Oh! Gander-lander, don't go, for I was going, and I met Drake-lake, and Drake-lake met Duck-luck, and Duck-luck met Cock-lock, and Cock-lock met Hen-len, and Hen-len met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald head, and we are going to tell the King."

So Gander-lander turned back, and met Turkey-lurkey. "Well, Turkey-lurkey, where are you going?"

And Turkey-lurkey said, "I 'm going to the wood for some meat."

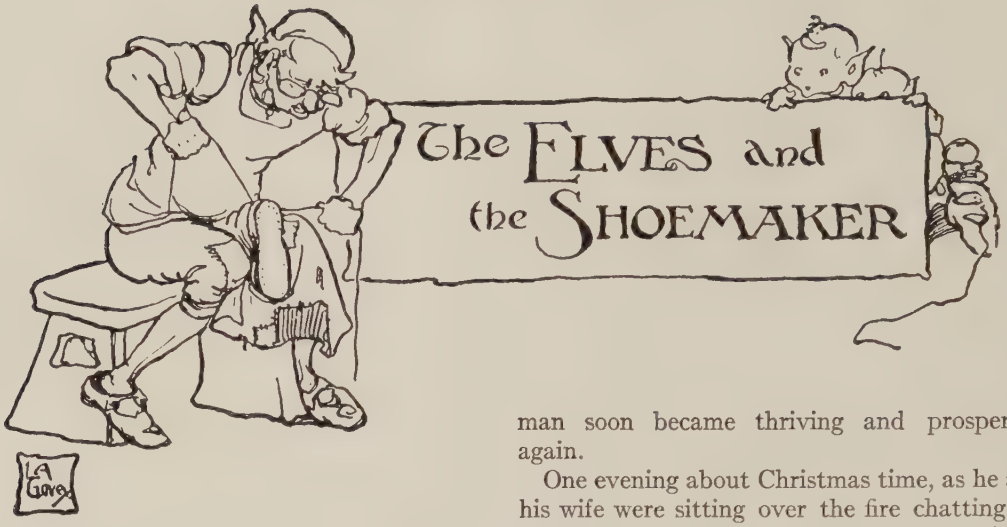
Then Gander-lander said, "Oh! Turkey-lurkey, don't go, for I was going, and I met Goose-loose, and Goose-loose met Drake-lake, and Drake-lake met Duck-luck, and Duck-luck met Cock-lock, and Cock-lock met Hen-len, and Hen-len met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald head, and we are going to tell the King."

So Turkey-lurkey turned back, and walked with Gander-lander, Goose-loose, Drake-lake, Duck-luck, Cock-lock, Hen-len, and Chicken-licken. And as they were going along, they met Fox-lox. And Fox-lox said, "Where are you going, my pretty maids?"

And they said, "Chicken-licken went to the wood, and the sky fell upon her poor bald head, and we are going to tell the King."

And Fox-lox said, "Come along with me, and I will show you the way."

But Fox-lox took them into the fox's hole, and he and his young ones soon ate up poor Chicken-licken, Hen-len, Cock-lock, Duck-luck, Drake-lake, Goose-loose, Gander-lander, and Turkey-lurkey, and they never saw the King to tell him that the sky had fallen.



THERE was once a shoemaker who worked very hard and was very honest; but still he could not earn enough to live upon, and at last all he had in the world was gone, except just leather enough to make one pair of shoes. Then he cut them all ready to make up the next day, meaning to get up early in the morning to work, and went peacefully to bed and fell asleep. In the morning he sat himself down to his work, when, to his great wonder, there stood the shoes, all ready made, upon the table. The good man knew not what to say or think of this strange event. He looked at the workmanship: it was all neat and true; there was not one false stitch in the whole job.

That same day a customer came in, and the shoes pleased him so well that he willingly paid a price higher than usual for them; and the poor shoemaker with the money bought leather enough to make two pairs more. In the evening he cut out the work, and went to bed early that he might get up and begin betimes next day; but he was saved all the trouble, for when he got up in the morning the work was finished ready to his hand. Presently in came buyers, who paid him handsomely for his goods, so that he bought leather enough for four pairs more. He cut out the work again over night, and found it finished in the morning as before; and so it went on for some time; what was got ready in the evening was always done by daybreak, and the good man soon became thriving and prosperous again.

One evening about Christmas time, as he and his wife were sitting over the fire chatting together, he said to her, "I should like to sit up and watch to-night, that we may see who it is that comes and does my work for me." The wife liked the thought; so they left a light burning, and hid themselves in the corner of the room behind a curtain that was hung up there, and watched what would happen.

As soon as it was midnight, there came two little naked dwarfs; and they sat themselves upon the shoemaker's bench, took up all the work that was cut out, and began to ply with their little fingers, stitching and rapping and tapping away at such a rate that the shoemaker could not take his eyes off for a moment. And on they went till the job was quite finished, and the shoes stood ready for use upon the table. This was long before daybreak; and then they bustled away as quick as lightning.

The next day the wife said to the shoemaker: "These little wights have made us rich, and we ought to be thankful to them, and do them a good office in turn. I am quite vexed to see them run about as they do; they have nothing upon their backs to keep off the cold. I 'll tell you what: I will make each of them a shirt, and a coat and waistcoat, and a pair of pantaloons into the bargain; do you make each of them a little pair of shoes."

The thought pleased the good shoemaker very much; and one evening, when all the things were ready, they laid them on the table instead of the work that they used to cut out and then went and hid themselves to watch what

the little elves would do. About midnight they came in, and were going to sit down to their work as usual; but when they saw the clothes lying for them, they laughed and were greatly delighted. Then they dressed themselves in the twinkling of an eye, and danced and capered and sprang about as merry as could be, till at last they danced out at the door over the green; and the shoemaker saw them no more; but everything went well with him from that time forward, as long as he lived.

PUSS IN BOOTS

ONCE there was a miller who had three sons. When he died, the eldest took the mill, the second son had the ass, and for the third son there was only the cat.

The youngest son was very sad at first, because he did not see how a cat could be of any use to him. One day, he sat alone thinking, thinking, thinking. "What shall I do to earn a living?" he asked himself.

Just then the cat came up to him and said, "Dear master, give me a pair of boots and a bag, and I will show you how to make a fortune."

His master laughed at the thought of a cat making a fortune, but still he did as he asked. The cat put on the boots, took the bag on his back, and went out into the fields.

When he got there, he opened the bag, put some cabbage leaves into it, and then lay down. He kept very stiff and still, to make the rabbits think he was dead. Presently a fine, fat rabbit popped his head into the bag, and the cat drew the string tight and caught him.

He at once took him to the King, made a low bow, and said, "I have brought you a present, sire, from the Marquis of Carabas." This was the new title the cat had given his master.

The King said, "Tell my lord Marquis of Carabas that I take his present with much pleasure."

Soon after this, the cat caught some fine fat partridges in the same way and took them to the palace. The King sent back the same message, and told his servants to give the cat some milk. In this way the cat took presents to the King every week for some time, each time telling him the same story.

One day, the cat heard that the King was going to ride by the side of the river with his daughter, a most lovely princess. Puss told his master that if he would take his advice his fortune was made.

He said, "Go and bathe in the river in a place that I will show you, and leave the rest to me."

THE KING PASSES BY

He did just as Puss told him, not knowing what he meant to do. While he was bathing, the King passed by, and the cat called out, "Help, help, my lord Marquis of Carabas is drowning."

The cat shouted so loudly that the King heard him, and put his head out of his carriage window. Of course he saw Puss in Boots, who had brought him so many presents. "Quick! quick!" shouted the King to his servants, "go at once and do all you can to save the Marquis of Carabas."

While they were taking the cat's master out of the river, the cat ran to the carriage, and told the King that some robbers had run away with his master's clothes while his master was bathing.

"I shouted 'Stop thief!' with all my might," said he, "but the robbers ran away faster than ever." The King at once sent two of his servants back to the palace to fetch a splendid suit of clothes.

THE KING AND THE MARQUIS

They soon returned, and when the young man was dressed he looked like a fine prince.

PUSS AND THE KING

When the King saw him, he liked him so much that he told him to get into the carriage.

As they were driving along, the cat ran in front. He was very proud, because his plan was going on so well. Soon he came to some men who were mowing grass in a large meadow, and he said to the mowers:

"Good people, if you do not tell the King, who will soon pass this way, that this meadow belongs to my lord Marquis of Carabas, you shall all be chopped into pieces as small as mince-meat."

When the King came, he asked to whom the meadow belonged, and they all said at once, "To my lord Marquis of Carabas," for they did not wish to be chopped into mince-meat.

The cat again ran on in front, and came to a field where some men were making sheaves of the corn they had reaped.

He said as before, "Good people, if you do not tell the King, who will soon pass this way, that the corn you have reaped belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, you shall all be chopped as small as mince-meat."

When the King passed, he asked to whom the corn belonged, and they said, "To the Marquis of Carabas."

PUSS AND THE OGRE

The cat still went on before, and came to a large castle that belonged to a very rich Ogre who owned all the land that the King had passed through. He asked to speak to him, and said he could not pass so near without coming to ask after his health.

The Ogre spoke kindly to him. "I have been told," said the cat, "that you are able to turn yourself into any kind of animal, such as a lion or a bear."

"It is very true," said the Ogre, "and to show you, I will take the form of a lion."

The cat was very much afraid at finding himself so near a lion, so he climbed on the roof of the house, though he found it hard to climb in boots.

Some minutes after, the cat came down again and told the Ogre he had been very much afraid of him.

"I have been told," said Puss, "that you can also take the form of a very small animal, such as a mouse, but I cannot believe it."

"You shall see," said the Ogre, and turning himself into a mouse he began to frisk about the room. The cat at once sprang upon him and in a moment had eaten him up.

The King, as he drove along, admired the castle of the Ogre, and, just as he came up to the gate, the cat came out to meet him, saying, "Your Majesty is welcome to the castle of my lord the Marquis of Carabas!"

The miller's son gave his hand to the Princess, and followed the King, who went in front. They went into a large hall, where they found a splendid feast.

The King was so pleased with the castle and the marquis that he gave him the Princess to be his wife. After this, Puss became a great lord, and never caught mice any more, except for fun.

CINDERELLA, OR THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER

HOW SHE GOT HER NAME

THERE was once an honest gentleman who married a second time. He had one little girl, who was as sweet a child as ever lived. His second wife was the proudest and most bad-tempered woman in the country. She had two daughters, who were in everything just like herself.

The stepmother had not been married a single day, before she became jealous of the little girl, who was so different from her own two daughters. What did she do but give her all the hard work of the house to look after? But our poor little damsel never complained; indeed, she did not dare to speak about her ill-treatment to her father, who thought his new wife was perfect. When her work was done, she used to sit in the chimney corner among the cinders, and from this the two sisters gave her the nickname of *Cinderella*. But Cinderella, though she was shabbily clad, was prettier than they, with all their fine clothes.

HOW THE KING'S SON GAVE A BALL

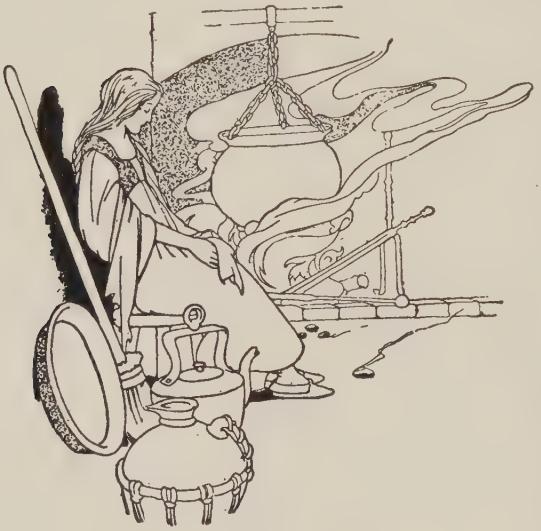
Now it happened that the King's Son gave a ball, to which he asked all people of rank and fashion in the city, and the two elder sisters

were invited. They were very proud at being asked, and took great pains in settling what they should wear. For days together they talked of nothing but their clothes.

"I," said the elder, "shall put on my red velvet gown with lace trimmings."

"And I," said the younger, "shall have my silk petticoat, but I shall set it off with an upper skirt of flowered satin, and I shall put on my diamond necklace, which is a great deal finer than anything of yours."

Here the two sisters began to dispute which



IN THE CHIMNEY CORNER

had the best things, and words ran high. Cinderella did what she could to make peace. She even kindly offered to dress them herself, and to arrange their hair, which she could do most beautifully.

The important evening came, and she did her best to adorn the two young ladies. When she was combing out the hair of the elder one, that ill-natured girl said, "Cinderella, don't you wish you were going to the ball?"

"Ah, madam," said Cinderella — they always made her say madam — "you are only making fun of me; I have no such good fortune." "True enough," said the elder sister, "people would only laugh to see a little cinder-wench at a ball."

Any other than Cinderella would not have taken such pains with these two proud girls; but she was good, and dressed them very nicely. At last the carriage came to the door. Cinderella watched them step into it, and saw them driven away in grand style; then she sat down by the kitchen fire and cried.

HOW CINDERELLA'S GODMOTHER SENT HER TO THE BALL

Suddenly, her godmother, who was a fairy, appeared beside her. "What are you crying for, my little maid?" "Oh, I should so like — I should so like —" here her sobs stopped her.

"You would so like to go to the ball — is n't that it?" Cinderella nodded. "Well, be a good girl, and you shall go. Run into the garden, and bring me the biggest pumpkin you can see."

Cinderella could not understand what a big pumpkin had to do with her going to the ball; but she was only a little girl, and, of course, did as she was told. Her godmother took the pumpkin, scooped out all the inside, and then struck it with her wand. It became a splendid gilt coach, lined with rose-colored satin. "Now, my dear," said the godmother, "fetch me the mouse-trap out of the pantry."

Cinderella fetched it, and in it there were six fat mice. The fairy raised the wire door of the trap, and, as each mouse ran out, she struck it, and changed it into a beautiful black horse.

"But what am I to do for a coachman, Cinderella?" asked the fairy. Cinderella said that she had seen a large black rat in the

THE GODMOTHER'S ARRIVAL

rat-trap, and that he might do for want of a better. "That is a happy thought," cried the fairy. "Go and bring him."

He was brought, and the fairy turned him into a jolly, fat coachman, with great long whiskers. She afterwards took six snails from behind the hot-house, and changed them into six footmen in splendid suits, and they at once got up behind the carriage.

"Well, Cinderella," said her fairy godmother, "now you can go to the ball." "What, in these clothes?" said Cinderella, in a most doleful tone, looking down on her ragged frock.

Her godmother gave a laugh, and touched her also with the wand. Instantly, her wretched threadbare jacket became bright with gold, and shining with jewels; her woolen petticoat grew into a gown of sweeping satin; and her little feet were no longer bare, but covered with silk stockings and the prettiest glass slippers in the world.

"Now, Cinderella, off to the ball; but remember, do not stay an instant after midnight. If you do, your carriage will become a pumpkin, your coachman a rat, your horses mice, and you yourself the little cinder-wench you were a minute ago." "No, I won't stay an instant after midnight!" said Cinderella, and she set off with her heart full of joy.

Someone, most likely a friend of the fairy, had told the King's Son that a splendid princess, whom nobody knew, was coming to the ball. When Cinderella arrived at the palace, there he was standing at the entrance, ready to receive her. He gave her his hand, and led her proudly among the company, who made way for her to pass, and everyone whispered, "How beautiful she is!" The court ladies looked at her eagerly, clothes and all, and made up their minds to have their next new dresses made of exactly the same pattern. The King's Son himself led her out to dance, and she danced so gracefully that he admired her more and more. Indeed, at supper, which was early, he was already so much in love with her, that he quite forgot to eat.

As for Cinderella, she felt rather shy among so many strangers, so she sought out her sisters. She placed herself beside them and offered them all sorts of kind attentions, much to their surprise, for they did not know her in the least. She was talking with them, when the clock struck a quarter to twelve. As soon as she heard that, she took leave of the royal family, reëntered her carriage, and soon arrived safely at her own door.

There she found her godmother, and, after

AFTER TWELVE

thanking her for the great treat she had enjoyed, she begged leave to go to a second ball, the following night, to which the Queen had invited her.

Just then, the two sisters knocked at the gate. The fairy godmother vanished, and, when they entered, there was Cinderella sitting in the chimney corner, rubbing her eyes and pretending to be very sleepy.

"Ah," cried the elder sister, spitefully, "what a delightful ball it has been! The most beautiful princess I ever saw was there, and she was very polite to us both."

"Was she?" said Cinderella, pretending not to care. "And who might she be?"

"Nobody knows, though all would give their ears to know, even the King's Son."

"Indeed!" replied Cinderella, a little more interested; "I should like to see her, madam. Will you not lend me the yellow gown that you wear on Sundays, and let me go tomorrow?"

"A likely story, indeed," cried the elder sister, "that I should lend it to a cinder-wench. I am not so mad as that!"

The next night came, and the two sisters, richly dressed in quite new dresses, went to the ball. Cinderella, more splendidly dressed and more beautiful than ever, soon followed them.

"Now, remember, twelve o'clock," was the last thing her godmother said.

But the Prince spent the whole evening by her, and, in the pleasure of listening, she forgot all about the time. While the two were sitting in the lovely garden looking at the moon from under a bower of orange blossoms, she heard a clock strike the first stroke of twelve.

She rose and fled away like a startled deer. The Prince was surprised, and attempted to follow her, but she could not be caught. Indeed, he missed his beautiful princess altogether, and only saw a dirty little lass running out of the palace gate, whom he had never seen before, and of whom he certainly would never have taken any notice. Cinderella reached home breathless and weary, without horses, or carriage, or footmen, or coachman. The only remains she had of her past finery was one of her little glass slippers. She had dropped the other in the ballroom as she ran away.

When the two sisters came back from the ball, they could talk of nothing but the strange princess, who had fled suddenly on the stroke of twelve, no one knew where, dropping one of her glass slippers as she ran. "The Prince is surely very much in love with her," they said.

Cinderella listened without saying a word, but she turned her face to the kitchen fire and blushed as red as a rose. Next morning she went to her weary work again.

HOW THE KING'S SON FOUND HIS BRIDE

A few days after, the whole city was roused by a loud sound of trumpets. It was the King's herald seeking the owner of the lost slipper. He held up the little glass slipper, proclaiming that the King's Son would marry the lady whose foot was small enough to fit it, or the one who could show another like it. All the beautiful ladies of the land tried it on, but, being a fairy slipper, it fitted nobody. Besides, nobody could bring forward its fellow slipper, which lay all the time safely in the pocket of Cinderella's old gown.

At last the herald came to the house of the two sisters, and, though these knew well enough that neither of them was the beautiful lady, they tried their best to get their clumsy feet into the slipper. Of course, it was all in vain.

"Let me try it on," said Cinderella.

"What, you?" cried the others, bursting into shouts of laughter; but Cinderella only smiled and held out her hand.

Her sisters could not prevent her, since the command was that every young girl in the kingdom should make the attempt, in case the right owner might be missed. So the herald made Cinderella sit down on a three-legged stool in the kitchen, and he put the slipper on her pretty foot, and it fitted exactly. Cinderella then drew from her pocket the fellow slipper, which she also put on, and stood up.

With the touch of the magic shoes, all her dress was changed, and she was no longer the poor, despised cinder-wench, but the beautiful lady whom the King's Son loved.

Her sisters knew her at once and threw themselves at her feet, begging her pardon for all their past unkindness. She told them that she heartily forgave them, and only hoped they would love her always.

She was then taken to the palace, where she told her whole story to the King and the royal family. The young Prince found her more beautiful and charming than ever, and the wedding took place the next day.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

IN the good old times, when Alfred was king, a poor widow lived in an out-of-the-way village in England. She had a son named Jack, who was really a very good boy at heart; but his mother had given him so much of his own way, that he had become the idlest and most careless fellow in the whole parish. Besides being idle and careless, he was so wasteful that he had brought his mother almost to poverty. At last, there was not a crust of bread left in the house.

The mother went to Jack with tears in her eyes, and told him that her cow must now be sold to keep them from starving. Jack felt sorry to see her so sad, and promised, if she would trust him to drive the cow to the next village, that he would sell her for a good sum of money.

THE PRETTY BEANS

His mother agreed, so Jack set out. As he was going along, he met a butcher who was carrying some curious-looking beans in his hat. Jack looked at the beans, and the butcher looked at the cow, and asked Jack whether he would exchange the cow for his pretty beans.

"Certainly," said Jack, "I shall be most happy."

He jumped down, took the beans, and ran back in great haste to his mother, thinking that she would be as much pleased as himself. When the poor widow heard of this foolish action, she was full of despair. In great anger, she lifted the beans, and flung them out of the window in all directions. That night, both mother and son went supperless to bed.

Jack awoke early next morning, and, after rubbing his eyes, saw that his window was darkened by something he had never seen there before. He ran down into the garden and found that some of the beans had taken root during the night, and sprung up to a surprising height.

In fact they formed a kind of ladder, whose top was lost in the clouds. He at once resolved to climb this wonderful beanstalk. "Don't go," said his mother. "But I will," said willful Jack, and it was not long before he was making his way up.

He climbed and climbed for several hours, and was getting tired out, when at length he reached the top. There he found himself in a strange country, where not a living creature was to be seen.

JACK AND THE FAIRY

He now was very sorry for not having done as his mother had told him, and began to fear he should die of hunger before he could get down again. All at once, he saw a beautiful lady by his side. While he was wondering where she had come from, the stranger asked him how he came there. Jack told her. The lady asked him if he could remember his father.

"No," replied he, "and when I name him to my mother she always begins to weep, and will tell me nothing."

"She dare not," replied the lady. "But I can and will. I am a fairy, and I was a friend of your father's. He was a good man; but a giant, whom he had helped in trouble, slew him in return for his kindness, and seized all his property. The wicked villain also made your mother promise that she would never tell you anything about your father. If she did, he told her, he would kill both her and you. Then he turned her off, with you in her arms, to wander about the world. At the time all this happened, I was ten thousand miles away, and so was unable to give your father any aid. I returned on the day you went to sell your cow. It was I who made the beanstalks grow, and made you wish to climb to this strange country, for it is here the wicked giant lives, who killed your father. It is you who must punish him, and I will assist you. Do not let your mother hear that you know your father's history. If you disobey me, you will suffer for it."

Jack asked how he was to reach the giant's house.

"Go straight on," said the fairy, "and you will reach it about sunset. You must then act as you think best, and I will help you if you get into trouble. Farewell."

She smiled kindly on Jack, and vanished, leaving Jack gazing at the spot where she had been standing.

JACK AT THE GIANT'S HOUSE

Jack went on his way, and traveled till sunset, when he reached a large mansion. He went up to a woman who was standing at the door, and asked her to give him a crust of bread and a night's lodging.

"Alas!" said she, "I dare not, for my husband is a giant, who eats human flesh. He is now gone in search of some. You would not be safe for one moment in our house."

Jack was frightened enough; still he begged the good woman to take him in for that night, and to hide him as well as she could. The woman had a kind heart, so she said she would do her best. She led him into a huge kitchen, where she laid a plentiful supper before him. He was beginning to eat heartily, when a thundering rap came to the door, making the very house shake. The giant's wife hid Jack in the oven, and flew to let her husband in.

"I smell fresh meat!" said he.

"Oh," answered she, "it is only the sheep you killed this morning."

He walked in, grumbling and growling, and sat down while his wife brought him his supper. When supper was over, the giant called out, "Bring me my hen!" His wife brought a hen and placed it on the table, and every time the giant said, "Lay," the hen laid a golden egg.

The giant amused himself for a long time, but at last he grew drowsy, and fell asleep at the table, snoring like the roaring of cannon. The wife long before this had gone to bed.

JACK'S ESCAPE

As soon as it was light, Jack, seeing the giant still asleep, crept out of his hiding-place, and ran off with the hen. He ran till he reached the top of the beanstalk, and got down better than he had expected. His mother was delighted to see him, for she had given him up as lost. She was much surprised when Jack told her what he had brought home — a hen that would lay golden eggs.

Both mother and son were now rich and happy, and lived in comfort for many months. But Jack never forgot what the fairy had said, and told his mother he wished to climb the beanstalk again.

She advised him not to do so, saying that the giant's wife would know better than to let him in, and that the giant would be sure to kill him. But Jack was so set upon going, that he stained his skin with walnut juice, dressed himself like a sailor lad, and started one morning almost before it was light.

UP THE BEANSTALK AGAIN

He climbed the beanstalk, and made his way again to the giant's house, which he reached about evening. This time also he found the giant's wife at the door. Jack made up a pitiful story to induce her to take him in for the night.

She told him, as she had done before, that her husband was a powerful giant. She also added that she had taken in an ungrateful young scamp some months back, who had stolen one of the giant's treasures, and ever since he had done nothing but scold her.

Jack, however, begged so hard for a night's lodging, that at last the good woman led

him into the kitchen, and, after he had eaten some supper, hid him.

The giant walked in shortly after, and exclaimed as before, "I smell fresh meat!"

"Oh," said his wife, "it is only the crows, who have left a piece of raw meat on the roof of the house." So the giant grumbled awhile, till his supper was served. When he had eaten his fill, he called for his money-bags.

Jack now peered out of his hiding-place, and saw the wife return, dragging two heavy bags, one filled with new guineas, and the other filled with new shillings. After counting his treasure over and over again, the giant replaced it in the bags, and then dropped asleep, snoring as loud as the rushing of the sea on a stormy night.

At last, Jack, thinking that all was safe, crept to the table on tip-toe, seized the bags, and slinging them over his shoulder made his way to the beanstalk. He again managed to climb down safely.

Jack found that his mother was so ill from troubling about him that she was almost dying. On seeing him safe, however, she soon recovered. After this, they lived in comfort for about three years, during which time the beanstalk was not even mentioned by either of them.

But Jack felt he must make another journey to the giant's house to try his luck again.

So, without saying a word to his mother, he once more climbed the beanstalk. He followed the same road as he had done twice before, and again found the giant's wife at the door.

This time he had much more trouble in getting her to let him in. But he succeeded at last, and this time was hidden in the boiler.

When the giant returned, he said, savagely, "I smell fresh meat!"

Jack did not mind this much at first, but began to shake in his shoes when the giant began hunting about in every corner of the kitchen. He even laid his hand on the boiler lid, but did not lift it, for his wife just then called him to supper, and off he went to it. After supper, he ordered his wife to fetch his harp.

When it was brought, the giant placed it on the table, and said, "Play!" and at once, without anybody touching it, it played the most beautiful music. Jack was delighted and said to himself, "I must have that magic harp at all costs."

THE GIANT AND THE HEN

Its sound was so sweet, that it soon lulled the giant to sleep, and this time he snored like the rolling of distant thunder. As soon as the giant was asleep, Jack got out of the boiler and seized the harp. But the harp was enchanted, and, as soon as it found itself in Jack's hands, it cried out loudly, "Master! Master!"

The giant awoke, started up, and saw Jack scampering off as fast as his legs could carry him. "Oh, you young villain!" exclaimed the giant, "it is you who have robbed me of my hen, and my money-bags, and now you are stealing my harp also. Wait till I catch you, and I 'll eat you up alive!"

The giant had, however, drunk so much wine at supper, that he could not run steadily, and Jack reached the top of the beanstalk first. He scrambled down it as fast as he could, and when he arrived at the bottom called loudly for a hatchet. There was the giant coming down!

Jack took the hatchet and cut the beanstalk through at the root, when the giant fell headlong into the garden, and was killed on the spot.

The fairy now appeared, and told Jack's mother everything. She also told Jack to be a good lad in the future, and to follow his father's example by living to do good. Jack never forgot her advice, and he and his mother lived happily to the end of their days.

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED

ONCE upon a time a widow and her two little girls lived alone in a cottage. There was a pretty little garden in front of the cottage. In the garden were two rose-bushes. One bore white roses and the other red. The rose-bushes were older than the little girls, who were named Snow-White and Rose-Red after them. Rose-Red always wore a wreath of red roses on her hair, and Snow-White a single white rose on hers.

Both children were very good and obedient, and always busy, but they were different in their ways. Snow-White was quiet and gentle, and Rose-Red was merry and wild. The sisters were very fond of each other, and often vowed they would keep together as long as they lived.

Snow-White and Rose-Red lived a great deal in the wood near their home. Wild animals passed near them, but did them no harm. The hares ate from their hands, deer grazed by their side, the stags bounded merrily by, and birds would alight on their uncovered heads.

Snow-White loved the winter, when the snow was on the ground. She was always up early in the morning. She lighted the fire, put the kettle on, and set the table. In the evening, when the snow was falling, her mother would say, "Snow-White, go and bolt the door!" Then the two little girls would sit down by the fire, while their mother would read aloud stories of fairies and princes and goblins.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR

One evening, as they were sitting like this, listening to a fairy story, a loud knock came to the door. "Quick, Rose-Red, open the door!" said the mother, "perhaps it is someone lost in the snow." Rose-Red ran to the door, and pushed the bolt back, thinking to see some poor man seeking for shelter.

Instead of a man, there stood a big brown bear, who poked his thick head in at the open door. Rose-Red ran back to her mother in fright. But the bear spoke quickly.

"I have not come to harm you," he said in a gentle voice, "I only want to warm myself by your fire, for I am half frozen."

"Poor bear," said the mother, "come in, and lie down by the fire if you want to, but take care not to burn your furry coat." And the big brown bear lay down.

"Dear children, will you sweep the snow off my fur?" he asked.

Then Snow-White and Rose-Red crept near with the broom, and in turn swept the snow from the bear's coat. By the time this was done, the children lost all fear, and the bear had become their playfellow. When bedtime came the mother said, "Stay here by the fire all night, gentle bear."

In the morning the little girls opened the door, and the bear trotted away through the snow into the wood.

In the evening, he returned, and when the door was opened he walked to the hearth, and lay down as if he had been used to rest there all his life. The next evening he came again, and the next, and the next, nor did he stop his visits until the spring had come and the songbirds were heard in the wood. Then he said, "Good-by, Snow-White, good-by, Rose-Red, I must go into the forest to hide my treasures from the wicked dwarfs who live there. In winter these treasures are safe under the frozen earth, but now the warm sun melts the ice, and it will be easy for the dwarfs to dig down and reach what is mine."

The children felt quite sorrowful as the bear left them. As he passed out at the door, the latch caught him, and a piece of his fur was torn off.

It seemed to Snow-White that she saw gold shining through the hole in his hairy coat, but she was not sure. The bear ran quickly away, and was soon out of sight.

A DWARF IN TROUBLE

Some time after, the mother sent the children into the wood, to gather sticks. Within the wood, they came to a large tree lying on the

ground, where the wind had blown it down. Close to this tree, they saw something hopping up and down. At first they could not make out what it was. When they came nearer, they saw it was a dwarf, with an old, withered face, and a beard a yard long and as white as snow. The end of the beard was stuck fast in a cleft in the tree, and the little fellow was jumping about like a dog tied to a chain.

He did not know how to get free. He glared at the girls with his red, fiery eyes and screamed out, "Why are you standing there like a couple of posts? Can't you come and help me?"

"What is the matter with you, little man?" asked Rose-Red.

"Stupid little goose!" answered the dwarf; "I wanted to chop the tree, so as to have some small pieces of wood for the kitchen. I had driven the wedge well in, and all was going smoothly, when out sprang the wedge. The tree closed up so quickly that I could not pull my beautiful beard out; now there it sticks, and I can't get away. There, don't laugh, you foolish, milk-faced things. Can't you make yourselves useful?"

The children did their best, but they could not pull the beard out; it stuck too fast.

"I will run and fetch help!" cried Rose-Red.

"You great sheep's head!" snarled the dwarf, "what do you want to call more people for? You are two too many for me already. Can't you think of anything else?"

AS·THEY·CAME·NEARER·THEY·SAW·IT·WAS·A·DWARF·WITH AN·OLD·WITHERED·FACE·AND·A·SNOW-WHITE·BEARD.

"Don't be in a hurry," said Snow-White, "I have thought of something." She took her little scissors out of her pocket, and cut the end of the beard off.

As soon as the dwarf was free, he snatched up a sack filled with gold that was sticking between the roots of the tree. He then threw it over his shoulder, grumbling and crying, "You stupid people, to cut a piece off my beautiful beard! Bad luck to you!" and he marched off without once looking round.

Some time afterward, Snow-White and Rose-Red went to catch some fish for tea. As they

came to the pond, they saw something like a great grasshopper jumping about on the bank, as if it were going to spring into the water. They ran up, and saw that it was the dwarf.

"What are you doing?" asked Rose-Red. "You don't want to go into the water, do you?"

"I am not such a fool as that!" cried the dwarf. "Don't you see a fish wants to pull me in?"

The little man had been sitting there fishing, and the wind had twisted the line and his beard together. So when a great fish bit at his hook, the feeble little fellow could not pull it out, and the fish was pulling the dwarf into the water. He caught hold of all the reeds and rushes, but that did not help him much. The fish pulled him wherever it liked, and he must have soon been drawn into the pond. The girls came just at the right moment.

They held him fast, and tried to get his beard loose from the line, but both were too closely twisted for that. There was nothing for it but to pull out the scissors and cut off another piece of the beard.

When the dwarf was free, he cried out: "You silly geese! what need is there to cut my beautiful beard? You cut it once before, and nothing will please you but you must cut it again. I dare not be seen by my people. I wish you had run the soles of your shoes off before you came here." He then took up a sack full of pearls, that lay among the rushes, and ran off.

Soon after this, the mother sent the two girls to the next town to buy thread, needles and pins, lace and ribbons. The road passed over a moor, which had great piles of rock here and there. Looking up in the air, they noticed a large bird flying round and round over their heads. Soon, it settled down on a rock not far in front of them. A loud cry, which seemed to come from this rock, made them hurry forward. There they found an eagle trying to carry off the same little dwarf they had met twice before. The children never thought of the cross things he had said to them, but at once seized hold of his coat, and pulled so hard, that the eagle let go and flew away.

As soon as the dwarf found that he was safe, he cried out in his shrill voice: "Could you not have held me more gently? You have torn my fine brown coat all to tatters, you clumsy things!" Then he took up a sack full of precious stones, and slipped away behind the rock into his den.

THE BEAR AGAIN

Snow-White and Rose-Red never spoke, but went on their way, and bought what their mother wanted in the town. As they were returning home over the same moor, they again came across the dwarf. He had emptied his sack of precious stones on a little clean place, thinking that no one was likely to come that way. The setting sun made the stones shine so brightly, and they looked so pretty, that the children stood still to stare at them.

"What are you gaping at? What do you want?" cried the dwarf, his face turning red with rage.

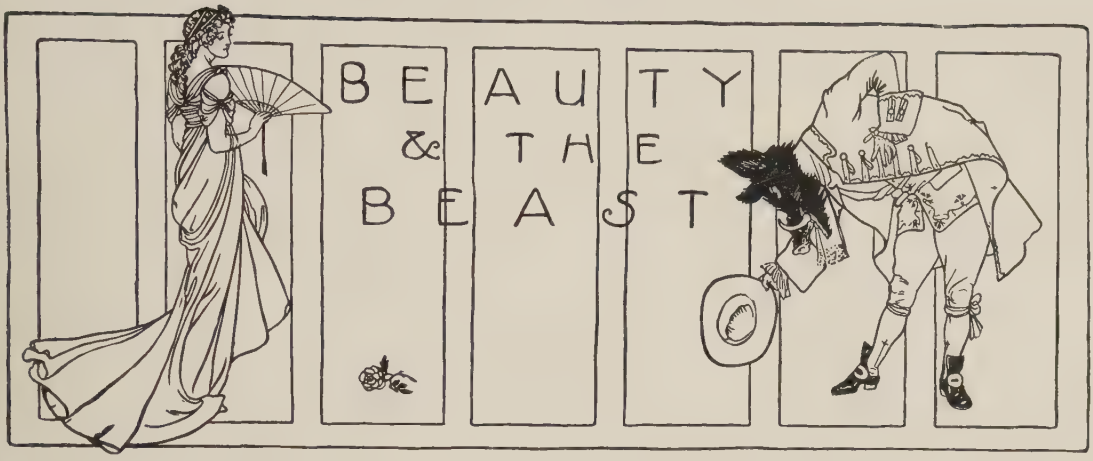
While he was still scolding them, a loud growl was heard, and a black bear came trotting out of the wood. The little man ran off, without picking up his treasures. The bear ran after him, and caught him before he could reach his hiding-place. With his great paw, he gave the dwarf such a blow that he fell down and never moved again.

The little girls were running away, but the bear called out: "Snow-White and Rose-Red, do not be afraid. Wait a moment and I will go with you." They knew the voice at once. It was their old friend.

He came up to them, and lo, his skin fell off and showed them a handsome prince, dressed in cloth of gold from head to foot. "I am a king's son," he said. "I was changed into a wild bear by the wicked dwarf, who had stolen all my treasures. I was forced to run about in the wood till I should be set free by his death. Now he has got what he deserved."

Then all three went home together. Soon after this, Snow-White married the prince, and Rose-Red married his brother. They shared among them the riches which the dwarf had hidden in his cave.

The old mother lived at the palace with her children, for many years. The two rose-bushes were taken up from the cottage garden, and planted in front of her window. There they bore beautiful roses, white and red, every year.



LONG, long ago, there lived in a town far away a rich merchant. He had three daughters. The youngest, who was the prettiest of all, was called Beauty, and was as good and kind as she was lovely. But her big sisters were not good and kind, although they were pretty. They were proud and selfish.

One day their father came home looking very grave. Then he told his daughters that he was no longer rich, and that they must all leave their beautiful home and go to live in a little cottage in the country. The big sisters were very cross about this, but Beauty thought how nice it would be to live among the woods and fields and flowers.

So they all went to a little cottage with a large garden. The father worked very hard in the garden, and by selling his fruit and vegetables got enough money to live comfortably there. Beauty was very busy too. She was a good little cook, and a good little housemaid, and a good little washerwoman. She did all the work of the house, while the big sisters did nothing but grumble because they were no longer rich.

One day the father told his daughters that he had to go on business to a town a little distance off, and might not return that night. He then asked them if there was any little gift he might bring them home.

THE MERCHANT'S STRANGE ADVENTURE

"Diamonds for me," said the eldest. "Pearls for me," said the second; but Beauty said, "Please, father, a bunch of white roses for me."

Then their father rode away on horseback, and, after finishing his business, set out for home. But before long it grew dark, and he lost his way. He found himself in a wood, and he could find no way out of it. But in the distance he saw a light, coming, he thought, from a cottage. Coming nearer, he found he was at the entrance to an avenue. He rode on, and arrived, to his surprise, in front of a palace. The door stood open, nobody was to be seen, and the merchant walked in. In a room on the right a fire blazed, the table was set, and a comfortable supper served. The merchant was hungry, and thought, if no one was in the room, after he had led his horse to the stable, he would have a good meal. When he returned from the stable, there was still no one in the room, so he enjoyed supper. Then he felt sleepy, and crossing the hall found a bedroom ready for use. He went to bed, and slept soundly till morning.

When Beauty's father awoke his own clothes were nowhere to be seen, but a new embroidered suit lay on the chair beside him. He put it on, and went to the room where he had had supper. Breakfast was ready. After breakfast he thought he would see to his horse. To reach the stable he had to pass a beautiful rose-garden. The sight of a white rose-bush reminded him of Beauty's wish, and he left the path to gather a bunch of the roses. The merchant had only gathered one, when he heard a terrible sound near him. Turning round he saw a big Beast.

The big Beast said, in a big voice: "You

ungrateful man! Whose bed have you slept in? Whose food have you eaten, and whose clothes are you wearing? Mine, mine, mine! And you repay my kindness by stealing my roses. You shall die!"

"Pray do not kill me," said Beauty's father.

"You stole my roses, and you must die," repeated the Beast.

"Can nothing save me?" asked the merchant in despair.

The Beast then told him that if he promised to come back in a month, bringing whatever met him first on his return home, his life should be spared. The merchant promised, wondering, "Will it be my cat or will it be my dog?"

WHAT WOULD MEET HIM FIRST?

But soon an awful thought struck him. "What if it were Beauty?" On his way home this thought grew and grew. By the time he was in sight of the cottage, he was filled with alarm, and hardly dared look that way.

Meantime Beauty, from the window of her room, was straining her eyes along the white road. Yes, there was her dear father at last! She rushed from the cottage, and danced gayly down the garden path, across the daisy field, and reached the road. Why, there he was only a few steps off! But what was the matter? How troubled and white he looked!

"Father, dear, aren't you glad to see me?" she gasped.

"Glad? Oh, my little Beauty! my little Beauty!" was all he could say.

When they reached the cottage, the merchant told his daughters of his adventure and his rash promise to the Beast. "But you shall not return with me, Beauty, whatever happens," he ended.

Beauty, however, begged her father so hard to keep his promise that he at last said she might go.

We are not told how Beauty and her father spent the month before their journey to the Beast's palace. We can only imagine that the little cottage must have been a sad home and that the weeks passed too quickly.

It was now time for the dreaded visit. Beauty and her father galloped through the wood, and arrived at the palace. As before, no one was to be seen, so the father led Beauty into the room where he had had supper and breakfast on his last visit. A dainty meal for two was laid, but the guests were not tempted by it, for they had little appetite.

As they sat at table, a terrible sound was heard at the door. The merchant knew, and Beauty guessed what it meant. Yes, it was the Beast! In he walked, and went straight up to Beauty. He gazed at her for long, and then said to her father, "Is this the daughter for whom you gathered the white roses?"

"Yes," said the merchant, "and she would not let me come back without her."

"She need not be sorry," said the Beast, "for everything in the palace is for her use. You must leave to-morrow, and Beauty must stay with me. No harm shall happen to her. Her room is ready now. Good night." And the Beast left them.

When Beauty reached her room, she found it more beautiful than any she had ever seen. Quite tired out, she was soon fast asleep.

In the morning she had breakfast with her father, and then they said good-by, both crying bitterly.

BEAUTY'S LIFE AT THE PALACE

Beauty went to her room, and, when she could no longer see her father from the window, she looked at the beautiful pictures and ornaments. On one wall hung a curious mirror, and beneath it, in letters of gold, was written: —

> "Little Beauty, dry your eyes,
> Needless are those tears and sighs;
> Gazing in this looking-glass,
> What you wish shall come to pass."

These lines comforted Beauty, for she thought if she were very unhappy she could wish to be at home.

But the days, although long, did not pass drearily, for the Beast had provided her with many interests. She read, and she painted, and she played, and she gathered flowers. At each evening at supper-time the same sound was heard at the door, and a big voice asked, "May I come in?" And each evening Beauty, trembling, answered, "Yes, Beast." Then Beauty and the Beast had a chat.

Although the Beast's big body and voice terrified Beauty, all he said was so kind that she soon grew less and less afraid.

"Am I very ugly, Beauty?" the Beast asked one evening.

"Yes, Beast."

"And very stupid?"

"No, not stupid, Beast."

"Could you love me, Beauty?"

"Yes, I do love you, Beast, for you are so kind."

"Then will you marry me, Beauty?"

"Oh, no, no, Beast."

THE BEAST ENTERTAINING BEAUTY

The Beast seemed so unhappy that Beauty felt very miserable, for he had become her best friend, and she could not bear to make him sad. "But I could not marry a Beast," she said to herself.

The next morning Beauty's eyes fell on her mirror. "I wish I could know how dear father is," she said; and gazing into the looking-glass she saw a sad picture. Her father was ill in bed, and alone. Beauty cried all day to think of his pain and loneliness.

When the Beast paid his usual visit, he saw how sad Beauty looked. "What is the matter, Beauty?" he asked. She then told him why she was so unhappy, and begged him to let her go home.

"It will break my heart if you go, Beauty," said the Beast. "But still," he added, "better that than that you should grieve. You shall go to-morrow."

"Thank you, oh, thank you, Beast," said Beauty, "but I will not break your heart. I promise to come back in a week."

The Beast looked very doubtful, for he was afraid he was going to lose Beauty forever. "Take this ring," he said sadly, "and, if you should wish to come back, lay it on your table before you go to bed at night. And now, good-by, good-by."

That night Beauty looked in her mirror, and wished she might wake up in her father's cottage. And she did. When her father saw her, he began that same minute to get better.

Beauty was a good little nurse, and took great care of the invalid. She was so busy that it was a great surprise to her when she found that a week had passed. As she did not yet want to leave her father alone with her unkind sisters, Beauty said she would stay for another week. But only a day or two had passed when she had a dream.

BEAUTY'S DREAM AND WHAT CAME OF IT

Beauty dreamt that the Beast was lying on the grass near the white rose-bush in the palace garden. He was murmuring, "Oh, Beauty, Beauty, you said you would come back. I shall die without you."

When Beauty woke, she could not bear to think of her dream. She jumped out of bed and laid the magic ring on her table. Then she fell asleep again. When she woke in the morning she was in her own room in the Beast's palace.

BEAUTY FINDS THE BEAST

Beauty knew the Beast never came to see her till the evening, and the day seemed as if it would never end. At last supper-time came, but no Beast. The clock struck nine, and still the Beast did not come.

Poor Beauty felt miserable. At last a sudden thought struck her. What if her dream were true? What if the Beast were lying on the grass near the white rose-bush? Beauty ran to the spot. Yes, there on the dew-wet grass lay the Beast as if dead. But no, he breathed, and, as Beauty bathed his forehead with the dew, his eyes opened, and he saw her.

"I could not live without you, Beauty," he whispered, "so I starved myself to death. But I shall die contentedly now that I have seen your face."

"Oh, dear Beast, live and I will marry you," said Beauty. "I love you; indeed I do. You have such a kind heart."

When Beauty had said this, she hid her face in her hands, and cried and cried. When she looked up, the Beast was gone and a handsome Prince stood by her side. He thanked her for setting him free.

"What can you — what do you mean?" said Beauty, bewildered. "Oh, I want my Beast, my dear Beast, and nobody else."

Then the Prince said: "A wicked fairy enchanted me, and said I must be a Beast and seem stupid and ugly till a beautiful lady should be willing to marry me. You are the beautiful lady, Beauty." Then the Prince kissed her and led her to the palace, and soon a good fairy appeared bringing with her Beauty's father and sisters. Beauty married the Prince, and, with her dear father near her, lived happily ever after.

LITTLE ONE-EYE, LITTLE TWO-EYES, AND LITTLE THREE-EYES

ONCE there lived, in the country, a mother and her three daughters. The eldest was called Little One-Eye, because she had only one eye; the second was called Little Two-Eyes, because she was like other people; and the youngest was called Little Three-Eyes, because she had an eye extra.

Now, because Little Two-Eyes was like other people, her mother and sisters could not bear her. Indeed, they were unkind to her in every way. Little Two-Eyes had all the rough work to do, she had only the scraps left by the others to eat, and she had her sisters' left-off clothes to wear. But the other girls had not to work at all, and they always wore new clothes, and they could order what they liked. The mother and sisters always spoke harshly to Little Two-Eyes, and knocked her about, and she had no one to comfort her.

One day Little Two-Eyes was in a field looking after the goat. She felt very tired and very

hungry, and altogether miserable. Sitting down on a stone, she hid her face in her hands, and cried as if her heart would break. In a little while she looked up, with streaming eyes, to make sure that the goat had not wandered. And there beside her she saw a little old woman with a kind face. Little Two-Eyes did not know that this was a fairy in disguise.

"Why do you cry, Little Two-Eyes?"

"Because I am so hungry."

"Well, dry your tears, little one, and I will tell you how you need never be hungry again. Say to the goat, 'Little goat bleat, little table rise,' and you will find before you a neatly laid table and a tempting meal. When you have had enough say, 'Little goat bleat, little table away,' and it will disappear." The fairy then vanished before Little Two-Eyes had time to thank her.

As the little girl was famishing, she at once said, "Little goat bleat, little table rise," and there appeared before her a table on which was served a nice hot dinner. When she had had enough she said, "Little goat bleat, little table away," and it disappeared.

When Little Two-Eyes reached home she found the usual scraps on a plate. They were meant for her dinner, but that day she gave them to the cat. The next morning Little Two-Eyes left the crusts, which were all that she was given for breakfast.

This went on for some days, but her mother and sisters did not notice that neither scraps nor crusts were touched. But before long they discovered, and felt sure that, as Little Two-Eyes ate nothing indoors, she must in some way find food in the fields. So they agreed that she must be watched, and it was arranged that next day Little One-Eye should go with Little Two-Eyes to look after the goat.

That morning Little Two-Eyes, as usual, ate no breakfast. As she was starting for the fields, Little One-Eye said, "I am coming with you."

Then Little Two-Eyes felt sure that her mother and sisters guessed something was going on of which they did not know. So she drove the goat into the longest grass of the field, and then said to Little One-Eye, "You look hot and tired. Lie down, and I will sing you to sleep." Now it was true that Little One-Eye was very hot and tired. So she lay down, and Little Two-Eyes sang to her, "Are you awake, Little One-Eye? Are you asleep, Little One-Eye?" over and over again. Little One-Eye heard the words more and more faintly, as she

grew sleepier and sleepier, and at last she was sound asleep, and heard nothing at all.

Then Little Two-Eyes said, "Little goat bleat, little table rise," and had as good a dinner as usual. At once when she had finished, she said, "Little goat bleat, little table away," and the table vanished. Just in time, too, for Little One-Eye awoke.

"Why, you have slept so long that it is time to go back now," said Little Two-Eyes. So the two little girls went home, and again Little Two-Eyes did not touch her dinner of scraps, and Little One-Eye had to confess to her mother that she had fallen fast asleep in the field.

Next morning the mother said to Little Three-Eyes, "You had better go to the fields this morning with Little Two-Eyes." Again Little Two-Eyes led the way into the longest grass, and then said to Little Three-Eyes, "You look hot and tired. Lie down, and I will sing you to sleep." Little Three-Eyes was very glad to lie

down, and Little Two-Eyes sang to her, "Are you awake, Little Three-Eyes? Are you asleep, Little Three-Eyes?" over and over again. But Little Three-Eyes took a long time to fall asleep, and Little Two-Eyes began to think more of how hungry she was than of the song she was singing. And so she became careless, and sang, "Are you awake, Little Three-Eyes? Are you asleep, Little *Two-Eyes?*" And so it happened that two of the eyes of Little Three-Eyes went to sleep, but one eye stayed awake.

Little Two-Eyes did not notice this one wakeful eye, so she said quietly, "Little goat bleat, little table rise." Then she enjoyed dinner even more than usual, because she had waited longer for it. When she had finished, she said, "Little goat bleat, little table away," and immediately there was no sign of a meal left. As Little Two-Eyes had no idea that one of her sister's eyes had not been asleep, but had been peeping from time to time at what was happening, she was quite happy.

When the little girls reached home, Little Three-Eyes ran straight to her mother and told her of the magic words spoken by Little Two-Eyes, and of the nice hot dinner. The mother was very angry indeed, and said, "Does she think she is going to be better off than we? Fetch me the knife, Little Three-Eyes." Little Three-Eyes brought it, and the mother plunged it into the goat's heart. The poor animal fell down dead.

When Little Two-Eyes saw that the goat was dead, she ran out of the house, and along the road, till she stopped to rest on a wayside hillock.

"Why do you cry?" asked a kind voice, and, looking up, Little Two-Eyes saw the same little old woman who had told her the magic words.

"Because my goat is killed, and now I must be hungry again," sobbed Little Two-Eyes.

"Listen to me, my dear," said the fairy. "Take the heart of the goat, and bury it in front of the house. If you do this, there will be no need for tears." And the fairy vanished.

Little Two-Eyes went home and begged for the goat's heart. Her mother said, "Yes, stupid, you are welcome to it, take it away," and her sisters made fun of her. Little Two-Eyes took the heart, and buried it as she had been told.

Next morning the three sisters went to the front door together, and there, just in front of the house, what did they see? A beautiful tree with silver leaves and golden fruit. No one knew how it had come there, but Little Two-Eyes noticed that it sprang from the spot where she had buried the heart. The girls called their mother to see the wonderful sight.

"What a beautiful tree!" she exclaimed. "Climb up, Little One-Eye, and gather some fruit."

Little One-Eye climbed up the tree, but each time she tried to grasp one of the golden apples the branch sprang back out of her reach.

"Come down, Little One-Eye," said her mother. "Little Three-Eyes can see three times as well as you, let her try."

Little Three-Eyes tried, but with no more success. Each time that she tried to reach a golden apple, back sprang the branch.

The mother became impatient, and said she would try herself. But she failed too.

Then Little Two-Eyes said, "Let me try."

"You!" cried her sisters, "how can an ordinary girl like you expect to do what we cannot?"

"Let me try," repeated Little Two-Eyes, and she climbed the tree. The golden fruit dropped into her hand, and she came down with her apron full. The mother and sisters were not only astonished but very angry with Little Two-Eyes for doing what they could not do. They took the fruit from her, and treated her worse than ever.

One day, as they all stood together by the tree, a young knight rode by. As they saw him coming, the sisters pushed Little Two-Eyes into a barrel beneath the tree. "Hide there, you fright," they said. They also put in the barrel some golden apples, which Little Two-Eyes had gathered for them.

The knight stopped to admire the beautiful tree, and asked to whom it belonged.

"To us," answered the sisters.

"Give me a branch," said the knight, "and you shall have all that you wish." Both sisters tried, but it was of no use. Each time they stretched out their hands the branches sprang back.

"It is strange," said the knight, "that you cannot gather the fruit from your own tree." And still the sisters insisted that it was theirs.

Now Little Two-Eyes felt very angry when she heard her sisters speak so, and she rolled one golden apple after another out of the barrel. They rolled to the knight's feet, and he asked the sisters where they came from.

"Our sister, Little Two-Eyes, is in the barrel, but she is too ugly to appear," they said.

"Come out, Little Two-Eyes," called the knight, and at the sound of his kind voice, Little Two-Eyes crept out, and stood beside her sisters. The knight was astonished to see how beautiful Little Two-Eyes was.

"Can you gather me a branch of this tree?" he asked.

"Yes, for it is mine," said Little Two-Eyes, and she quickly climbed up, broke off a branch, and handed it to the knight.

"You shall have whatever you wish, Little Two-Eyes. What shall it be?" asked the knight.

"Oh, if you will only take me away. That is all I want. Here I am hungry, and thirsty, and tired and miserable all day long." The knight at once lifted Little Two-Eyes on to his horse, and carried her off to his father's palace. For the knight was a Prince, and his father was the King.

In the palace Little Two-Eyes was beautifully dressed, and had delicious fruit and cakes and sweets to eat. She grew happier and happier, and the Prince loved her more and more, till at last he married her.

Little One-Eye and Little Three-Eyes were very jealous of their sister, but they thought they had one reason to be glad that the knight had carried her off. "For now," they said, "the wonderful tree will no longer be claimed by Little Two-Eyes. It is ours, and everyone will admire it." But lo and behold, the next morning the tree had vanished.

Many years after Little Two-Eyes had been happily married, two beggar women arrived at the palace gates. Little Two-Eyes recognized her sisters, who had treated her so cruelly long ago. They were now so poor that they had to wander through the country begging for bread. Little Two-Eyes felt very sorry for them. She welcomed them to the palace, and treated them very kindly. At last they told her how sorry they were that they had behaved so badly to her in their old home, and Little Two-Eyes forgave them from the bottom of her heart.

THE FROG PRINCE

IN olden days there lived a King whose daughters were all beautiful, but the face of the youngest was radiant as the sun.

The favorite plaything of this Princess was a golden ball. Often when it was too hot to play in the palace gardens, she would wander with her ball into the forest, and toss or bounce

BY THE WELL

it under the shade of an old lime tree. Then, when she grew tired, she would sit by the edge of a cool well beneath the lime, and wish it might be summer all the year round.

One bright morning the Princess was playing as merrily as ever with her golden ball. Toss, catch, toss, catch, toss — but this time the Princess did not catch. The ball fell on the sloping grass, rolled straight into the silver well, and immediately disappeared.

The poor Princess sat down and wept as if her heart would break. Nothing, she felt, could ever make up for the loss of her golden ball.

As she cried bitterly, sitting by the edge of the well, she was startled to hear a voice ask, "What is the matter, Princess?"

Looking round, she saw a frog stretch its broad, ugly face out of the water.

"Oh, it is you, is it, old Splasher?"

"Yes; what is the matter, Princess?"

"Matter? I want my ball, my golden ball. It has fallen into the water."

"There is no need to cry about that; I can bring it to you."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, dear Frog."

"But what will you give me, when I bring you your golden ball?"

"WHAT YOU HAVE PROMISED, YOU MUST PERFORM"

"Oh, anything, anything — my silken robes, my pearls, my diamonds, even my crown."

"What care I for silken robes, for pearls, for diamonds, or even for the crown you wear upon your head? If you will promise to let me sit at your table, eat off your golden plate, drink from your silver cup, and sleep in your little white bed, then I will fetch you the golden ball."

"Yes, yes, I promise. Bring it. Quick."

The Frog disappeared under the water, and the Princess thought, "What nonsense the silly old Splasher talks. Of course, he cannot come with me to the palace. This well in the forest is his home, and here he must live and croak until he dies."

In a little while the Frog came back, carrying in his mouth the golden ball. He threw it on the grass, at the feet of the Princess.

"Oh, my ball, my pretty toy," she exclaimed, as she picked it up, and ran off toward the palace.

"Wait, wait," croaked the Frog, "I cannot run so quickly."

But the Princess did not listen. She hurried home, rejoicing to possess once more her favorite plaything, but forgetful of the kind Frog and her promise.

The next day, as the Princess was sitting at dinner with the King and his courtiers, they heard a sound, as of something coming flip-flop upstairs. All laid down their knives and forks to listen. Flip-flop, flip-flop. The sound came nearer and nearer. Flip-flop, flip-flop. Then it ceased just outside the door of the dining-hall, and one knock after another was heard, while a voice croaked:

"Youngest King's Daughter,
Open to me,
Do you not know
What you promised me,
Yesterday
Under the linden tree?
Youngest King's Daughter,
Open to me."

"My daughter," said the King, "what you have promised, you must perform. Open the door."

So the Princess opened it, and the Frog came in and flopped along close to her feet, until she sat down.

Then he reminded her, "You promised I should sit at your table."

The Princess hesitated, but the King said, "What you have promised, you must perform."

So a chair was placed for the Frog by the Princess.

But the Frog asked to be put on the table. "You promised that I should eat off your golden plate and drink from your silver cup."

The Princess drew her plate away, and lifted the cup in her hand, but the King repeated, "What you have promised, you must perform."

So the Frog thoroughly enjoyed dinner, but the Princess could not swallow a morsel.

When evening came, the Frog said, "I am tired. Carry me now to your little white bed. We must sleep."

Then the Princess began to cry. How could she let that cold, slippery frog, that she could not bear to touch, sleep in her little bed?

But the King said once more, "What you have promised, you must perform." Then he added, "You must never despise anything that has helped you in time of need."

So the Princess caught the Frog with the tips of her two fingers, and carried him upstairs to her own pretty room. There she put him down in a corner. But when she popped into bed, the Frog came jumping toward her and croaked, "You promised I should sleep in your little white bed. If you do not let me, I shall call the King."

"You hideous thing, you may sleep there," she exclaimed angrily, picking him up and flinging him with all her might against the wall.

The Frog struck the wall and fell to the ground. Then —

The Princess rubbed her eyes. Who was that handsome Prince standing where the Frog had fallen? And where was the Frog? Was it a dream? The Princess pinched herself. No, she was wide awake.

"I was changed into a frog," said the Prince, "by a wicked fairy, and a frog I had to remain until I was flung from the hand of a fair Princess. So you have saved my life, and I want, above everything in the world, to marry you, and to take you back with me to the kingdom that I left so long ago."

THE PRINCE

Then the face of the Princess was once more as radiant as the sun, and the King, when he heard the tale, was almost as glad as his daughter, and ordered the wedding feast to be got ready without delay.

And the day after the wedding, a golden coach, drawn by eight snow-white horses, dashed up to the palace gates, to carry the Prince back to his kingdom, and with him his fair bride.

Behind the coach rode Henry, the faithful servant whose heart had nearly burst with grief when his master was turned into a frog. Suddenly there came a loud sound of cracking. Henry begged them to have no alarm. He was only tearing off the iron bands with which he had bound his heart to keep it from breaking.

As they rode gayly off, bowing to the cheering crowd, the horses pranced, the bells on the reins jingled, and all was rejoicing and merriment. As they passed the well in the forest the Princess drew from her pocket the golden ball, and rejoiced to think of all the good fortune it had brought to her and her dear Prince.

HANS' NEW SKIS

AND WHERE THEY TOOK HIM

WHEN Hans was six years old, his father gave him a new pair of skis. Hans wanted to go out on them at once, but winter was slow that year in coming. A little snow would fall, but it would soon melt, until Hans said, "Will winter never come?"

But at last winter came. It snowed two whole days and nights. On the third morning, when Hans awoke, the sky was blue and the snow glittered like a million stars. How glad he was! After breakfast his mother helped him put on his thick coat, warm mittens, and red cap, and he started off into the forest.

How beautiful it was in the forest! And the farther he went, the more beautiful it became. It seemed to him, all at once, as if he was standing in the palace of the winter king, and he called in a loud voice, "I thank you, good King Winter, that you have come at last."

Then Hans almost fell over in astonishment, for there before him stood an old man, all glittering white. "Are you King Winter?" he asked politely.

"No," said the old man, "I am only Father Frost. Have I not made the forest beautiful to-day?"

"Did you do it?" said Hans eagerly. "Show me how you make it glitter."

"This way," said the old man, and blew against Hans' coat. The breath came out of his mouth like a white cloud, and Hans' coat was covered with white tinsel.

Father Frost laughed and pulled Hans' ear. "You are a brave boy. You do not get cross when your cheeks are nipped a little. You called King Winter. Don't you want to go to his castle with me?"

Hans agreed, and they went through the forest together, Father Frost ahead, and he behind on his new skis.

Suddenly Hans began to sneeze. His feet felt damp, and the frost melted from his jacket. He looked up and saw a strange little old woman coming through the wood. She wore big rubbers and carried a birch broom over her shoulder and an umbrella in her hand.

Who could she be? Hans opened his mouth to ask, but Father Frost saw her and rushed up to her.

"Ho!" he cried. "Are you here again? Go away at once, and do not dare to come back till spring."

He blew great clouds of frost at her, and she ran off in such haste that she dropped her broom. Father Frost told Hans that she was Dame Thaw, who came with Lady Spring and made everything clean for her. Then she was welcome. But she could never learn to wait,

DAME THAW

A SNOWBALL FIGHT AT KING WINTER'S PALACE

and was always poking her nose out in the middle of winter, and disturbing everyone with her muddy, slushy weather.

At last Father Frost and Hans came to King Winter's huge snow-castle. By the gate stood two polar bears. The doors were of ice bound with iron. In the castle was a great hall where King Winter sat high on a throne of ice, with a

MEETING FATHER FROST. AT THE PALACE. KING WINTER. HOMEWARD BOUND

walrus on each side. At first Hans was frightened, but Father Frost led him to the throne.

"I bring you a brave boy, King Winter," he said. "He likes to have you rule. He called to you in the forest and thanked you for the snow."

King Winter smiled, and his eyes twinkled like northern lights.

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THE SNOW MAKERS

On the opposite page is
THE HOME OF THE SNOW MAKERS

From the original paintings by Nelly Littlehale Umbstaetter

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"I like brave boys," he said. "You run on skis?"

Hans showed him his new skis, and King Winter told Father Frost that he must take the lad through the castle. So they went through all the rooms and saw many strange things. The room Hans liked best was the one where little boys were making skis and sleds and skates to be given to children on Christmas day. King Winter sent word that they should stop work and play with Hans for awhile. In the picture you see them snowballing each other.

When it was time for Hans to go home, Father Frost hitched a reindeer to Hans' skis and took him to the edge of the forest near his home. Then he disappeared, and Hans saw no more of him. But the snow lasted all winter. Dame Thaw was so frightened that she did not come again. And on Christmas Eve Hans heard something go "Krick, crack," against his window. When he tried to see what it was, the window was so covered with beautiful ice-flowers that he could not look through. But he ran out on the porch, and found two packages, one with skates for himself, and the other with a sled for his little brother. King Winter and Father Frost had not forgotten him.

(*From the German legend by Elsa Beskow.*)

THE FIRST WINTER

AN INDIAN STORY

THIS is the story Indian mothers of the great Iroquois tribe used to tell their children of how there came to be winters on the earth.

There was a time when the days were always of the same length, and it was always summer. In those days our fathers lived always in the smile of the Great Spirit and were happy. But there arose a chief who was so powerful that he thought himself greater than anyone. He despised all other chiefs and all other people, and at last he became so proud that he declared himself mightier than the Great Spirit. Nor was he content with feeling so in his heart and keeping silent. He taught his brothers to go out and dance and make mock of the Great Spirit.

For a long time the Great Spirit paid no heed. But at last he was angry with the foolish red men and told them that he would turn his smiling face away from them if they did not cease their foolish boasting. Then they would have no more light and warmth, but must build fires in the forest.

But the red men laughed and taunted the Spirit, telling him that he had followed one trail so long that he could not get out of it, but would have to come every day and give them light and heat. (You see they thought the Great Spirit lived in the sun, or perhaps that he even was the sun.) So the red men did not heed the warning, but laughed and danced and made faces, as their foolish chief had taught them.

In a few days the quick eyes of some of the red men saw that the sun's face did not appear in the morning where it had always appeared. They were silent because they were afraid the others would laugh at them if they spoke their fear. Soon all noticed, and fear spread through the tribe.

Each day they saw less and less of the smile of the Great Spirit. His face was often hidden by dark clouds, while terrible storms swept across the forests and fields. Frosts came and lay heavy on the grass in the morning, and white frozen rain fell from heaven and piled up in great drifts.

The red men were not used to snow and cold. They had never felt it. Illness came in the tribe, sore illness and death. Then the red men cried to the Great Spirit. Where they had mocked, they stood and cried aloud in their grief. Even the proud chief humbled himself and told the Spirit that he knew now that he was but a man and had no power. By this time the Great Spirit had almost removed his face from the sight of the red men. But when he saw their suffering and sorrow he had pity on them and told them that he would come back. Day after day the few that were alive still watched his return. As the days grew warmer and the hours of sunlight were longer, the red men sang in praise of the Great Spirit who had of his goodness given summer back to them. But he told them that it would never again be

quite the same on the earth. Every year they and their children and their children's children would feel again the power of the Spirit they had mocked. They would be more thankful for sunshine and warmth and summer if they were reminded that these were the gift of the Great Spirit who could take them away if he would. And so it has been to this day.[1]

THE LITTLE RED HEN

THERE was once a little red hen that lived in a house by herself in the wood. And over the hill, in a hole in the rocks, lived a sly, crafty old fox.

Now this crafty old fellow of a fox lay awake nights, and prowled slyly about days, trying to think how he should get the little red hen. He wanted to carry her home to boil her for his supper.

But the wise little hen never left her house without locking the door and putting the key safe in her pocket; so the old fox watched and prowled and lay awake nights till he grew pale and thin, but he found no way to get the wise little red hen.

At last one morning he took a big bag over his shoulder, and said to his mother: "Mother, have the pot boiling when I come home, for I'll bring the little red hen for our supper."

Away he went over the hill and through the wood to where the red hen lived in her snug little house. Just at that moment out came the little red hen to pick up sticks for her fire, and in slipped the fox and hid behind the door.

In came the hen in a minute and locked the door, and put the key in her pocket. When she saw the fox, she dropped her sticks and flew with a great flutter up to the big beam across the house under the roof.

"Ah," said the sly fox, "I'll soon bring you down." And he began to whirl around and around and around, faster and faster and faster, after his big, bushy tail.

The little red hen looked at him till she got so dizzy that she fell off the beam to the floor. The fox caught her and put her into his bag and started straight for home.

Up the wood and down the wood he went with the little red hen shut tight in the bag. After a while the fox lay down to rest. Then she came to her wits, and put her hand into her pocket, and took out a bright little pair of scissors. With them she snipped a hole in the bag. She leaped out and picked up a big stone and dropped it into the bag and ran home as fast as her legs could carry her.

The fox waked up and started again with his bag over his shoulders.

"How heavy the little red hen is!" he said.

His mother was standing at the door of his den, waiting for him.

"Mother," he said, "have you the pot boiling?"

"Yes," said she, "and have you the little red hen?"

"Right here in my bag," said the fox. "Lift the lid and let me put her in."

The fox untied the bag and held it over the boiling water and shook it. The heavy stone fell into the water with a splash which went up over the fox and his mother and scalded them. And the little red hen lived safe ever after in her house in the wood.

TOM THUMB

HOW IT BEFELL THAT TOM WAS NO LARGER, AND SOME OF HIS MISHAPS

IN the merry days of good King Arthur there lived a plowman and his wife, who had never been blessed with a child. But at this time, there was in Arthur's Court a famous conjurer and magician, called Merlin.

This great enchanter was traveling one day in the disguise of a poor beggar, and, being very weary, he stopped at the cottage of the honest plowman to rest himself.

The countryman gave him a hearty welcome, and his wife, who was a hospitable woman, soon brought him some milk in a wooden bowl, and some coarse brown bread on a platter.

Merlin was much pleased with this homely repast and the kindness of the plowman and his wife; but he noticed that though everything was neat and tidy in the cottage, they seemed both to be very unhappy. He asked them why they were so sad, and learned it was because they had no children.

The poor woman declared, with tears in her eyes, that she should be the happiest

[1] Other stories of this kind are in Volume V, pages 107–114.

creature in the world if she had a son; and although he was no bigger than her husband's thumb, she would be quite satisfied.

Merlin was so much amused with the idea of a boy no bigger than a man's thumb, that he determined to pay a visit to the Queen of the fairies, and ask her to gratify the poor woman's wish. The droll fancy of such a little personage among the human race pleased the fairy Queen too, and she promised Merlin that the wish should be granted. Accordingly, in a short time after, the plowman's wife had a son, who, wonderful to relate, was not a bit bigger than his father's thumb.

The fairy Queen, wishing to see the little fellow thus born into the world, came in at the window, kissed the child, and gave it the name of Tom Thumb; she sent for some of the fairies, who dressed her little favorite in this way:

"An oak-leaf hat he had for his crown;
His shirt of web by spiders spun;
With jacket wove of thistle's-down;
His trousers were of feathers done.
His stockings, of apple-rind, they tie
With eyelash from his mother's eye;
His shoes were made of mouse's skin,
Tann'd with the downy hair within."

Now, though Tom never grew any larger than his father's thumb, as he got older he became very cunning and full of tricks. When he was old enough to play with the boys, and had lost all his own cherry-stones, he used to creep into the bags of his playfellows, fill his pockets, and, getting out unseen, would again join in the game.

One day, however, as he was coming out of a bag of cherry-stones, where he had been pilfering as usual, the boy to whom it belonged chanced to see him. "Ah, ha! my little Tommy," said the boy, "so I have caught you stealing my cherry-stones at last, and you shall be rewarded for your thievish tricks." On saying this, he drew the string tight round his neck, and gave the bag such a hearty shake that poor little Tom was sadly bruised. He roared out with pain, and begged to be let out, promising never to be guilty of such bad practices again.

A short time afterward his mother was making a batter-pudding, and Tom, being very anxious to see how it was made, climbed up to the edge of the bowl; but unfortunately his foot slipped, and he plumped over head and ears into the batter, unobserved by his mother, who stirred him into the pudding-bag, and put him in the pot to boil.

The batter had filled Tom's mouth, and prevented him from crying; but, on feeling the hot water, he kicked and struggled so much in the pot that his mother thought that the pudding was bewitched, and, instantly pulling it out of the pot, she threw it to the door. A poor tinker, who was passing by, lifted up the pudding, and, putting it into his budget, he then walked off. As Tom had now got his mouth cleared of the batter, he then began to cry aloud, which so frightened the tinker that he flung down the pudding and ran away. The pudding being broken to pieces by the fall, Tom crept out, covered over with the batter, and with difficulty walked home. His mother, who was very sorry to see her darling in such a woeful state, put him into a teacup, and soon washed off the batter; after which she kissed him, and laid him in bed.

Soon after the adventure of the pudding, Tom's mother went to milk her cow in the meadow, and she took him along with her. As the wind was very high, for fear of his being blown away, she tied him to a thistle with a piece of fine thread. The cow soon observed the oak-leaf hat, and, liking the appearance of it, took poor Tom and the thistle at one mouthful. While the cow was chewing the thistle Tom was afraid of her great teeth, which threatened to crush him in pieces, and he roared out as loud as he could:

"Mother, mother!"

"Where are you, Tommy, my dear Tommy?" said his mother.

"Here, mother," replied he, "in the red cow's mouth."

His mother began to cry and wring her hands; but the cow, surprised at the odd noise in her throat, opened her mouth and let Tom drop out. Fortunately his mother caught him in her apron as he was falling to the ground, or he would have been dreadfully hurt. She then put Tom in her bosom and ran home with him.

HOW TOM CAME TO BE A FAVORITE AT KING ARTHUR'S COURT

Tom's father made him a whip of a barley straw to drive the cattle with, and, having one day gone into the fields, he slipped a foot and rolled into the furrow. A raven, which was flying over, picked him up and flew with him to the top of a giant's castle that was near the seaside, and there left him.

Tom was in a dreadful state, and did not know what to do; but he was soon more dreadfully frightened, for old Grumbo the giant came up to walk on the terrace, and observing Tom he took him up and swallowed him like a pill.

The giant had no sooner swallowed Tom than he began to repent what he had done; for Tom began to kick and jump about so much that he felt very uncomfortable, and at last threw him up again into the sea. A large fish swallowed Tom the moment he fell into the sea. But it was soon caught and bought for the table of King Arthur. When they opened the fish in order to cook it, everyone was astonished at finding such a little boy, and Tom was quite delighted at regaining his liberty. They carried him to the King, who made Tom his dwarf, and he soon grew a great favorite at Court; for by his tricks and gambols he not only amused the King and Queen, but also all the knights of the Round Table.

It is said that when the King rode out on horseback he frequently took Tom along with him, and if a shower came on, he used to creep into His Majesty's waistcoat pocket, where he slept till the rain was over.

King Arthur one day asked Tom about his parents, wishing to know if they were as small as he was, and how they lived. Tom told the King that his father and mother were as tall as any of the persons about Court, but rather poor. On hearing this, the King carried Tom to his treasury, the place where he kept all his money, and told him to take as much money as he could carry home to his parents, which made the poor little fellow caper with joy. Tom went immediately to procure a purse, which was made of a water-bubble, and then returned to the treasury, where he received a silver threepenny-piece to put into it.

Our little hero had some difficulty in lifting the burden upon his back; but he at last succeeded in getting it placed to his mind, and set forward on his journey. However, without meeting with any accident, and after resting himself more than a hundred times by the way, in two days and two nights he reached his father's house in safety.

Tom had traveled forty-eight hours with a huge silver-piece on his back, and was almost tired to death, when his mother ran out to meet him, and carried him into the house.

Tom's parents were both happy to see him, and the more so as he had brought such an amazing sum of money with him; but the poor little fellow was excessively wearied, having traveled half a mile in forty-eight hours, with a huge silver threepenny-piece on his back. His mother, in order to recover him from the fatigue he had undergone, placed him in a walnut shell by the fireside, and feasted him for three days on a hazelnut, which made him very sick; for a whole nut used to serve him a month.

Tom soon recovered; but as there had been a fall of rain, and the ground was very wet, he could not travel back to King Arthur's Court; therefore his mother, one day when the wind was blowing in that direction, made a little parasol of cambric paper, and tying Tom to it she gave him a puff into the air with her mouth, which soon carried him to the King's palace.

The King, Queen, and all the nobility were happy to see Tom again at Court, where he delighted them by his dexterity at tilts and tournaments; but his exertions to please them cost him very dear, and brought on such a severe fit of illness that his life was despaired of.

However, the Queen of the fairies, hearing of his illness, came to Court in a chariot drawn by flying mice, and placing Tom by her side drove through the air without stopping till they arrived at her palace. After restoring him to health, and permitting him to enjoy all the gay diversion of Fairyland, the Queen commanded a strong current of air to arise, on which she placed Tom, who floated upon it like a cork in the water, and sent him instantly to the royal palace of King Arthur.

Just at the time when Tom came flying across the courtyard of the palace the cook

TOM FOUND IN SURPRISING PLACES

happened to be passing with the King's great bowl of furmenty, which was a dish His Majesty was very fond of; but unfortunately the poor little fellow fell plump into the middle of it, and splashed the hot furmenty about the cook's face.

The cook, who was an ill-natured fellow, being in a terrible rage at Tom for frightening and scalding him with the furmenty, went straight to the King, and represented that Tom had jumped into the royal furmenty and thrown it down out of mere mischief. The King was so enraged when he heard this that he ordered Tom to be seized and tried for high treason; and, there being no person who dared to plead for him, he was condemned to be beheaded immediately.

HOW TOM ESCAPED FROM SOME EXTRAORDINARY SITUATIONS

On hearing this dreadful sentence pronounced, poor Tom fell a-trembling with fear, but, seeing no means of escape, and observing a miller close to him gaping with his great mouth, as country boobies do at a fair, he took a leap, and fairly jumped down his throat. This exploit was done with such activity that not one person present saw it, and even the miller did not know the trick which Tom had played upon him. Now, as Tom had disappeared, the Court broke up, and the miller went home to his mill.

When Tom heard the mill at work, he knew he was clear of the Court, and therefore he began to tumble and roll about, so that the poor miller could get no rest, thinking he was bewitched; so he sent for a doctor. When the doctor came, Tom began to dance and sing; and the doctor, being as much frightened as the miller, sent in haste for five other doctors and twenty learned men.

When they were debating upon the cause of this extraordinary occurrence, the miller happened to yawn, when Tom, embracing the opportunity, made another jump, and alighted safely upon his feet on the middle of the table.

The miller, who was very much provoked at being tormented by such a little pygmy creature, fell into a terrible rage, and, laying hold of Tom, he then opened the window and threw him into the river. At the moment the miller let Tom drop, a large salmon swimming along at the time saw him fall, and snapped him up in a minute. A fisherman caught the salmon, and sold it in the market to the steward of a great lord. The nobleman, on seeing the fish, thought it so uncommonly fine that he made a present of it to King Arthur, who ordered it to be dressed immediately. When the cook cut open the fish, he found poor Tom, and ran to the King with him; but His Majesty, being engaged with state affairs, ordered him to be taken away and kept in custody till he sent for him.

The cook was determined that Tom should not slip out of his hands this time, so he put him into a mouse-trap and left him to peep through the wires. Tom had remained in the trap a whole week, when he was sent for by King Arthur, who pardoned him for throwing down the furmenty and took him again into favor. On account of his wonderful feats of activity, Tom was knighted by the King, and went under the name of the renowned Sir Thomas Thumb. As Tom's clothes had suffered much in the batter-pudding, the furmenty, and the insides of the giant, miller, and fishes, His Majesty ordered him a new suit of clothes, and to be mounted as a knight.

"Of butterfly's wings his shirt was made,
His boots of chicken's hide;
And by a nimble fairy blade,
Well learned in the tailoring trade,
His clothing was supplied —
A needle dangled by his side;
A dapper mouse he used to ride,
Thus strutted Tom in stately pride!"

TOM THUMB DANCING ON THE QUEEN'S HAND

It was certainly very diverting to see Tom in this dress, and mounted on the mouse, as he rode out a-hunting with the King and nobility, who were all ready to expire with laughter at Tom and his fine prancing charger.

One day, as they were riding by a farmhouse, a large cat, which was lurking about the door, made a spring and seized both Tom and his mouse. She then ran up a tree with them, and was beginning to devour the mouse; but Tom boldly drew his sword and attacked the cat so fiercely that she let them both fall, when one of the nobles caught him in his hat and laid him on a bed of down, in a little ivory cabinet.

The Queen of the fairies came soon after to pay Tom a visit, and carried him back to Fairyland, where he remained several years. Time goes fast in Fairyland, and during his stay there King Arthur and all the persons who knew Tom had died. As he longed to be again at Court, the fairy Queen, after dressing him in a suit of clothes, sent him flying through the air to the palace, in the days of King Thunstone, the successor of Arthur. Everyone flocked round to see him, and being carried to the King he was asked who he was — whence he came — and where he lived. Tom answered:

"My name is Tom Thumb,
From the fairies I 've come.
When King Arthur shone,
This Court was my home.
In me he delighted,
By him I was knighted;
Did you never hear of Sir Thomas Thumb?"

The King was so charmed with this address that he ordered a little chair to be made, in order that Tom might sit upon his table, and also a palace of gold, a span high, with a door an inch wide, to live in. He also gave him a coach, drawn by six small mice.

The Queen was so enraged at the honors conferred on Sir Thomas that she resolved to ruin him, and told the King that the little knight had been saucy to her.

The King sent for Tom in great haste, but being fully aware of the danger of royal anger he crept into an empty snail-shell, where he lay for a considerable time, until he was almost starved with hunger; but at last he ventured to peep out, and perceiving a fine large butterfly on the ground, near the place of his concealment, he approached very cautiously, and getting himself placed astride on it was immediately carried up into the air. The butterfly flew with him from tree to tree and from field to field, and at last returned to the Court, where the King and nobility all strove to catch him; but at last poor Tom fell from his seat into a watering-pot, in which he was almost drowned.

When the Queen saw him she was in a rage, and said he should be beheaded; and he was again put into a mouse-trap until the time of his execution.

However, a cat, observing something alive in the trap, patted it about till the wires broke, and set Thomas at liberty.

The King received Tom again into favor, which he did not live to enjoy, for a large spider one day attacked him, and, although he drew his sword and fought well, yet the spider's poisonous breath at last overcame him:

"He fell dead on the ground where he stood,
And the spider suck'd every drop of his blood."

King Thunstone and his whole Court were so sorry at the loss of their little favorite that they went into mourning, and raised a fine white marble monument over his grave, with the following epitaph:

"Here lyes Tom Thumb, King Arthur's knight,
Who died by a spider's cruel bite.
He was well known in Arthur's Court,
Where he afforded gallant sport;
He rode at tilt and tournament,
And on a mouse a-hunting went.
Alive he filled the Court with mirth;
His death to sorrow soon gave birth.
Wipe, wipe your eyes, and shake your head
And cry, — 'Alas! Tom Thumb is dead!'"

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

ONCE upon a time there lived a King and Queen who longed for a little baby-girl of their own. They waited and they waited, and they hoped and they hoped, and at last she came. She was a dainty little daughter, and her father and mother, to show their joy, gave a christening feast, and seven good fairies were asked to it. They were to be the baby's godmothers.

Now, just as they were all sitting down to the feast, in limped an old fairy who had not been invited, because no one had heard anything of her for fifty years. The King, who had ordered a gold plate for each of the seven fairies that he expected, had none for the old fairy, and so a china plate was set before her. This seemed to make her very angry, and she muttered crossly to herself.

As the youngest of the seven good fairies listened to her muttering, she thought: "This old crone will give Baby a present that will do her harm. I shall wait to give my present until after she has given hers, and perhaps mine may undo the harm." Then this good fairy hid behind a curtain.

The six godmothers each gave the baby-girl a present.

The first said, "You shall have a beautiful face."

The second said, "You shall think beautiful thoughts."

The third said, "You shall do kind deeds."

The fourth said, "You shall dance like a fairy."

The fifth said, "You shall sing like a nightingale."

The sixth said, "You shall play the harp."

Then up got the old fairy, and in a spiteful voice said, "When you are fifteen years old you shall learn to spin, and you shall prick your finger with the spindle, and die."

When the guests heard this they all cried aloud, and the King and Queen cried loudest of all.

But out stepped the good fairy from behind the curtain, and said: "Weep not, O King and Queen. It is true that your daughter shall spin, it is true that she shall prick her finger, it is true that she shall fall asleep. But the sleep will not be the sleep of death. In a hundred years the son of a King shall find her, wake her, and marry her." Then all the fairies vanished.

Now the King made up his mind that his little daughter should, if possible, escape this hundred years' sleep. So he made a law that anyone having a spinning wheel in her house should be put to death, and soon it was believed that there was none left in all the land.

When the Princess was fifteen years old, all the gifts that the six good fairies had promised were hers. She had a beautiful face, and she thought beautiful thoughts, and she did kind deeds. She danced like a fairy, and she sang like a nightingale, and she played upon the harp.

It was at this age that her parents took her with them to visit one of their castles. One day while wandering through it, the girl came to a tower, and there in a little room at the top she found an old woman sitting at her spinning wheel. The old woman was so deaf that she had never heard the King's order.

"What are you doing, good dame?" asked the Princess.

"Spinning, my pretty child," said the old woman.

"Oh, how pretty, how wonderful! Let me try," said the Princess, seizing the spindle. But she no sooner had it in her hand than she pricked her finger, and, fainting, fell on the floor. The old woman shrieked, and the King and Queen rushed to the tower. The moment they saw their daughter, they understood that all had happened as had been foretold. The eyes of the Princess were closed in the sleep from which she should not wake for a hundred years.

While the King and Queen were still gazing at their sleeping beauty, the youngest fairy godmother drove up to the castle in a chariot of fire drawn by dragons. The King helped her to alight and led her to the turret. When this kind, thoughtful fairy saw that the Princess was in the sleep from which she should not awake for a hundred years, she went from room to room of the castle touching with her magic wand all the lords and ladies and men and maids. She went to the stables and touched the grooms and the horses, and she went to the garden and touched the gardeners, and they too all fell asleep for a hundred years.

But the King and Queen she did not touch. They left the palace grieving to part with their child, but rejoicing to leave her in a sweet and peaceful sleep, and not in the sleep of death. Before they left, the King gave orders that nobody was to approach the castle. But there was no need of the command, for in a quarter of an hour a dense forest sprang up, so thick and prickly that no one could venture through it. Above this forest could be seen only the turret, where the Sleeping Beauty lay.

Then round about that place there grew a hedge of thorns thicker every year, until at last the whole castle was hidden from view, and nothing of it could be seen but the vane on the roof. And a rumor went abroad in all that country of the beautiful sleeping Princess; and from time to time many kings' sons came and tried to force their way through the hedge; but it was impossible for them to do so, for the thorns held fast together like strong hands, and the young men were caught by them.

A hundred years passed, and the story of the Princess was forgotten.

One day the son of the King who now reigned was a-hunting. Coming to the thick, prickly wood, and seeing the turret, the Prince asked to whom it belonged. No one knew, but an old peasant said, "I once heard my grandfather tell that in that turret is a beautiful Princess who is doomed to sleep there, until she is awakened by the Prince who will marry her."

This news excited the Prince, who leaped from his horse, and determined to force his way through the wood. But there was no need of force. The branches parted and made a path for him of their own accord, and he soon reached the yard of the castle.

Here a strange sight met his eyes. He saw the horses and hunting dogs lying asleep, and on the roof the pigeons were sitting with their heads under their wings. And when he came indoors, the flies on the wall were asleep, the cook in the kitchen had his hand uplifted to strike the scullion, and the kitchen-maid had the black fowl on her lap ready to pluck. Then he mounted higher, and saw in the hall the whole court all lying asleep in their places. And still he went farther, and all was so quiet that he could hear his own breathing; and at last he came to the tower, and went up the winding stair, and opened the door of the little room where the Princess lay. And when he saw her looking so lovely in her sleep, he could not turn away his eyes; and presently he stooped and kissed her, and she awaked, and opened her eyes, and looked very kindly on him. And she rose, and they went forth together, and the whole court waked up, and gazed on each other with great eyes of wonderment. And the horses in the yard got up and shook themselves, the hounds sprang up and wagged their tails, the pigeons on the roof drew their heads from under their wings, looked round and flew into the field, the flies on the wall crept on a little farther, the kitchen fire leaped up and blazed, and cooked the meat, and the joint on the spit began to roast, the cook gave the scullion such a box on the ear that he roared out, and the maid went on plucking the fowl.

Then the wedding of the Prince and Princess was held with all splendor, and they lived very happily together until their lives' end.

STORIES
TOLD
BY
PICTURES

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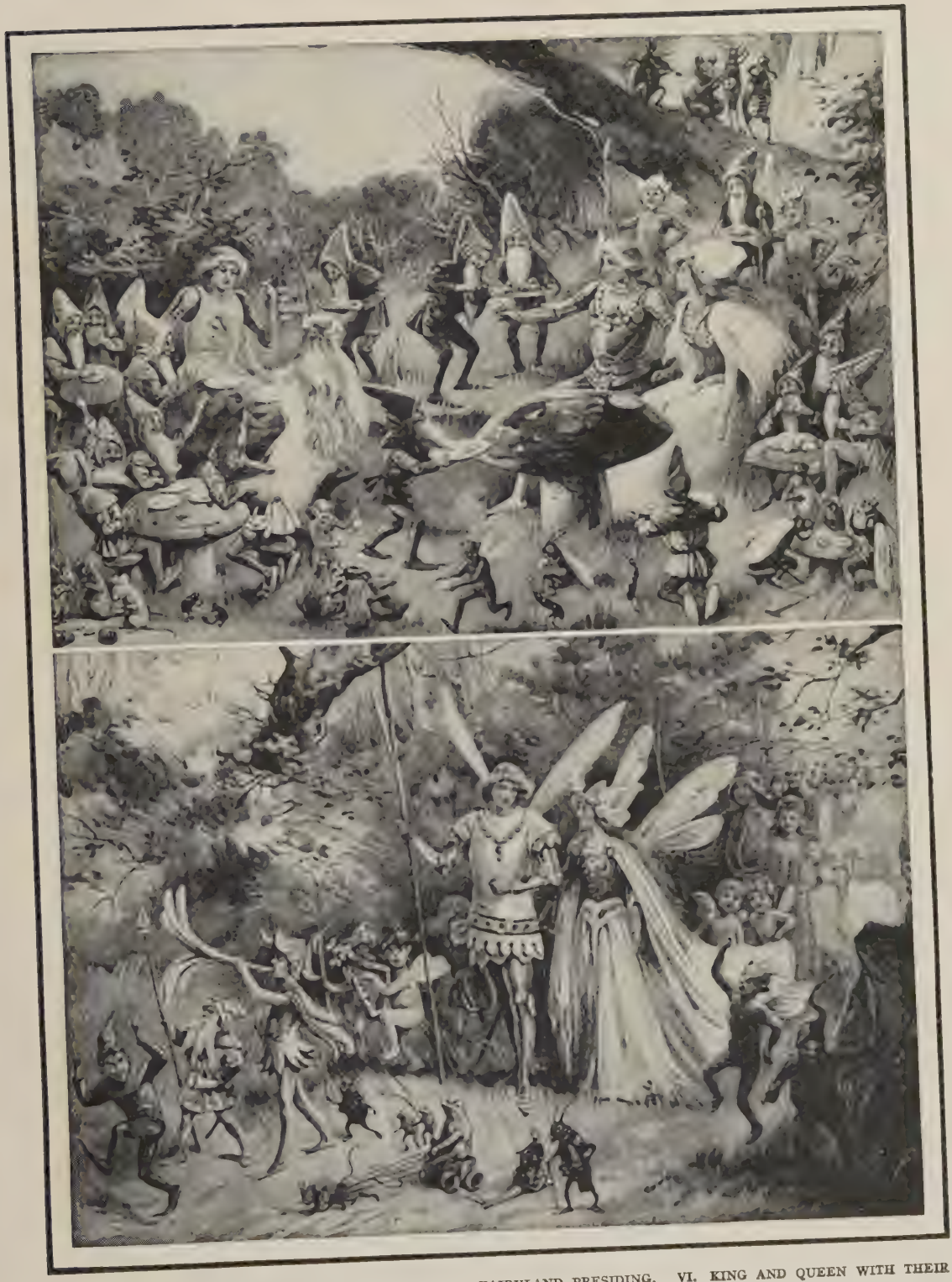
I. THE COUNCIL OF THE GNOMES

THE GNOMES' PARTY

THE Gnomes decided to have a party. The Elves had been bothering them, and telling them they were slow and stupid, and of course that would never do! First they held a council to plan for it. Then they all set busily to work. The invitation list must be made out. Tickets must be given to all the forest creatures and every elf, sprite, and woodland fairy. Invitations must be nailed to the trees lest any be left out by mistake. Then they set to work to cook the supper, for they had decided to make their party a supper and grand ball. The preparations went well, and at last the great night came. The King and Queen of Fairyland honored them by their presence. The supper went off well. There were dancing and games, Blind Man's Buff, and all sorts of fun. But at last it was time to close the ball. All the guests were sent home, and the Gnomes went to bed, tired but happy.

II. MAKING OUT THE INVITATION LIST AND GIVING TICKETS

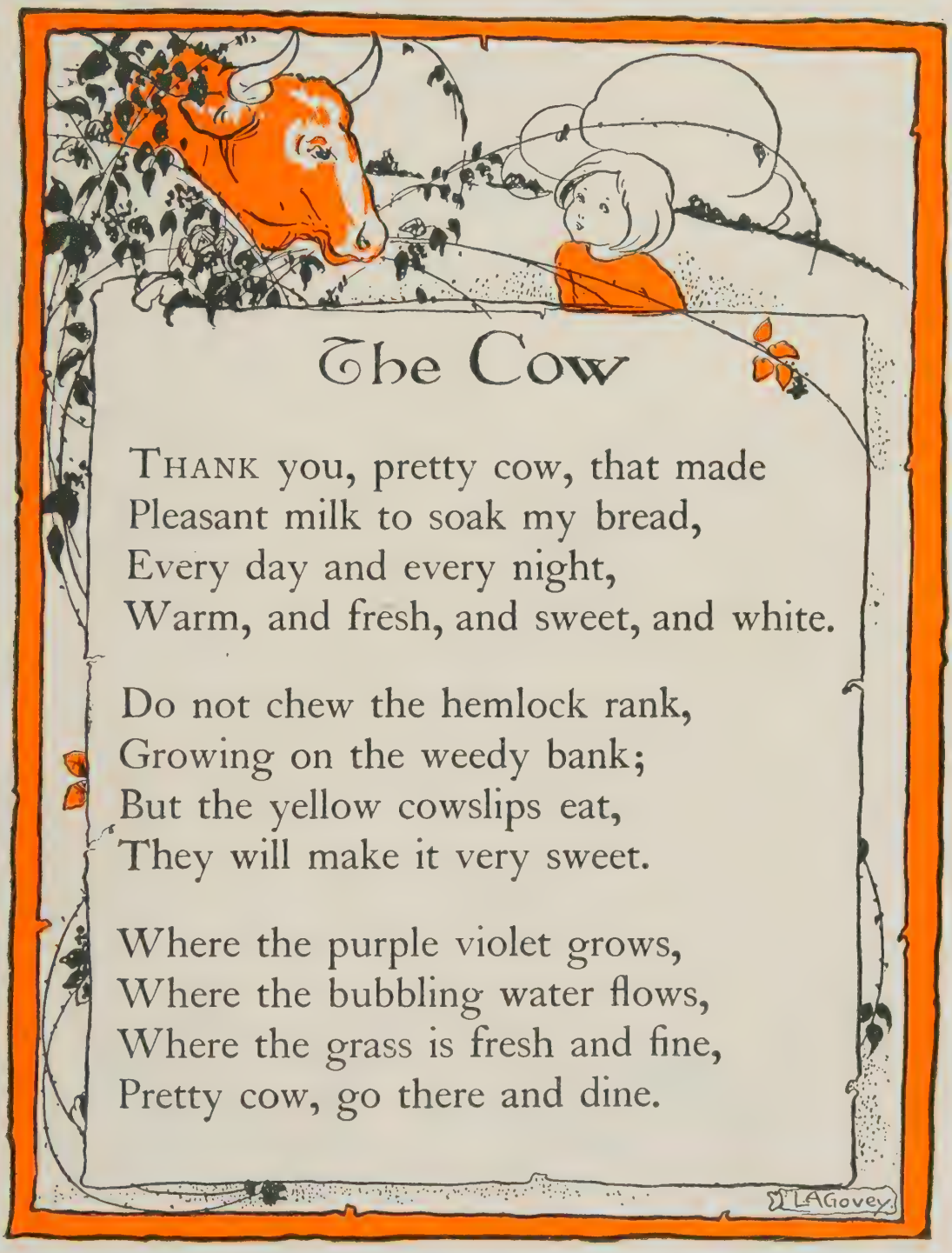
III. NAILING INVITATIONS TO THE TREES, LEST SOME ONE BE LEFT OUT. IV. IN THE GNOMES' KITCHEN PREPARING THE FEAST



V. AT THE SUPPER, WITH THE KING AND QUEEN OF FAIRYLAND PRESIDING. VI. KING AND QUEEN WITH THEIR HERALDS AND ESCORT

VII. BLIND MAN'S BUFF. DANCING AND FUN. BEDTIME

There once was a Dolly who stray'd
from her home
And lived in the fields with a
happy young Gnome.
To sit on a mushroom all
day was their habit,
Which somewhat astonished
our friend Mr.
Rabbit.



The Cow

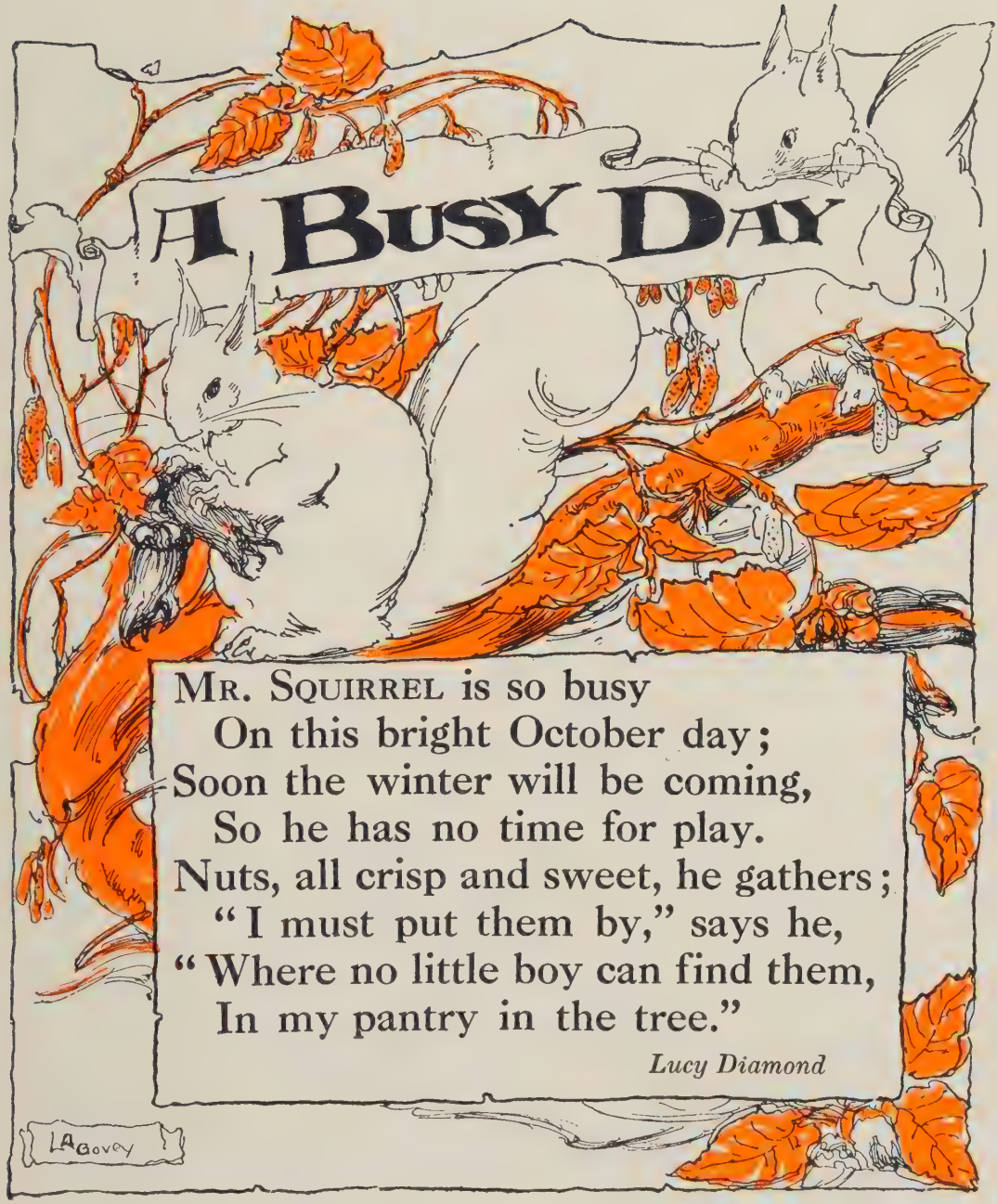
THANK you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank;
But the yellow cowslips eat,
They will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

Topsy Turvey World

If the butterfly courted the bee,
And the owl the porcupine ;
If churches were built in the sea,
And three times one was nine ;
If the pony rode the master,
And the buttercups ate the cows,
If the cat had the dire disaster
To be worried, sir, by the mouse;
If mamma, sir, sold the baby
To a gipsy for half-a-crown ;
If a gentleman, sir, was a lady,—
The world would be upside-down !
If any or all of these wonders
Should ever come about,
I should not consider them blunders,
For I should be Inside-Out !


A Busy Day
Mr. Squirrel is so busy
On this bright October day;
Soon the winter will be coming,
So he has no time for play.
Nuts, all crisp and sweet, he gathers;
"I must put them by," says he,
"Where no little boy can find them,
In my pantry in the tree."
Lucy Diamond
L.A. Govey

Rosy Apples

Apples, mellow apples, high
above my head,
Swinging on the branches,
shine all rosy red.
Please, Mr. North Wind, come
and shake the tree,
Send the rosy apples tumbling
down to me.

Lucy Diamond

The Snail

How would you like to
take with you your house upon your
back,
And such a funny house as this—all curly,
brown, and black?
You say, "As slow as any snail," and yet,
I'd like to see
If *you'd* go any faster, if you had a load
like me!

Lucy Diamond

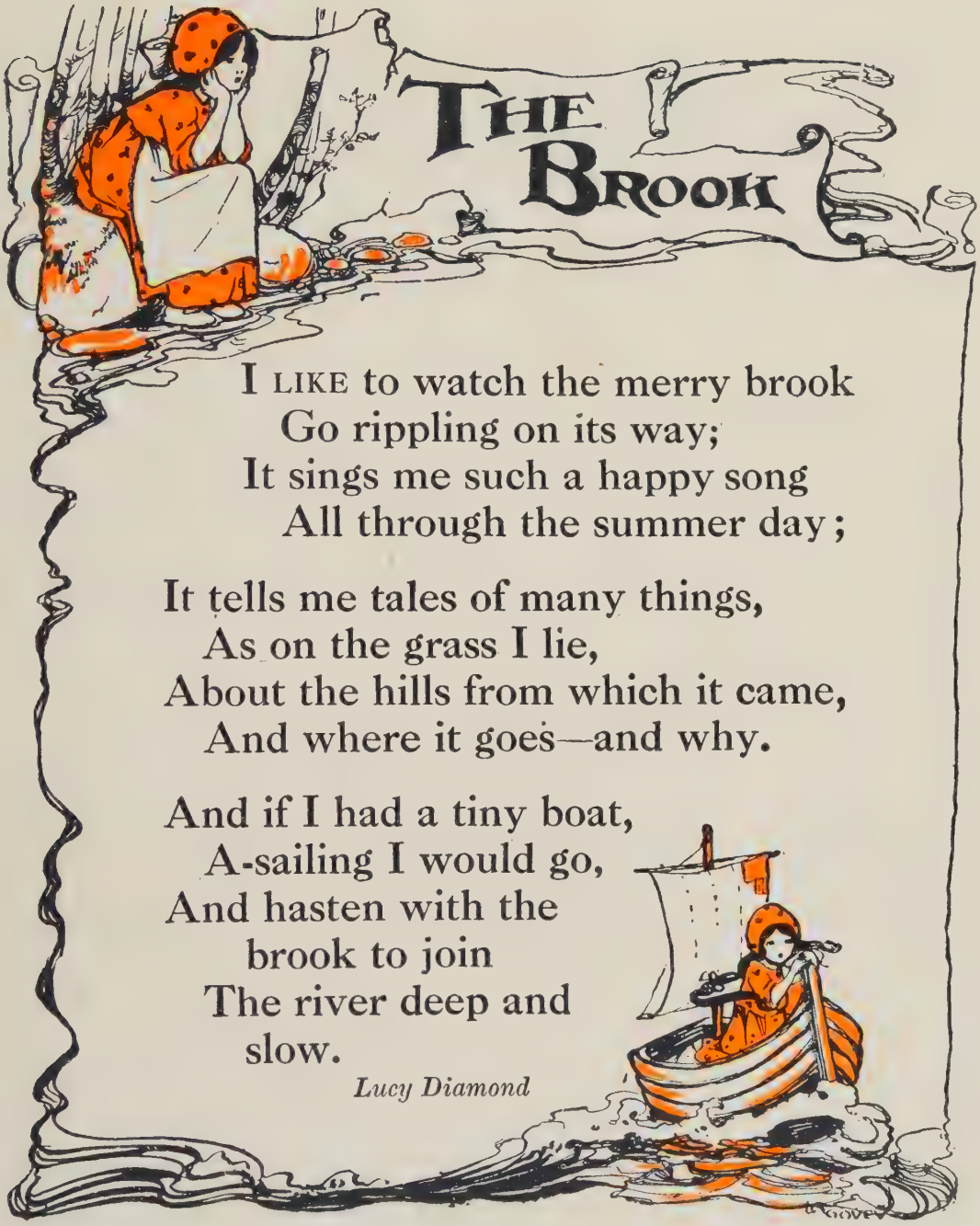
THE MOLE

Oh, funny little Mr. Mole,
Your house is large and fine,
Your velvet coat is grander far
Than any coat of mine.

And yet I would not change with you,
Not for a single day!
It's surely not a pleasant thing
Beneath the ground to stay.

I like to see the summer sky,
And breathe the fresh,
sweet air.
How very, very
strange of you
To choose to
live down
there!

Lucy Diamond.



The Brook

I LIKE to watch the merry brook
Go rippling on its way;
It sings me such a happy song
All through the summer day;

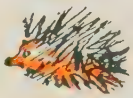
It tells me tales of many things,
As on the grass I lie,
About the hills from which it came,
And where it goes—and why.

And if I had a tiny boat,
A-sailing I would go,
And hasten with the
brook to join
The river deep and
slow.

Lucy Diamond

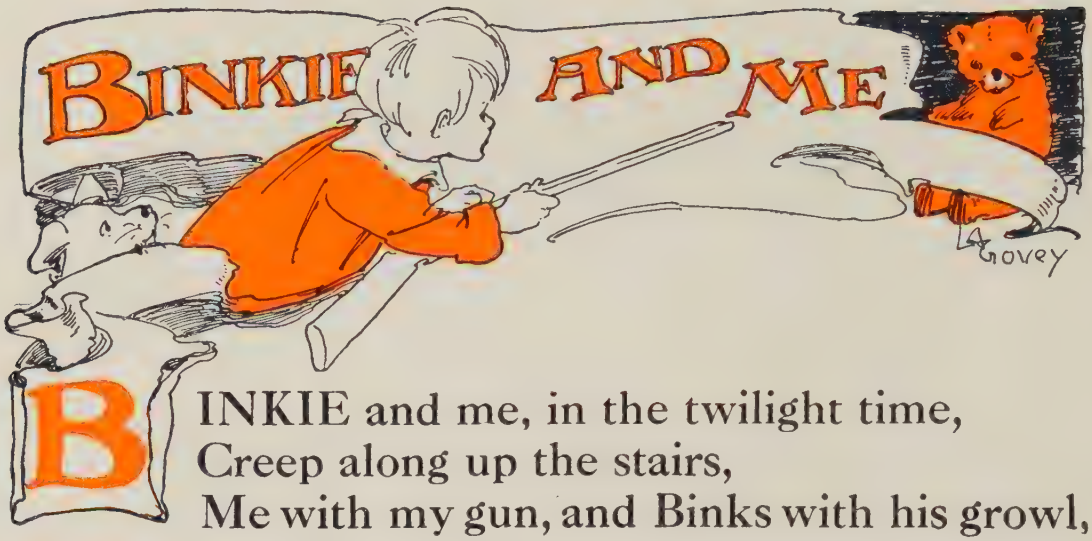
A Rainy Day
Sing a song of sunshine
On a rainy day,
When the skies are clouded
And we cannot play.
If to-day be stormy,
Soon to-morrow's here,
That may bring us sunshine,
Skies all blue and clear.
Lucy Diamond

All Asleep



See! the merry little Squirrel now
has scrambled to his nest,
And the funny, prickly Hedgehog
seeks a cosy place to rest.
Mr. Frog has found a blanket in
the pond so dark and deep,
While the drowsy little Dormouse
too, has safely gone to sleep.

If I go to pay a visit to the house
of Mr. Snail,
I shall find his doorway covered
with a shining coat of mail;
While at the very bottom of his
home so dull and big
Mr. Mole is hidden deeper than
a little boy can dig.



BINKIE and me, in the twilight time,
Creep along up the stairs,
Me with my gun, and Binks with his growl,
Hunting Bears.

Just at the darkest corner of all
A terrible big one lies;
We hear him growling as we come by.
See his eyes!

But I am a man, and Binkie's so brave,
We track him right home to his lair.
I shoot him dead, and Binkie he *growls!*
We don't care!

When Dorothy came here to stay with us once,
She was as 'fraid as could be,
Though why she should mind, when I had my gun,
I can't see!

Oh, the loveliest time in the day for me
Is when we two creep up the stairs;
Me with my gun, and Binks with his growl,
Hunting Bears.

Thora Stowell

BEFORE CHRISTMAS

A SCENE IN A TOY SHOP

CHALLENGING THE SNOW MAN

PETS AND COMPANIONS

UNDER THE APPLE TREE, PIPING FOR FAIRIES. THE DUCKLINGS' MEAL TIME. CHRISTMAS WEATHER. RESCUING THE PUPPY FROM THE GEESE

THE FROG ORCHESTRA

WINTER AND SUMMER

COMING UPON A BIRD'S NEST

OUT-OF-DOORS IN FACT AND FANCY

GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water around you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,
World, you are beautifully dressed.

The wonderful air is over all,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the trees;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You friendly Earth, how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod, and the rivers that flow,
With cities, and gardens, and cliffs, and isles,
And people upon you, for thousands of miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,
"You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot;
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!"

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.

IN the "Nature Book" (Volume III), Dallas Lore Sharp has given us our real introduction to out-of-doors. The mother who has followed him through the seasons is ready to be her child's guide, sharing with him in the delightful discoveries which every new year brings to the nature lover.

Children are nature lovers by instinct and inclination. Out-of-doors is their playground and their world, with home as a safe center. They like to watch what is going on, and their training in early years makes all possible difference in their later power to observe and enjoy. True nature stories, fanciful tales, and verse for all the seasons have been brought together for the mother's use with her children. The avenues of delight which nature study opens are as varied as the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. The child's interest in the weather and questions about snow and rain should be answered to satisfy his curiosity and encourage further questions. Jack Frost is a personage who will lead him far afield in the storyland of science. The child who loves flowers and trees should be encouraged to know their names, and this interest should be stimulated in all children. It will be, if father and mother take them out on walks when they are little, and tell them the names of trees and flowers, pointing out the differences between leaves. This may mean study for the parents, but nothing pays better in returns both for themselves and the children. One father of our acquaintance made it his practice to take his little boy and three girls for a walk every pleasant Sunday afternoon, summer

and winter. He loved the woods and knew the birds and animals and trees, though he was a merchant and not a professor. He taught his children how to tell an oak leaf from a maple, or a chestnut, and to know the various kinds of grains, the barks of trees, and the haunts of wild berries. They could see the wintergreen leaves in an instant, and came to know many birds by their call. Probably as a result of this early training, which included simple work in the garden, the boy became a biologist, and all

the children were lovers of nature and fond of growing things; and they will be students all their lives because of that early training, which was made a delight.

The story of life, which is the most wonderful story in the world, should be taught in the spring. In Volumes I and III there is much information on science and nature study which will help the parent to stimulate the child's curiosity. Animals, plants, and even rocks and earth have their stories which may be retold to very young children with real satisfaction, as can the following tales.

"The Queen Bee" story and "How Lady Spring Comes" are selections from the Danish nature stories of Carl Ewald, an author whose works appeared in the last years of the nineteenth century and are very popular in Scandinavia, but are little known in this country. His book, "The Queen Bee, and Other Nature Tales," is published by Thomas Nelson and Sons.

THE QUEEN BEE

THE farmer opened his hive. "Off with you!" he said to the bees. "The sun is shining, and everywhere the flowers are coming out, so that it is a joy to see them. Get to work, and gather a good lot of honey for me to sell to the shopkeeper in the autumn. 'Many a streamlet makes a river,' and you know these are bad times for farmers."

"What does that matter to us?" said the bees. But all the same they flew out; for they had been sitting all the winter in the hive, and they longed for a breath of fresh air. They hummed and buzzed, they stretched their legs, they tried their wings. They swarmed out in all directions; they crawled up and down the hive; they flew off to the flowers and bushes, or wandered all round on the ground. There were hundreds and hundreds of them.

Last of all came the queen. She was bigger than the others, and it was she who ruled the hive.

"Stop your nonsense, little children," she said, "and set to work and do something. A good bee does not idle, but turns to with a will and makes good use of its time."

So she divided them into parties and set them to work.

"You over there, fly out and see if there is any honey in the flowers. The others can collect flower-dust, and when you come home give it in smartly to the old bees in the hive."

Away they flew at once. But all the very young ones stayed behind. They made the last party, for they had never been out with the others.

"What are *we* to do?" they asked.

"You! you must perspire," said the queen. "One, two, three! Then we can begin our work."

And they perspired as well as they had learned to, and the prettiest yellow wax came out of their bodies.

"Good!" said the queen. "Now we will begin to build."

The old bees took the wax, and began to build a number of little six-sided cells, all alike and close up to one another. All the time they were building, the others came flying in with flower-dust and honey, which they laid at the queen's feet.

"We can now knead the dough," she said. "But first put a little honey in — that makes it taste so much better."

They kneaded and kneaded, and before very long they had made some pretty little loaves of bee-bread, which they carried into the cells.

"Now let us go on with the building," commanded the queen bee, and they perspired wax and built for all they were worth.

"And now *my* work begins," said the queen, and she heaved a deep sigh; for her work was the hardest work of all.

She sat down in the middle of the hive and began to lay her eggs. She laid great heaps of them, and the bees were kept very busy running with the little eggs in their mouths and carrying them into the new cells. Each egg had a little cell to itself, and when they had all been put in their places the queen gave orders to fix doors to all the cells and shut them fast.

"Good!" she said, when this was done. "I want you now to build me ten fine big rooms in the out-of-the-way parts of the hive."

The bees had them ready in no time, and then the queen laid ten pretty eggs, one in each of the big rooms, and the doors were fixed as before.

Every day the bees flew in and out, gathering great heaps of honey and flower-dust; but in the evening, when their work was done, they would open the doors just a crack and have a peep at the eggs.

"Take care," the queen said one day. "They are coming!"

And all the eggs burst at once, and in every cell lay a pretty little bee-baby.

"What funny creatures!" said the young bees. "They have no eyes, and where are their legs and wings?"

"They are grubs," said the queen. "You simpletons looked just like that yourselves once upon a time. One must be a grub before one can become a bee. Be quick now, and give them something to eat."

The bees bestirred themselves to feed the little ones, but they were not equally kind to them all. The ten, however, that lay in the large cells got as much to eat as ever they wanted, and every day a great quantity of honey was carried in to them.

"They are princesses," said the queen, "so you must treat them well. The others you can stint; they are only working people, and they must accustom themselves to be content with what they can get."

And every morning the poor little wretches got a little piece of bee-bread and nothing more, and with that they had to be satisfied, though they were ever so hungry.

WHEN MY LADY SPRING COMES

HOW THE ANEMONES WAITED FOR HER

"PEEWEET! peeweet!" cried the plover, as he flew over the bog in the wood. "My Lady Spring is coming! I can tell it from the feeling in my legs and wings."

When the new grass that lay below in the earth heard that, it pushed up at once and

peeped out merrily from among the old yellow grass of last year. For the grass is always in a great hurry.

The anemones in among the trees also heard the plover's cry; but they, on the contrary, would not come up yet on any account.

"You must not believe the plover," they whispered to one another. "He is a gay young spark who is not to be depended upon. He always comes too early, and begins crying out at once. No, we will wait quietly till the

starlings and swallows come. They are sensible, steady-going people who know what 's what, and don't go sailing with half a wind."

And then the starlings came. They perched on the stumps in front of their summer villa, and looked about them.

"Too early, as usual," said Daddy Starling. "Not a green leaf and not a fly to be seen, except an old tough one from last year, which is n't worth opening one's bill for."

Mother Starling said nothing, but she did not seem any more enchanted with the prospect.

"If we had only stayed in our cozy winter home down there beyond the mountains," said Daddy Starling. He was angry at his wife's not answering him, because he was so cold that he thought it might do him good to have a little fun. "But it is *your* fault, as it was last year. You are always in such a dreadful hurry to come out to the country."

"If I am in a hurry, I know the reason for it," said Mother Starling. "And you ought to be ashamed of yourself if you did n't know it also, since they are your eggs just as much as mine."

"What do you mean?" said Daddy Starling, much insulted. "When have I neglected my family? Perhaps you even want me to sit in the cold and sing to you?"

"Yes, I do," said Mother Starling in the tone he could n't resist.

He began to pipe at once as well as he knew how. But Mother Starling had no sooner heard the first notes than she gave him a flap with her wings and snapped at him with her beak.

"Oh, please stop it!" she cried bitterly. "It sounds so sad that it makes one quite heartsick. Instead of piping like that, get the anemones to come up. I think it must be time for them. And besides, one always feels warmer when there are others freezing besides oneself."

Now as soon as the anemones had heard the first piping of the starling, they cautiously stuck out their heads from the earth. But they were so tightly wrapped up in green kerchiefs that one could not get a glimpse of them. They looked like green shoots which might turn into anything.

"It is too early," they whispered. "It is a shame of the starling to entice us out. One can't rely on anything in the world nowadays."

Then the swallow came.

"Chee! chee!" he twittered, and shot through the air on his long, tapering wings. "Out with you, you stupid flowers! Don't you see that my Lady Spring has come?"

But the anemones had grown cautious. They only drew their green kerchiefs a little apart and peeped out.

"One swallow does not make a summer," they said. "Where is your wife? You have only come here to see if it is possible to stay, and you want to take us in. But we are not so stupid. We know very well that if we once

catch a bad cold we are done for, for this year at any rate."

"You are cowards," said the swallow, perching himself on the forest-ranger's weathercock, and peering out over the landscape.

But the anemones waited still and shivered. A few of them who could not control their impatience threw off their kerchiefs in the sun. The cold at night nipped and killed them; and the story of their pitiful death was passed on from flower to flower, and caused a great consternation.

And then — one delightfully mild, still night — my Lady Spring came.

No one knows how she looks, because no one has ever seen her. But all long for her, and thank her and bless her. She goes through the wood and touches the flowers and trees, and at once they burst out. She goes through the cattle-stalls and unties the beasts, and lets them out on to the field. She goes straight into the hearts of men and fills them with gladness. She makes it hard for the best boy to sit still on his form at school, and she is the cause of a terrible number of mistakes in the copy-books.

But she does not do all this at once. Night after night she plies her task, and she comes first to him who longs for her most.

So it happened that on the very night of her coming she went straight to the anemones, who stood in their green kerchiefs and did n't know how to hold out any longer.

And one, two, three! there they stood in their newly ironed white collars, and looked so fresh and so pretty that the starlings sang their prettiest songs out of sheer joy in them.

"Ah, how sweet it is here!" said the anemones. "How warm the sun is, and how the birds sing! It is a thousand times better than last year."

THE DAISY

I 'm a pretty little thing,
Always coming with the spring;
In the meadows green I 'm found,
Peeping just above the ground;
And my stalk is covered flat
With a white and yellow hat.

IN THE MEADOW

Little lady, when you pass
Lightly o'er the tender grass,
Skip about, but do not tread
On my meek and lowly head;
For I always seem to say,
Surely winter 's gone away.

THE DANDELION

O dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all day?
I just wait here in the tall green grass
Till the children come to play.

O dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all night?
I wait and wait till the cool dews fall
And my hair grows long and white.

And what do you do when your hair is white,
And the children come to play?
They take me up in their dimpled hands,
And blow my hair away.

THE SQUIRRELS AND THE GUN

Five little squirrels sitting on a tree;
This one says, "What do I see?"
This one says, "I see a gun!"
This one says, "Come, let 's run!"

This one says, "Let's hide in the shade!"
This one says, "I 'm not afraid!"
Bang goes the gun
And the squirrels all run.

HOW THEY SLEEP

Some things go to sleep in such a funny way:
Little birds stand on one leg and tuck their heads away;

SNUGLY TUCKED IN BED

Chickens do the same, standing on their perch;
Little mice lie soft and still as if they were in church;

Kittens curl up close in such a funny ball;
Horses hang their sleepy heads and stand still in a stall;

Sometimes dogs stretch out, or curl up in a heap;
Cows lie down upon their sides when they would go to sleep.

But little babies dear are snugly tucked in beds,
Warm with blankets, all so soft, and pillows for their heads.

Bird and beast and babe — I wonder which of all
Dream the dearest dreams that down from dreamland fall!

WISHING

Ring-ting! I wish I were a primrose,
A bright yellow primrose, blowing in the spring!
The stooping boughs above me,
The wand'ring bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the elm tree for our king!

Nay — stay! I wish I were an elm tree,
A great lofty elm tree, with green leaves gay!
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
The birds would house among the boughs
And sweetly sing.

Oh — no! I wish I were a robin,
A robin or a little wren, everywhere to go;
Through forest, field or garden,
Ask no leave or pardon,
Till winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wings!

Well — tell! Where should I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
Before a day was over,
Home comes the rover,
For mother's kiss — sweeter this
Than any other thing.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

"To whit! To whit! To whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the Cow. "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do;
I gave you a wisp of hay;
I did not take your nest away.
Not I," said the Cow. "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I 'd never do."

"To whit! To whit! To whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid
And the nice nest I made?"

Said the Turtle Dove, "Coo, coo!
Let me speak a word too.
Who stole that pretty nest
From little Yellow Breast?"

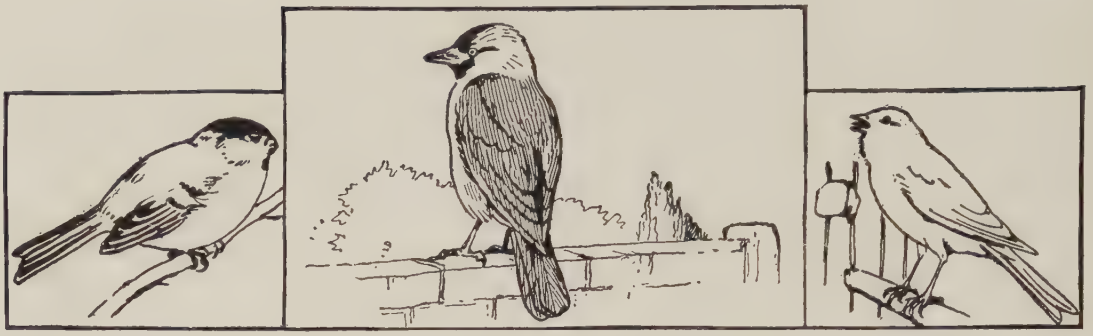
"Not I," said the Dog. "Bow, wow!
I would n't be so mean, I vow.
I gave you hairs the nest to make,
And the nest I did not take.
Not I," said the Dog. "Bow, wow!
I would n't be so mean, I vow!"

"To whit! To whit! To whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?

"Bobolink! Bobolink!
What do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day?"

CLIMBING UP

A FALL



BULFINCH JACKDAW CANARY

"Not I," said the Sheep. "Oh, no!
I would n't treat a poor bird so.
I gave the wool the nest to line
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa, baa!" said the Sheep. "Oh, no!
I would n't treat a poor bird so."

"To whit! To whit! To whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Caw! Caw!" cried the Crow,
"I would like to know
What thief took away
That bird's nest to-day?"

"Cluck! Cluck!" said the Hen,
"Don't ask me again.
Why, I have n't a chick
Would do such a trick.

"We gave Yellow Breast
Some feathers for her nest.
I 'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.

Cluck! Cluck!" said the Hen,
"Don't ask me again."

"Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!"
The birds made a great stir
To learn the thief's name,
And all cried, "For shame!"

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green.
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

" 'Tis very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal.
"Do you think the robber knew
How sad the bird would feel?"

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed;
For *he* stole that pretty nest
From poor little Yellow Breast,
And he felt so full of shame,
He did n't like to tell his name.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

OWL PIGEONS PARROT

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THE RAIN MAKERS

On the opposite page is

THE HOME OF THE RAIN MAKERS

From the original paintings by Nelly Littlehale Umbstaetter

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THE TWELVE MONTHS

Study out each picture and tell what the children are doing.

MR. WIND AND MADAM RAIN

A FRENCH TALE OF HOW JOHN PETER OF BRITTANY MADE THEIR ACQUAINTANCE

THERE lived once in Brittany a poor miller named John Peter, whose only wealth in the world consisted of a mill, a hut, and a kitchen garden, in which he planted cabbages. But John Peter was unfortunate, for he often saw his neighbors' windmill-sails turning round on the hills, while his own stood still, because the wind never blew in his direction. The vegetables in his garden withered from drought, in spite of the pains he took to water them.

John Peter was not a man of much spirit, and so he spent his time exclaiming, "Alas, Mr. Wind, why won't you blow on my mill? and alas, Madam Rain, why don't you fall in my garden, so that I may gain a small living?"

But the wind did not hearken, and the rain did not trouble itself.

The miller married a pretty peasant girl named Claudine, as poor as himself, but active, and a good housewife. After a while they had a little son who received the name of Peter. But Claudine was now taken ill. The village doctor had to be called in, and all their money was spent. These poor people found themselves reduced to misery.

One night, while John Peter was sitting up watching near his wife and child as they slept and thinking of their misfortunes, he thought thus: "If all my troubles came upon me alone, I should not complain, for I am strong enough to endure cold and hunger. But my wife will need fire to warm her and good food to strengthen her, and I have no money for wood or meat. The want of wind and rain is the one cause of my distress. If only the wind would blow on my mill, I should soon be able to get myself out of these difficulties."

MR. WIND COMES

As John Peter uttered these last words, he saw the flame of the candle flicker, and heard the rusty weathercock turning on the top of the cottage. The wind was just beginning to blow. The astonished miller ran quickly to his mill, and put grain enough into the hopper for the night's grinding. He untied the cord which held fast the mill-sails, and then they began to turn around, and the mill set to work to grind the corn into flour and bran. John Peter now went back to his wife, who was still sleeping, and he rubbed his hands together as he thought of the good things he had to tell her when she awoke.

The rusty weathercock, however, creaked louder and louder, and the candle had to be placed behind a curtain to prevent its being blown out. There were so many holes in the walls of the cottage that the draughts came in everywhere.

"Blow as much as you like," said the miller, "so long as my mill turns."

At that very instant the latch went up, the door burst wide open, and John Peter saw a most extraordinary figure enter. It was more like one of the genii than a man. His body could bend itself in every direction, it was so supple, and elastic. His eyes shone like phosphorus, and his ample chest sent forth a noise equal to that from a smith's bellows. The two large wings which were fastened to his shoulders could not have spread themselves in the cottage. His feet glided lightly over the floor without walking.

WHEN MR. WIND AND MADAM RAIN WENT TO WORK

"Give me a chair," said he to John Peter, "that I may rest a moment with you before proceeding on my way."

The miller eagerly offered his best straw-bottomed chair.

"Sit down, my lord," said he, "and rest yourself as long as you like in my cottage."

"I am Mr. Wind," said the stranger. "Thou hast several times made requests of me. Thou wilt not wonder at my being a little out of breath when I tell thee that in less than an hour I have traveled a long distance over the ocean and visited many towns.

"Thy lord, who lives at the neighboring castle, would not receive me; his servants have shut all the doors and windows, and secured them with large bolts and solid, well-wadded shutters; and I have scarcely been able to penetrate into the staircases through a skylight in one of the towers, or into the kitchen through a little air-hole. At thy cottage, however, I found the walls in ruins, and the latch without a fastening, and I could enter easily. This is just the sort of cottage I like. Thou hast but one poor straw-bottomed chair; this thou didst most willingly offer at my entrance. I thank thee for this hospitable reception. Ask, therefore, some service of me, John Peter, and I will do it for thee most freely."

"Mr. Wind," said the miller, "all I ask of you is to blow for three or four hours a day on my mill."

"My poor John Peter," replied Mr. Wind, "I am not permitted to go out every day. Madam Rain occupies the sky for a third part of the year, and, like an ungrateful creature, she drives me away after I have brought on her clouds; and the Sun agrees still worse with me. I sometimes live shut up in my cavern for months; but I will take care to send thee

zephyrs and little spirits, who go out at my order to scour the country morning and evening, and I will order them not to forget thy mill. But now I must be off. I have stayed too long already. Already Madam Rain is close at my heels. Good-by, John Peter!"

So saying, Mr. Wind sprang at one bound out of the cottage, spread his large wings, and

WHEN MR. SUN CAME OUT

disappeared. The whistling, and moaning, and shrieking died away. But the little spirits he had left behind were strong enough to keep the mill going.

MADAM RAIN ARRIVES

Immediately after Mr. Wind had departed, rain began to fall; gently at first, and afterward in torrents. John Peter fancied he could hear voices of the rain-spirits, saying:

"Let us fall, let us fall on this thatched roof; let us wet, let us wet the whole of this cottage; let us water the leaves of the cabbages; let us cover these pebbles with water; let us ring in this spout; let us run along this beam; let us jump through this hole; let us fall; let us wet all that we can; little drops, drip, drip, drop!"

Instead of being afraid, John Peter repeated: "Fall, wet; water as much as you please! To-morrow my garden will be greener, and my cabbages the better for it."

As Mr. Wind had broken the latch, and gone out without shutting the door, it remained three or four inches ajar, and through this narrow space John Peter saw enter a tall lady of singular appearance, more like a fairy than a woman. She was somewhat transparent, and her face pale and thin. Her hair was straight, and fell down to her feet. Her eyes were dimmed by two streams of tears. Her dress and mantle were gray. Upon her silken scarf shone the seven colors of the rainbow. She came in slowly, without seeming to move her feet.

"Give me a chair," said she to John Peter, "that I may rest for a moment before I go down into the valley."

"Sit down, madam," said the miller.

"I am Madam Rain," said the lady, "upon whom thou hast often called. The lord of the neighboring castle has shut his doors and windows in my face, but I have revenged myself by drenching his sentinels to the skin. I found chinks in the walls of thy cottage, and windowpanes broken, and the door open; so I like this cottage of thine; and I will remember thy kind welcome. If I can serve thee in anything, take advantage of this opportunity, and ask me for whatever thou wilt, and I will give it to thee."

"Madam Rain," said John Peter, "what could I ask of you but to be kind enough to fall two or three times a week on the vegetables in my garden?"

"Alas, friend," said the lady, "I do not gad about as often as I should like. The glorious time of the Deluge is past, and Mr. Sun is stronger than I; and when I am abroad he is constantly driving me back to my grotto. But I will send thee the morning dews, and the little clouds to which I give the key of the fields between gleams of sunshine. Farewell, honest John Peter. The Sun is coming soon to dry all my work. Should any misfortune befall thee, do not fail to let me know."

Madam Rain slipped through the partly opened door. At the end of an hour dawn began to come. A flood of sunshine soon dispersed the clouds.

John Peter left his cottage and went to his mill; there he found flour sufficient to fill two sacks. He then went to his garden, and gathered

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THE WIND GATHERERS

On the opposite page is

THE HOME OF THE WIND GATHERERS

From the original paintings by Nellie Littlehale Umbstaetter

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cabbages and lettuce, which the rain had quickly brought to perfection. The flour he carried to a farmer, who gave him two crown-pieces for it; and the vegetables he sold in the market. His wife was still sleeping when he returned home with a fagot of wood on his shoulder, provisions in his basket, and money in his pocket.

John Peter's wife, having slept till morning, had heard neither Wind nor Rain, so she was surprised when told that the mill had been turning all night, and to see the money and provisions which her husband had brought home. Sleeping had already hastened her recovery, and the joy she now felt completely restored her to health.

For the later adventures of John Peter and his wife, you must read the book from which these stories are taken, "Mr. Wind and Madam Rain," by a Frenchman called Paul de Musset.

THE ANXIOUS LEAF

ONCE a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said, "What is the matter, little leaf?" And the leaf said, "The wind has just told me that one day it would pull me off, and throw me down on the ground to die!"

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. When the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf, "Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you wish."

So the leaf stopped sighing, and went on nestling and singing; and it grew all summer long till October. When the mellow days of autumn were come, the little leaf saw the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were scarlet, some yellow, and some were striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what this meant; and the tree said, "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy."

Then the little leaf began to wish to go, and it grew very beautiful in thinking of it. When it was very gay in colors, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them. So the leaf said, "O branches! why are you lead-colored and we golden?"

"We must keep on our workday clothes," said the branches; "for our work is not done yet; but your clothes are for a holiday, because your task is over."

Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it. The wind took it up, turned it over and over, then whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and let

THE SQUIRREL'S HARVEST

it fall gently down among hundreds of other leaves. There it fell into a dream, and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.

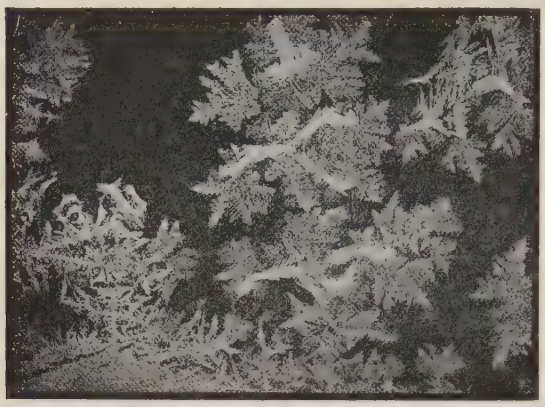
HENRY WARD BEECHER.

COME, LITTLE LEAVES

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day,
"Come over the meadows with me and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold,
For summer is gone and the days grow cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the sweet little song they knew.

"Cricket, good-by, we 've been friends so long,
Little brook, sing us your farewell song;
Say you are sorry to see us go;
Ah, you will miss us, right well we know.



"Dear little lambs in your fleecy fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;
Fondly we watched you in vale and glade,
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"

Dancing and whirling, the little leaves went,
Winter had called them, and they were content;
Soon, fast asleep in their earthly beds,
The snow laid a coverlid over their heads.

GEORGE COOPER.

THE FROST

The frost looked forth one still, clear night
  And whispered: "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height
  In silence I 'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train—
  The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain—
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;
  But I 'll be as busy as they."
Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest,
  He lit on the trees and their boughs he dressed
With diamond beads; and over the breast
  Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
  The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
  Where a rock could rear its head.
He went to the windows of those who slept,
  And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
  By the light of the morn were seen
Most beautiful things; there were flowers and trees,
  There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities and temples and towers; and these
  All pictured in silver sheen.
But he did one thing that was hardly fair;
  He went to the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare —
  "Now just to set them a-thinking,
I 'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
  "This costly pitcher I 'll burst in three;
And the glass of water they have left for me
  Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I 'm drinking."

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD.

THE LITTLE ARTIST

Oh, there is a little artist
  Who paints in the cold night hours
Pictures for wee, wee children,
  Of wondrous trees and flowers,—

Pictures of snow-capped mountains
  Touching the snow-white sky;
Pictures of distant oceans,
  Where pygmy ships sail by;

Pictures of rushing rivers,
  By fairy bridges spanned,
Bits of beautiful landscapes,
  Copied from elfin land.

The moon is the lamp he paints by,
  His canvas, the windowpane,
His brush is a frozen snowflake,
  Jack Frost is the artist's name.

WINTER JEWELS

A million little diamonds
  Twinkled on the trees;
And all the little children cried,
  "A jewel, if you please!"

But while they held their hands outstretched
  To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came
  And stole them all away.

MRS. MARY F. BUTTS.

"THE REAL FAIRY FOLK"

In her book of this title, Miss Louise Jamison tells how Ruth learned many secrets of the out-of-doors. "Sometimes," says Ruth, "it seems as if it must be Fairyland all around, only I'm deaf." "Watch and listen! Watch and listen!" says a voice in her ear. By permission of Doubleday, Page & Company, New York, we share with Miss Jamison and Ruth two of Ruth's experiences.

RUTH AND THE WONDERFUL SPINNERS

She throws a web upon the air and soon
  'T is caught and lifted by the willing breezes,
Then, freed from trouble in her light balloon,
  Our spinner travels wheresoe'er she pleases.

Edith M. Thomas.

RUTH was in the garden counting colors among the hollyhocks when a little breeze hurried by.

"Come," it said, kissing her cheek, "and hurry; things are going to happen."

"It is my dear Wind," cried Ruth, her eyes growing big with expectation, and, stopping just long enough to snatch up Belinda, who of course would wish to go, too, she followed where the little breeze led.

This was to a lovely spot on the edge of the wood, and one of the first things she saw was a big round spider's web on the branches of a tall bush.

"Oh," she said, going up closer, "who would ever think a spider could make anything like that?"

"Indeed," said a voice which made her give a little jump, "who else but a spider could spin a web, I 'd like to know? You have n't any brains, I 'm thinking."

"Oh, please excuse me," said Ruth. "I did n't know you were there."

"That 's because you don't use your eyes properly," was the answer of the large, handsome black and gold spider hanging head down from the center of the big web.

Her eight long, slender legs were outstretched and rested by their tips on the bases of the taut radii, and her eight eyes were staring at Ruth.

"I saw you as soon as you came," she said. "I suppose you will stay to the meeting. I 'm to be chair-spider."

"Chair-spider?" repeated Ruth, slightly confused by those eight bright eyes. "And please, what meeting?"

"Why, our meeting, of course. Mrs. Cobweb Weaver says men always have a chairman at their meetings, so why should n't spiders have a chair-spider, I 'd like to know?"

"I suppose they should," agreed Ruth.

"Of course we should. Considering you are a human creature, with only two eyes, two legs, and no spinnerets, you really show a great deal of sense. Now sit down on the crotch of that little tree, then you will be near me and can hear all I say. What 's that thing you are carrying?"

"Why, it 's Belinda, my doll," explained Ruth. "I tell her everything. I think she will like your — your — meeting."

"Well, I don't care whether she does or not," said Madame Spider. "Now our friends are arriving, and as you can see, with even two

eyes, they are all shapes and sizes. Long-legged, short-legged, plump, thin, grave and gay. All colors too — quite enough to satisfy any taste, I should say."

Ruth looked about her in wide-eyed astonishment.

"I never knew there were so many kinds of spiders," she said at last, "or that they had such lovely colors. I thought spiders were mostly grayish or brownish."

"That is because you have n't used your eyes, as I said before; but you are only like others of your kind. Such ignorance! Because some spiders are dull and colorless, most people imagine that all are so. I suppose they think, if they stop to think at all, that all kinds of webs are spun by the same kind of spider, and that all spiders spin webs."

"Don't they?" asked Ruth, with some hesitation, for Mrs. Spider's indignation made her look quite fierce.

"They do *not*," was the decided answer. "All spiders are spinners, but not all are web makers."

Ruth looked puzzled.

"You see," explained Mrs. Spider, "it all depends upon the way they catch their prey. Spider habits are as different as their looks. Some like the sun, others prefer the shade. Some live in the forest, and others with the house people. Many make their home in the bark of trees, and under stones."

"I 've seen that kind," interrupted Ruth, eagerly, "and when you lift up the stone they run awfully fast. Sometimes they have a funny little gray bundle, just as the ants carry their babies. Maybe it 's their babies too. Is it?"

"Well, they will be babies if nothing happens. Those gray bundles are cocoons full of eggs. The mother spins the cocoon of silk from her own body."

"Oh, now, I understand. They are spinners, but they don't have any web. Is n't that it?"

"Exactly. They do not need a web. They spring on their prey when the prey is n't looking. We call them hunters, also runners."

"Well, they *can* run," said Ruth.

"The flower spiders are not web spinners either," went on Madame Spider, who seemed to like nothing better than to talk. "They live among flowers, and eat the visiting insects. You can see some of them over there. Talk about colors! They are gay enough, just like flowers themselves. Perhaps you can guess why."

Ruth thought a few minutes.

"Well," she said, "if they were the same color as the flower they could n't be seen so easily. I saw something walk out of an ear of corn once, and it looked like a kernel of corn on eight legs. It was awful funny. Was that a spider?"

"Very likely. We are wonderful enough for anything. I suppose you have never heard of the trapdoor spider and his silk-lined burrow, with its little hinged door, nor of the spider who lives under the water, in a tiny silken house, which she spins herself, and fills with air carried down, bubble by bubble, from the surface. Don't look as though you did n't believe me. It is n't polite. I am telling you the truth. Very likely you 'll doubt me when I say that we sail in balloons, of our own making, and cross streams of water on bridges, which we can fashion as we need them — that is, we orb weavers do, for, after all, we stand at the head of the spider clan. Did you know I was an orb weaver?"

"I — I — have n't thought about it," said Ruth, slowly, for the question had come very suddenly, "but I 'd like you to go on telling me things. Do you always hang with your head down? I should think it would make you dizzy."

"Dizzy? Whoever heard of such a thing? Of course I keep my head down, and my toes on my telegraph lines. Then I can feel the least tremble in any one of them, and I 'm pretty quick to run where I know my dinner is waiting. Sometimes I don't hurry quite so fast. That is when the line trembles in a way which lets me know that something big has been caught. Indeed, there are times when I bite the threads around what might have been my dinner, and let it go; for it is wiser to lose a meal than run the chance of being a meal." And Mrs. Orb Weaver winked, not with one eye only, but with all eight. "Now it is time to talk to the company," she added, "as I am chair-spider."

She said the last words in a loud voice, intended for all to hear; then she looked around to see if anyone objected.

"They had better not," she said to Ruth, and in a louder voice, added: "My friends, we are not appreciated. Men talk about the wonderful bees, the wonderful wasps, the wonderful ants, but few of them say anything about the wonderful spiders. Now we are wonderful too, and we are honest, and we are industrious. We eat flies and lots of other pests, and we do not hurt orchards, or steal into pantries, or chew up clothes. Indeed, we do man no harm at all. But is he grateful? Tell me that. I'll tell you he is n't. Ask Mrs. Cobweb Weaver if there is n't always some broom sweeping down the nice web she makes. I wonder she does n't hate a broom. No, my friends, man is not grateful. Even those who call themselves our friends are ready to pop us into bottles, or boxes, whenever they get a chance. They give us what they call a painless death in the cause of science. Now we would rather live in our own cause. At least I would."

Mrs. Orb Weaver had become so excited that her whole web was shaking violently.

Ruth was excited, too.

"It's rather horrid to do that way," she said, "but maybe people don't know about you. I did n't until to-day. The wonderful things, I mean, and I want to know lots more. How your web is made and — and — everything. Please tell me."

"Why, certainly," answered Mrs. Orb Weaver readily. "To begin with, my web is made of silk."

"Who did n't know that?" snapped a running spider.

"I did n't," answered Ruth.

"You! And who are you, pray?"

"Be quiet," commanded Mrs. Orb Weaver. "She is my guest, and anything she wishes to know I shall be happy to tell her. Now, to get on, our webs are made of silk, and the silk comes from our own bodies, through little tubes called spinnerets. It is soft at first, but gets harder when it reaches the air, just like caterpillar silk. We guide each thread with our hind feet, making heavier strands by twisting a number of fine ones together. Of course, we spin the foundation lines first. They are the ones which fix the web to the bush. Then the ray lines, those like the spokes in a wheel. They are all heavy strands, and only after they are finished do we spin the real snare, the lines which run around. They are very fine, and are covered with a sort of glue, for they have to catch and hold the flies and other insects that come on the web. We orb weavers are the only ones who have this glue. No other spiders use it. They trust to the meshes of the web to entangle their prey."

"But why don't the sticky parts catch you too?" asked Ruth, who had been listening with eager attention. "I've seen you run all over your web and —"

A SPIDER'S WEB

"We never get caught. Of course not," finished Mrs. Orb Weaver. "And why? That's a question. The wise men don't know, and if we do, we are not telling. Now I am getting hungry, so I think I will tell a little story, then we will adjourn. I am sorry there is n't time for Mrs. Funnel Weaver to speak."

"But there is," declared a large brown spider, whose body looked as though it were set on a framework of legs. "I mean to speak too—if only to point out all those webs in the grass."

"Oh, I've often seen webs like that," said Ruth. "They are lovely with dew on them. But why do you call yourself a funnel weaver?"

"I don't!" she snapped. "The men, who think they know everything, gave me that name, because at one side of my web is a funnel-shaped tube. It is our way to escape our enemies. We run through it into the grass when something too big for us to manage gets into our web."

"I generally make my web in houses," said a small, slender-legged, light-colored spider.

She spoke in a hurry, as though she was afraid someone might stop her before she finished. "I have cousins who like fields and fences and outbuildings, but our webs are all the same pattern. Not so regular as yours, Mrs. Orb Weaver, but very fine and delicate."

"Oh, everybody knows you, Mrs. Cobweb Weaver," said a voice from a near-by twig. "Now if you are speaking of legs —"

"We are not," answered Mrs. Orb Weaver, "and I should like to know how you came here."

"On my legs of course. Don't you think they are long enough? And though I can neither spin nor weave, I am your relation, and I have as much right to be here as you have. I —"

"Why, it 's Daddy-long-legs," interrupted Ruth, with a friendly smile of recognition. "I like daddies."

"Well, I am not saying anything about my legs," remarked a fat little spider, as Daddy tried to bow to Ruth, "though I have eight of them. I usually travel in a balloon, which I make myself. Oh, I tell you, it is fine to go

> "Sailing mid the golden air
> In skiffs of yielding gossamer."

"Poetry," said a handsome spider, wheeling back and forth on a silken bridge swung between two bushes. "I could have learned some too, but I did n't know it was allowed. Of course I can build bridges. Who is asking that idiotic question? You?" And eight glaring eyes were fixed upon Ruth. "Maybe you don't know that spiders were the first bridge builders and when men suspend their great bridges to-day they follow our ideas and ways, without giving us the least credit; but that 's the way with men."

"Well, we can't expect to regulate men," answered Mrs. Orb Weaver, "and, besides, it 's time to tell my story, and then you will know why we get our name, and why we are such wonderful spinners. Now listen, all of you:

"Once upon a time —"

Ruth chuckled contentedly. All nice stories began, "Once upon a time." "Please go on," she whispered eagerly.

"Then don't interrupt me," said Mrs. Orb Weaver, and she began again:

"Once upon a time, ever so long ago, there lived in a beautiful land called Greece a maiden named Arachne. Arachne was not only fair to look upon, but she could also spin and weave in a fashion so wondrously fine that all who saw her work said that the great Athena herself must have been her teacher. Now this surely was praise enough, but Arachne was vain. 'Nay,' she said, 'no one has taught me, and gladly will I weave with the great goddess herself, and thus prove the skill to be all my own.' Her words only shocked all who heard them, but Arachne cared not, and again repeated her wish to try her skill with Athena.

"So it happened that as she sat spinning one day an old woman, leaning on a staff, stopped by her loom.

" 'Child,' she said in a gentle voice, 'a great gift is yours.'

"Arachne tossed her head, and answered scornfully.

" 'Well do I know it, yet Athena dares not try her skill with mine.'

" 'Dares not'? repeated the old dame, in tones that should have made Arachne tremble. 'Dares not, say you? Foolish maiden, be warned in time.'

"But Arachne was too proud to yield, and she still persisted, even though the old dame had dropped her mantle, and stood revealed as the great goddess herself.

" 'Be it so,' said Athena, sternly, and both began to weave.

"For hours their shuttles flew in and out. Arachne's work was wonderful, but for her theme she had chosen the weakness and the failure of the gods. Athena pictured forth their greatness. The sky was her loom, and from the rainbow she chose her colors, and when her work was finished and its splendors spanned the heavens, Arachne realized she had failed.

"Ashamed and miserable, she sought to hang herself in the meshes of her web.

" 'Nay, rash maid,' spoke Athena; 'thou shalt not die, but live to be the mother of a great race, the most wonderful spinners on earth.'

"Even as Athena spoke, Arachne grew smaller and smaller, until not a maiden, but a spider, hung from that marvelous web.

"And now, my friends," finished Mrs.

Orb Weaver, "need I tell you that we are the wonderful race of which Athena spoke, and need *I* add that we have inherited Arachne's marvelous skill, and are truly the most wonderful spinners on earth? Now I am hungry and the meeting is adjourned."

"So am I," added Daddy-long-legs, "not adjourned, but hungry, and, by the way, do you imagine anyone believes that old story?"

He winked at Ruth, and then moved away as fast as his long legs would carry him.

A FUNNY GENTLEMAN AND WHAT HE SAID

"KERCHUG — kerchug — kerchug," called a voice from the brook, and Ruth started so suddenly she nearly dropped Belinda, and caught a branch just in time to keep herself from falling.

"Gracious," she said, "how that scared me. I do believe it was that big green and brown frog. See him down there, Belinda? He is just showing his head and his funny eyes out of the water. Let's get down close to him, and maybe he'll come out all the way."

"To be sure I'll come out," answered a croaky voice, as Ruth, holding Belinda tightly, drew close to the edge of the brook. "How's that?" and with a splash a big green and brown frog landed on the stone at her feet.

"Now," he added, swelling out his white vest with an air of importance, "I am a frog, of course, but my family name is Rana. Please don't forget it."

"Family name?" said Ruth, sitting down on the edge of the stone. "I did n't know frogs had family names."

"There's a great deal you don't know," said Mr. Rana, in his decided way.

"Maybe there is," agreed Ruth, "but it is n't very polite to tell me so." Then, with a sudden thought, she added quickly, "Why, you are really talking."

"Of course, I'm talking. Do you suppose it's the first time?"

"He's dreadfully snappy," Ruth whispered to Belinda.

"It is n't my fault that people can't understand," finished Mr. Rana, swallowing very fast.

"I wanted to understand," declared Ruth meekly. "I was sure you could tell me such a lot of interesting things, and that nice fat toad in the garden too. He is so —"

"You'd better talk to the fat toad, then," said Mr. Rana, looking very cross.

"Oh, dear," sighed Ruth, "I did n't mean I'd *rather* talk to him. I do want you to tell me things. All about yourself, please."

"Now you are showing your good sense," said Mr. Rana, as Ruth settled herself with a ready-to-listen air. "Nothing can be more interesting than my story; but excuse me one second. I see Mrs. Mosquito. This morning I ate her husband, and now —"

His sentence was not finished, but Mrs. Mosquito was; and Mr. Rana folded his hands across his fat stomach and looked at Ruth, while a big smile played about his broad mouth.

"She's gone," said Ruth, in a slightly awed tone, "and I know you've swallowed her, but I wish you would tell me how you did it. I did n't see you move."

"I did n't move, but my tongue *did*, and it went so quick you could n't see it. When you

eat, you bring things to your tongue, but when I eat, I send my tongue to my dinner. It's a simpler way, I think. My tongue is rather wonderful too. It is fastened to my mouth in front, and rolled back; besides, it has a sort of glue on the end that catches whatever there is to catch. The number of pests I eat in a day would astonish you. Slugs, grubs, snails, mosquitoes, and — well, what's the matter? You don't like such things, I suppose. Tastes differ, you see. Now, to tell my story. What do you think I looked like when I was first hatched?"

"A tadpole, of course," answered Ruth. "I've seen lots of tadpoles. They are funny, wiggly things."

"They *are* lively fellows," agreed Mr. Rana, swallowing several times, while Ruth silently watched the sides of his neck puff out.

"Please tell me why you swallow so much," she asked at last. "You are not eating, are you?"

"I swallow to breathe," he answered. "I can't swallow air while my mouth is open, and so I stop talking and shut it. Every time I swallow, the air sac on the side of my neck fills out. That's why my voice has such a lovely croak. My poor wife has n't any air sac, so her voice is never croaky."

"But in the water —" began Ruth.

"In the water," answered Mr. Rana, "I take in air through my skin. It is very porous. My skin, I mean. It is really a pleasure to tell you things. Now to get back to the beginning, being a tadpole, or, I should say, an egg. Looking at me now, could you imagine that I was once a tiny egg? It's a fact, though. My mother laid her eggs near some water rushes, and, as I said, these eggs were but tiny specks, black specks inclosed in a gluey case, which the water made swell, until it looked like a mass of jelly. I came from one of those specks, and I tell you I was a lively fellow when I was first hatched. Some people say tadpoles are all head and tail, but there were other parts to me — places for legs, and I know I had two eyes and a mouth. Of course I made the most of life. A whole pond to circle in seemed a mighty big world to me, and I was soon swimming about with a lot of other tads, slapping tails, and having all kinds of fun. Indeed, we were always lively, especially when we were trying to get away from those who wanted us for dinner. There were lots of them too."

"Ugh!" said Ruth, screwing up her face. This displeased Mr. Rana.

"A tadpole is very delicate eating," he said. "You have never tasted one, so you cannot judge; but let that pass. *I* was not eaten, as you can see for yourself."

"I am glad you were not," said Ruth as Mr.

Rana stopped to swallow some air, "because then I should n't have known you."

"Well, that's a fact. Now let me see what comes next. Oh, yes — my legs. Legs, you must know, are very important affairs to a tadpole, because when he gets them he is n't a tadpole any more; so you may be sure I was happy when I saw mine beginning to grow. At the same time, my tail became shorter and shorter, until at last I had none at all. I was really and truly a frog. After this I was not obliged to stay in the water all the time. I had lungs and could breathe air."

"But you do go in sometimes," said Ruth. "I've seen you."

"Of course I do," agreed Mr. Rana. "I must keep my skin wet, and that reminds me it's pretty dry now, so I will have to leave you. Good-by for the present." And before Ruth could say a word there was a loud splash and Mr. Rana's long legs disappeared in the brook.

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THE LEAF MAKERS

On the opposite page is

THE HOME OF THE LEAF MAKERS

From the original paintings by Nellie Littlehale Umbstaetter

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THE FUN OF WINTER IN THE COUNTRY

WHAT THE BURDOCK WAS GOOD FOR

"Good for nothing," the farmer said,
As he made a sweep at the burdock's head;
"But then, it is best, no doubt,
To come some day and root it out."
So he lowered his scythe, and went his way
To see his corn or gather his hay;
And the weed grew safe and strong and tall
Close by the side of the garden wall.

"Good for home," cried the little toad,
As he hopped up out of the dusty road.
He had just been having a dreadful fright —
The boy who gave it was yet in sight.
Here it was cool and dark and green,
The safest kind of a leafy screen.
The toad was happy, "For," said he,
"This burdock was plainly meant for me."

"Good for a prop," the spider thought,
And to and fro with care he wrought,
Till he fastened it well to an evergreen
And spun his cables fine between.
'T was a beautiful bridge — a triumph of skill—
And flies came round, as idlers will.
The spider lurked in his corner dim;
The more that came the better for him.

"Good for play," said the child, perplext
To know what frolic was coming next.
So she gathered the burrs that all despised,
And her city playmates were quite surprised

To see what a beautiful basket or chair
Could be made with a little time and care.
They ranged their treasures about with pride,
And played all day by the burdock's side.

GOD MADE THEM ALL

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning
That brighten up the sky;

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

A FARMYARD GROUP

Up at the top is the turkey gobbler with his hen. He has been strutting back and forth showing his beautiful tail, but she has been picking up the corn and eating it; so now he is cross with her. Mr. Rooster and his two hens are looking on, as is the cat in the doorway. Mother Hen is sitting on her nest. Four little chicks have come out of their shells, and a fifth is coming out. See the others look at him, all but the little yellow one who has boldly walked out in front of Sir Peacock, and is gazing at his gorgeous tail. Are the pigs really admiring Sir Peacock or are they laughing at him, and thinking that they with their snouts and curly tails are just as good? At the edge of the water the mother ducks are watching their ducklings learn to swim.

ON THE EDGE OF THE JUNGLE

The lion is the king of beasts. In the daytime he keeps himself hidden, but when the sun is setting he stalks out. Then the herds of sheep and goats tremble lest he come upon them. The brown bear is more peaceable. He never attacks men unless he is driven to it by hunger. Not so the rattlesnake, which is next him in the picture. His bite carries poison with it. The eagle is the king of birds, as the lion is of beasts. What a strange row this is at the bottom! The kangaroo, hopping along by the palm tree, the two apes, one walking on all fours, the other looking more like a man, and the big and little ostriches, with, back of them, old Mr. Sun, who is just ready to disappear below the horizon. Then other animals will come out, for night is the time for jungle beasts.

THE LION AND THE TIGER WITH THEIR CUBS

THE TIGER AND THE LION; THE DEER; THE OX AND THE ASS

WHITE POLAR BEAR AND CUBS, CATCHING FISH. BROWN BEARS CAUGHT STEALING WILD HONEY

THE GIANT MOOSE THAT LIVES IN THE NORTH, AND THE ARCTIC FOX

THE FARMYARD SONG

Over the hill the farm-boy goes,
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar-tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing;
The early dews are falling; —
Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
Cheerily calling, —
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still, —
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day;
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plow;

The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow,
The cooling dews are falling; —
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
The whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,
His cattle calling, —
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray, —
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes.
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farmyard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling; —
The new-milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye;

And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
Soothingly calling, —
"So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So! so, boss! so! so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes.
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the crickets' ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
The heavy dews are falling.
The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose;
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes
Singing, calling, —
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
And oft the milkmaid in her dreams
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

A BOY'S SONG

Where the pools are bright and deep
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

JAMES HOGG.

THE SEASONS

SPRING

With March comes in the pleasant spring,
When little birds begin to sing;
To build their nests, to hatch their brood,
With tender care provide them food.

SUMMER

And summer comes with verdant June;
The flowers then are in full bloom,
All nature smiles, the fields look gay;
The weather's fine to make the hay.

AUTUMN

September comes; the golden corn
By many busy hands is shorn;
Autumn's ripe fruits, an ample store,
Are gathered in for rich and poor.

WINTER

Winter's cold frost and northern blast —
This is the season that comes last;
The snow has come, the sleigh bells ring,
And merry boys rejoice and sing.

ANONYMOUS.

QUESTION AND ANSWER

"Lazy sheep, pray tell me why in the pleasant fields you lie?"
"Don't you see the wool that grows on my back, to make you clothes?"

THE SHEEP

Lazy sheep, pray tell me why
In the pleasant fields you lie,
Eating grass and daisies white,
From the morning till the night?
Everything can something do,
But what kind of use are you?

Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray;
Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back, to make you clothes?
Cold, and very cold you 'd get,
If I did not give you it.

True, it seems a pleasant thing
To nip the daisies in the spring;
But many chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass,
Or pick a scanty dinner where
All the common 's brown and bare.

Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past,
And cuts my woolly coat away,
To warm you in the winter's day:
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant fields I lie.

JANE TAYLOR.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Over the river, and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river, and through the wood,
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple-gray!
Spring over the ground,
Like a hunting-hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barnyard gate,
We seem to go
Extremely slow —
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river, and through the wood,
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the chicken pie!

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

IN WINTER

"Many chilly nights I pass."

SENSE AND NONSENSE

IN VERSE AND PICTURES

A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO

A frog he would a-wooing go,
  Heigho, says Rowley,
Whether his mother would let him or no.
  With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
  Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

So off he set with his opera hat,
  Heigho, says Rowley,
And on the road he met with a rat.
  With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
  Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

"Pray, Mr. Rat, will you go with me,"
  Heigho, says Rowley,
"Kind Mrs. Mousey for to see?"
  With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
  Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

When they came to the door of Mousey's hall,
  Heigho, says Rowley,
They gave a loud knock and they gave a loud call.
  With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
  Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"
  Heigho, says Rowley,
"Oh, yes, kind sirs, I 'm sitting to spin."
  With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
  Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

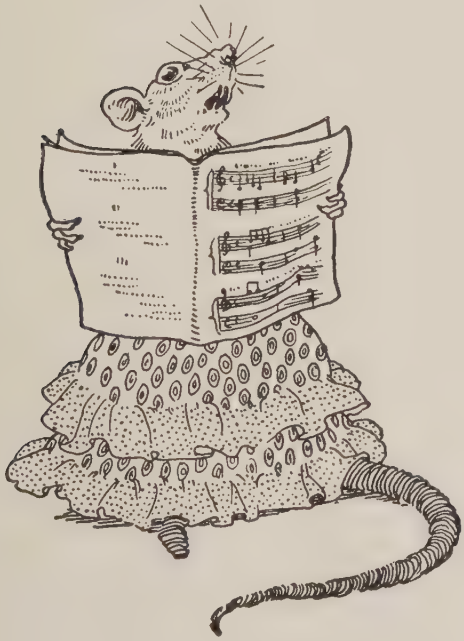
"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some beer?"
  Heigho, says Rowley,
"For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer."
  With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
  Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

"Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?"
  Heigho, says Rowley,
"But let it be something that 's not very long."
  With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
  Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

"Indeed, Mrs. Mouse," replied the Frog,
Heigho, says Rowley,
"A cold has made me as hoarse as a hog."
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

"Since you have caught cold, Mr. Frog," Mousey said,
Heigho, says Rowley,
"I 'll sing you a song that I have just made."
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

But while they were all a merry-making,
Heigho, says Rowley,
A cat and her kittens came tumbling in.
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!



The cat she seized the rat by the crown,
Heigho, says Rowley,
The kittens they pulled the little mouse down.
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright,
Heigho, says Rowley,
He took up his hat, and he wished them good-night,
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

As Froggy was crossing over a brook,
Heigho, says Rowley,
A lily-white duck came and gobbled him up,
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

So there was an end of one, two, and three,
Heigho, says Rowley,
The Rat, the Mouse, and the little Froggee!
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID?

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I 'm going a-milking, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"You 're kindly welcome, sir," she said.

"What is your father, my pretty maid?"
"My father 's a farmer, sir," she said.

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

"Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid!"
"Nobody asked you, sir!" she said.

IF —

If all the seas were one sea,
What a *great* sea that would be!
And if all the trees were one tree,
What a *great* tree that would be!
And if all the axes were one ax,
What a *great* ax that would be!
And if all the men were one man,
What a *great* man he would be!
And if the *great* man took the *great* ax,
And cut down the *great* tree,
And let it fall into the *great* sea,
What a splish splash *that* would be!

SEE A PIN AND PICK IT UP

See a pin and pick it up,
All the day you 'll have good luck;
See a pin and let it lay,
Bad luck you 'll have all the day!

WHAT THEY SAY

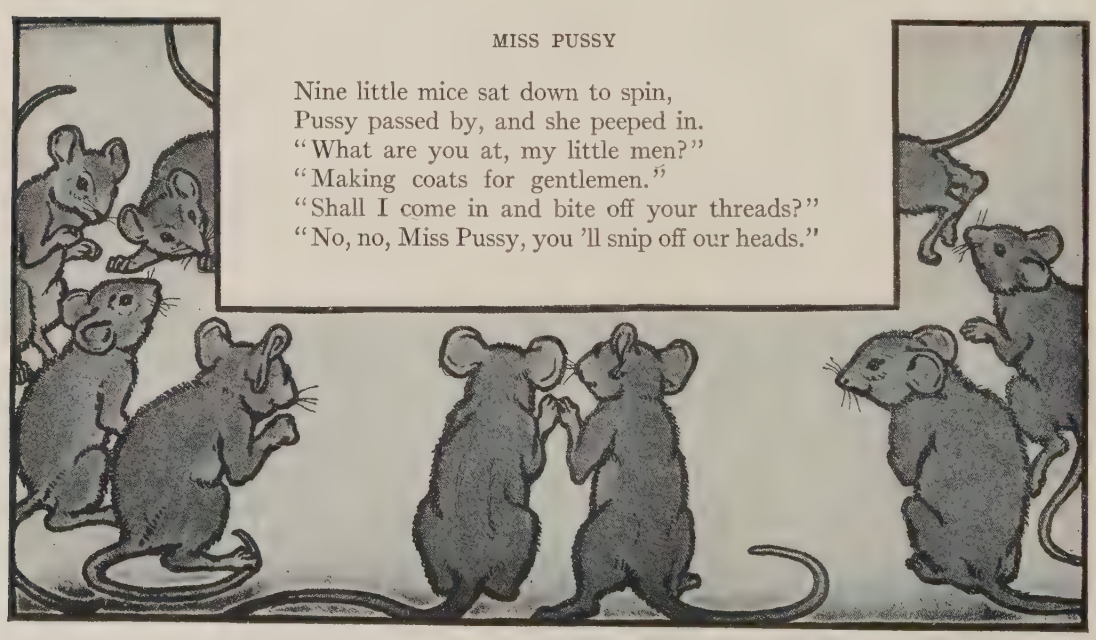
Bow-wow, says the dog;
Mew, mew, says the cat;
Grunt, grunt, goes the hog;
And squeak goes the rat.

Tu-whu, says the owl;
Caw, caw, says the crow;
Quack, quack, says the duck;
And moo, says the cow.

THE WREN AND THE HEN

Said a very small wren
To a very large hen,
"Pray why do you make such a clatter?
I never could guess
Why an egg more or less
Should be thought so important a matter."

Then answered the hen
To the very small wren,
"If I laid such small eggs as you, madam,
I should not cluck so loud,
Nor should I feel proud,
Look at these! How you 'd crow if you had 'em."



MISS PUSSY

Nine little mice sat down to spin,
Pussy passed by, and she peeped in.
"What are you at, my little men?"
"Making coats for gentlemen."
"Shall I come in and bite off your threads?"
"No, no, Miss Pussy, you 'll snip off our heads."

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS

Three little kittens lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh mother dear,
We very much fear,
That we have lost our mittens."

"Lost your mittens!
You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie!"
"Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow!"
"No, you shall have no pie."
"Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow!"

The three little kittens found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh mother dear,
See here, see here!
See! we have found our mittens!"

"Put on your mittens,
You silly kittens,
And you shall have some pie."
"Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,
Oh let us have the pie.
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r!"

The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie.
"Oh mother dear,
We greatly fear
That we have soiled our mittens."

"Soiled your mittens,
You naughty kittens!"
Then they began to sigh,
"Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow!"
Then they began to sigh,
"Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow!"

The three little kittens washed their mittens,
And hung them out to dry,
"Oh mother dear,
Do you not hear,
That we have washed our mittens?"

A RAT CLOSE BY

"Washed your mittens?
Oh, you 're good kittens.
But I smell a rat close by!
Hush! hush! me-ow, me-ow!
I smell a rat close by.
Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow!"

CAUGHT IN THE PANTRY

AT THE CATS' BALL

REHEARSAL FOR THE CAT CHORUS

A BRAVE START

NOT SO MUCH FUN

THE KITTENS AT SCHOOL

LITTLE Dame Crump, with her little hair broom,
One morning was sweeping her little bedroom,
When, casting her little gray eyes on the ground,
In a sly little corner a penny she found.

"Oh, dear!" cried the dame, while she stared with surprise,
"How lucky I am! bless my heart, what a prize!
To market I 'll go, and a pig I will buy,
And little John Gubbins shall make him a sty."

So she washed her face clean and put on her gown,
And locked up the house and set off for the town;
When to market she went, and a purchase she made
Of a little white pig, and a penny she paid.

When she 'd purchased her pig, she was puzzled to know
How they both should get home if the pig would not go:
So, fearing lest Piggie should play her a trick,
She drove him along with a little crab stick.

At last to the end of her journey she 'd come,
And was mightily glad when she got the pig home:
She carried him straight to his nice little sty,
And gave him some hay and some straw clean and dry.

With a handful of peas then Piggie she fed,
And put on her nightcap and got into bed:
She tucked in the blankets and blew out the light,
And being quite tired, we 'll wish her good-night.

THE PUZZLED CENTIPEDE

A centipede was happy quite,
Until a frog in fun
Said, "Pray, which leg comes after which?"
This raised her mind to such a pitch,
She lay distracted in the ditch
Considering how to run.

THE DAYS OF THE MONTH

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
February has twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting leap-year, that 's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.

THE PARTS OF SPEECH

Three little words we often see,
The Articles, *a*, *an*, and *the*.

A Noun 's the name of anything,
As *school* or *garden*, *hoop* or *swing*.

Adjectives tell the kind of noun,
As *great*, *small*, *pretty*, *white*, or *brown*.

Instead of Nouns the Pronouns stand,
Her head, *his* face, *my* arm, *your* hand.

Verbs tell of something being done,
To *read*, *write*, *count*, *sing*, *jump*, or *run*.

How things are done the Adverbs tell,
As *slowly*, *quickly*, *ill*, or *well*.

A CHINESE BABY

A Preposition stands before
A noun, as *in* or *through* a door.

Conjunctions join the nouns together,
As men *and* children, wind *or* weather.

The Interjection shows surprise,
As *Oh* how pretty! *Ah* how wise!

J. NEALE.

TWENTY FROGGIES

Twenty froggies went to school
Down beside a rushy pool.
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests all white and clean.

"We must be in time," said they,
" First we study, then we play;
That is how we keep the rule,
When we froggies go to school."

Master Bull-frog, brave and stern,
Called his classes in their turn,
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Also how to leap and dive;

Taught them how to dodge a blow,
From the sticks that bad boys throw.
Twenty froggies grew up fast,
Bull-frogs they became at last;

Polished in a high degree,
As each froggie ought to be,
Now they sit on other logs,
Teaching other little frogs.

GEORGE COOPER.

DAME DUCK'S LESSON TO HER DUCKLINGS

Close by the margin of the brook
The old duck made her nest
Of straw and leaves and withered grass
And down from her own breast.

And there she sat for four long weeks,
In rainy days and fine,
Until the ducklings all came out —
Four, five, six, seven, eight, nine!

One peeped out from beneath her wing,
One scrambled on her back;
"That 's very rude," said old Dame Duck,
"Get off, quack, quack, quack, quack!"

They were a very thrifty brood,
Those ducklings, small and callow;
Their little wings were short, their down
Was mottled gray and yellow.

" 'T is crowded here," the duck remarked,
And she thrust forth her bill;

"Besides, it never suits young ducks
To keep them sitting still."

So, rising from her nest, she said,
"Now, children, look at me.
A well-bred duck should waddle thus,
From side to side — just see."

"Yes," said the little ones, and then
She went on to explain,
"A well-bred duck turns in its toes
As I do — try again."

"Yes," said the ducklings, waddling on:
"That 's better," said their mother;
"But well-bred ducks walk in a row,
Straight — one behind another."

"Yes," said the little ducks again,
All waddling in a row:
"Now to the pond," said old Dame Duck,
Splash, splash, and in they go.

"IF IT BE I?"

There was an old woman, as I 've heard tell,
She went to market her eggs for to sell;
She went to market all on a market-day,
And she fell asleep on the king's highway.

There came a peddler whose name was Stout;
He cut her petticoats all round about;
He cut her petticoats up to the knees,
Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze.

When this old woman first did wake,
She began to shiver and she began to shake;

THE OLD WOMAN IN HER BASKET

She began to shiver, and she began to cry,
"Oh, deary, deary me, this is none of I!

"But if it be I, as I do hope it be,
I 've a little dog at home, and he 'll know me;
If it be I, he 'll wag his little tail,
And if it be not I, he 'll loudly bark and wail."

Home went the old woman all in the dark;
Up got the little dog, and he began to bark;
He began to bark, so she began to cry,
"Oh, deary, deary me, this is none of I!"

THE MAN IN THE MOON

The man in the moon
Came down too soon,
And asked the way to Norwich;
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth,
With eating cold pease porridge.

THE OLD WOMAN

There was an old woman tossed up in a basket,
Seventeen times as high as the moon;
But where she was going, no mortal could tell,
For under her arm she carried a broom.

Old woman, old woman, old woman, said I,
Whither, O whither, O whither so high?
To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,
And I 'll be with you by and by.

THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl;
If the bowl had been stronger,
My song would have been longer.

WISHES

There was a little boy, with two little eyes,
And he had a little head that was just the proper size,
And two little arms, and two little hands;
On two little legs this little boy stands.

Now, this little boy would now and then be cross
Because that he could only be the very thing he was;
He wanted to be this, and then he wanted to be that;
His head was full of wishes underneath his little hat!

THE MAN IN THE MOON

I wish I was a horse to go sixty miles an hour;
I wish I was the man that lives up in the lighthouse tower;
I wish I was a sea-gull with two long wings;
I wish I was a traveler to see all sorts of things.

I wish I was a carpenter; I wish I was a lord;
I wish I was a soldier, with a pistol and a sword;
I wish, I wish, I wish I could be something else, and soon!

But all the wishing in the world is not a bit of use;
That Little Boy this very day he stands in his own shoes;

And his father and his mother they say, "Thank
the gracious powers,
Those wishes cannot wish away that Little
Boy of ours!"

POOR BABES IN THE WOOD

ONE THING AT A TIME

Work while you work,
Play while you play;
That is the way
To be cheerful and gay.

All that you do,
Do with your might;
Things done by halves
Are never done right.

One thing each time,
And that done well,
Is a very good rule,
As many can tell.

Moments are useless
Trifled away;
So work while you work,
And play while you play.

M. A. STODART.

LET DOGS DELIGHT TO BARK AND BITE

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 't is their nature to.

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

ISAAC WATTS.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD

My dear, do you know
How a long time ago,
Two poor little children
Whose names I don't know,

Were stolen away
On a fine summer's day,
And left in a wood,
As I 've heard people say.

And when it was night,
So sad was their plight,
The sun it went down,
And the moon gave no light!

They sobbed, and they sighed,
And they bitterly cried,
And the poor little things,
They lay down and died.

And when they were dead,
The robins so red
Brought strawberry leaves,
And over them spread;

And all the day long,
They sang them this song:
"Poor babes in the wood! poor babes
in the wood!
And won't you remember the babes
in the wood?"

LITTLE SAMMY DUCKLING

TWINKLE, TWINKLE

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep
And often through my curtains peep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

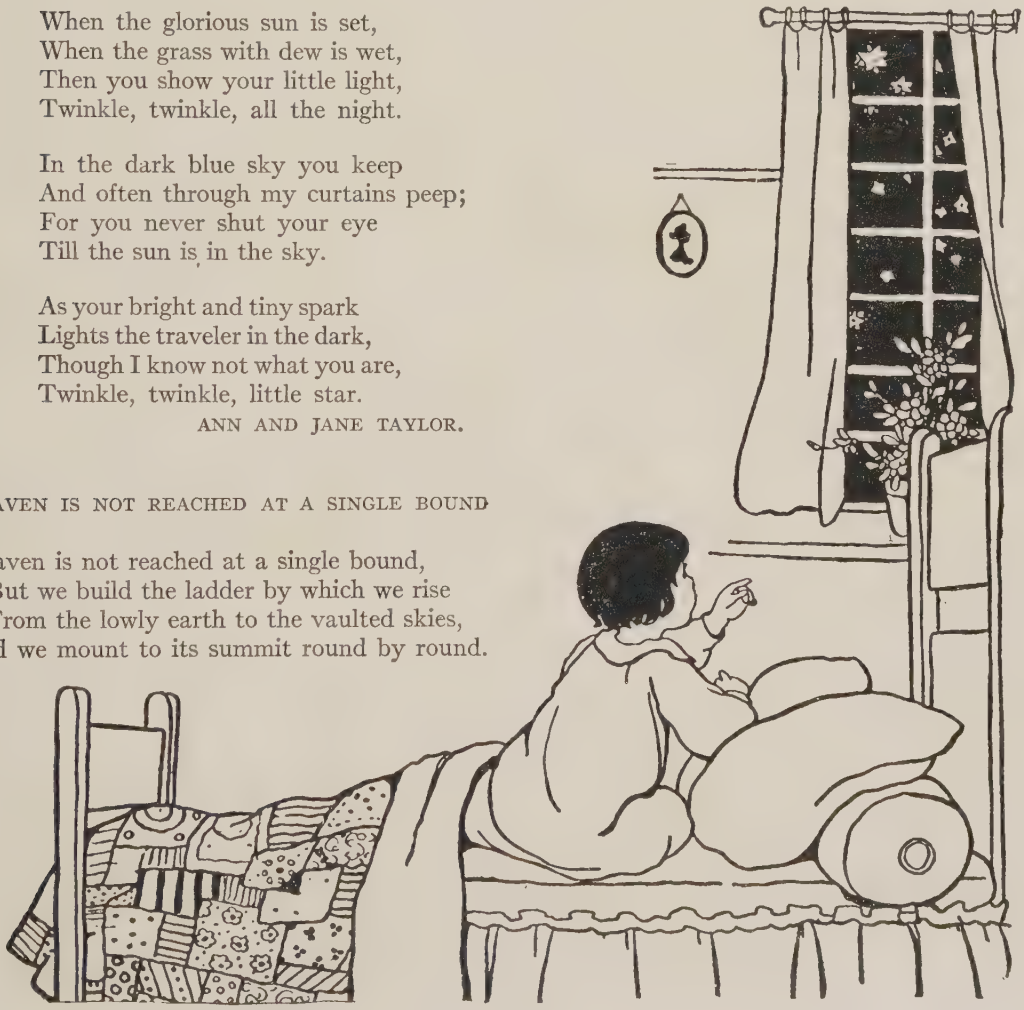
ANN AND JANE TAYLOR.

HEAVEN IS NOT REACHED AT A SINGLE BOUND

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God —
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

J. G. HOLLAND.



HE PRAYETH BEST

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small:
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

RIDDLES AND WORD PLAYS

Riddle me, riddle me, riddle me ree,
Perhaps you can tell me what this may be.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Cannot put Humpty Dumpty together again.
[*An egg.*]

In marble walls as white as milk,
Lined with a skin as soft as silk;
Within a fountain crystal clear,
A golden apple doth appear.
No doors there are to this stronghold.
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.
[*An egg.*]

Two legs sat upon three legs,
With one leg in his lap;
In comes four legs,
And runs away with one leg.
Up jumps two legs,
Picks up three legs,
Throws it after four legs,
And makes him bring back one leg.
[*Man, stool, leg of mutton, dog.*]

Old Mother Twitchett had but one eye,
And a long tail which she let fly;
And every time she went over a gap,
She left a bit of her tail in a trap.
[*A needle.*]

My sides are firmly laced about,
Yet nothing is within.
You 'll think my head is strange indeed,
Being nothing else but skin.
[*A drum.*]

There is a thing that nothing is,
And yet it has a name.
It 's sometimes tall and sometimes short;
It joins our walks, it joins our sport,
And plays at every game.
[*A shadow.*]

As I was going to St. Ives
I met a man with seven wives;
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits.
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?

THE DRUM

PETER PIPER

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers;
A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked;
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
Where 's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?

AS I WALKED BY MYSELF

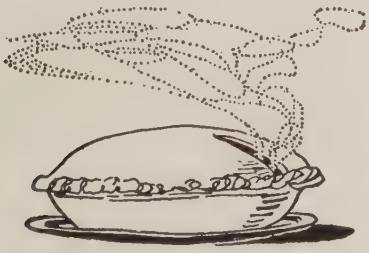
As I walked by myself,
And talked to myself,
Myself said unto me,
Look to thyself,
  Take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee.
I answered myself,
And said to myself
In the self-same repartee,
Look to thyself,
  Or not look to thyself,
The self-same thing will be.

THE MAN IN THE WILDERNESS

The man in the wilderness asked me
How many strawberries grow in the sea.
I answered him, as I thought good,
As many as red herrings grow in the wood.

AS I WAS GOING ALONG

As I was going along, long, long,
A-singing a comical song, song, song,
The lane that I went was so long, long, long,
And the song that I sang was as long, long, long,
And so I went singing along.



THE APPLE-PIE

A was an apple-pie;
B bit it;
C cut it;
D dealt it;
E ate it;
F fought for it;
G got it;
H had it;
I inquired for it;
J joined it;
K kept it;
L longed for it;
M mourned for it;
N nodded at it;
O opened it;
P peeped in it;
Q quartered it;
R ran for it;
S stole it;
T took it;
V viewed it;
W wanted it;
X, Y, Z, and ampersand [&],
All wish'd for a piece in hand.

A SHADOW

WHERE?

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee?
  Or a key for a lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy
  Because there are pupils there?
In the crown of his head what gems are set?
  Who crosses the bridge of his nose?
Can he use when shingling the roof of his mouth
  The nails on the ends of his toes?

IF —

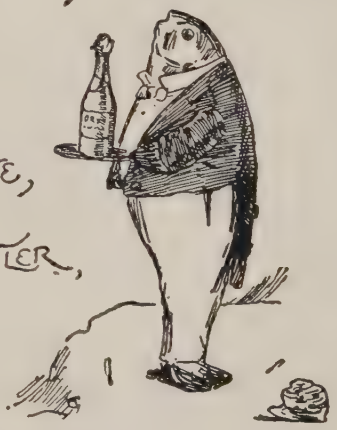
If all the world was apple-pie,
  And all the sea was ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
  What should we have to drink?

Sir John and Lady Dory.

Sir John and Lady Dory,
Both happy as could be,
Resided quite contented
At the bottom of the sea,
Until one day Sir John said,
"My dear, please
List to me!

"To be quite in the fashion,
Correct and 'comme il faut,'
We really ought to wake up
And make a bigger show;
Give parties balls and dinners,
And in society go!"

Accordingly one morning
Into a mansion great
Sir John and Lady Dory
Removed and lived in state,
With a well-dressed sole
And plaice for butler,
On them to wait.



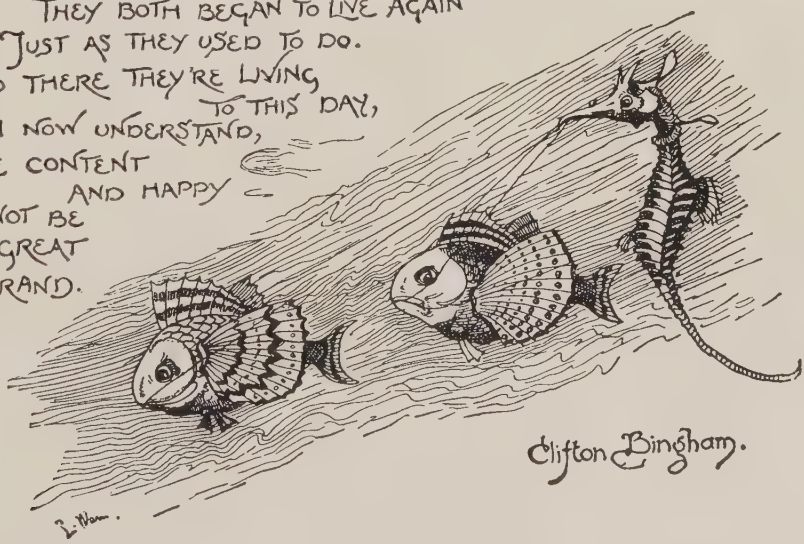
They'd herrings, too, for servants,
And lots of parties gave;
Sir John and Lady Dory
Politely did behave;
Received their many visitors
With bows and
Manner grave.

But soon poor Lady Dory
Grew tired of being grand;
Aristocratic customs
She couldn't understand,
Such as when to bow
With coldness
And when to shake
A hand

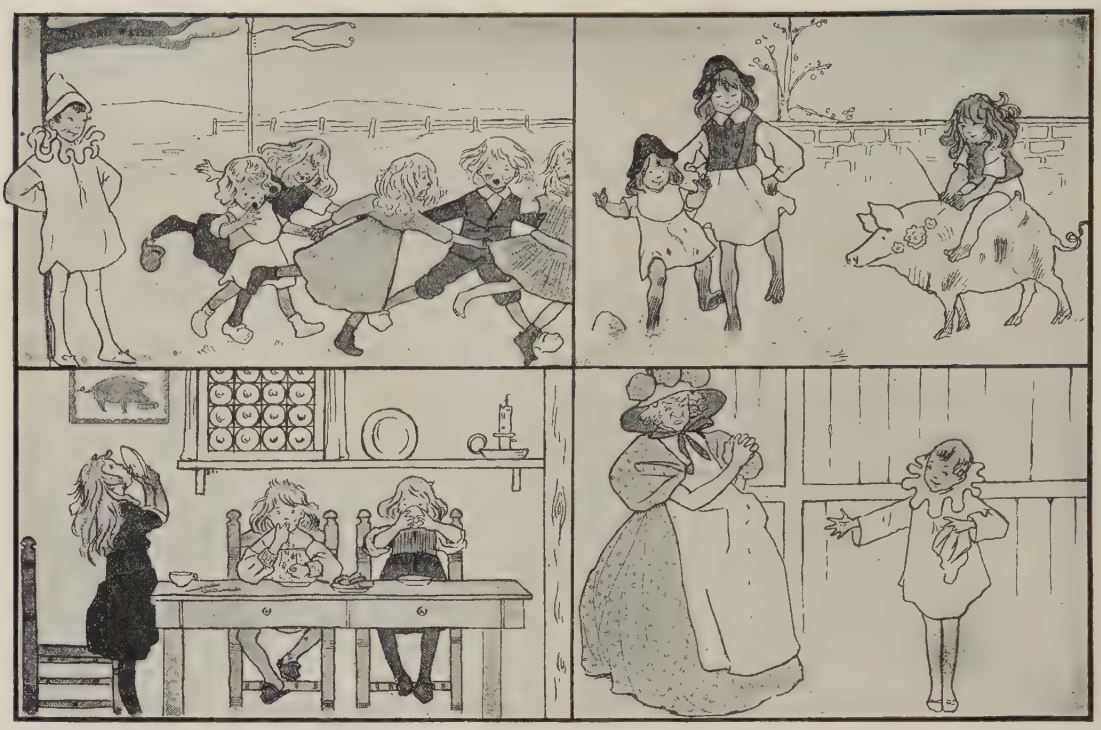
Sir John was always busy.
With her could never chat;
Could never go with her to buy
A bonnet or a hat.
So she said one quiet evening
As they at supper sat—

"Of being in the fashion
I'm very tired" said she;
Sir John looked rather
puzzled,
"Why, so am I" said he.
"Let's go back to our cottage
At the bottom
of the sea!"

Dismissing all
Their footmen,
And Sole the butler too,
They both began to live again
Just as they used to do.
And there they're living
To this day,
For both now understand,
To be content
And happy—
One need not be
Great
And grand.



Clifton Bingham.



ARE ALL AS BLACK AS BLACK CAN BE
LICK THE DISHES ONE BY ONE

IN POOLS OF MUD THEY GAYLY PRANCE
TO GRANNY SPONGE'S HOUSE HE GOES

CLEAN PETER AND THE CHILDREN OF GRUBBYLEA

THE children out in Grubbylea
Are all as black as black can be;
In pools of mud they gayly prance,
And never wash by any chance.

At dinner-time they think it fun
To lick the dishes one by one;
And in the picture you will see
What little pigs they are at tea.

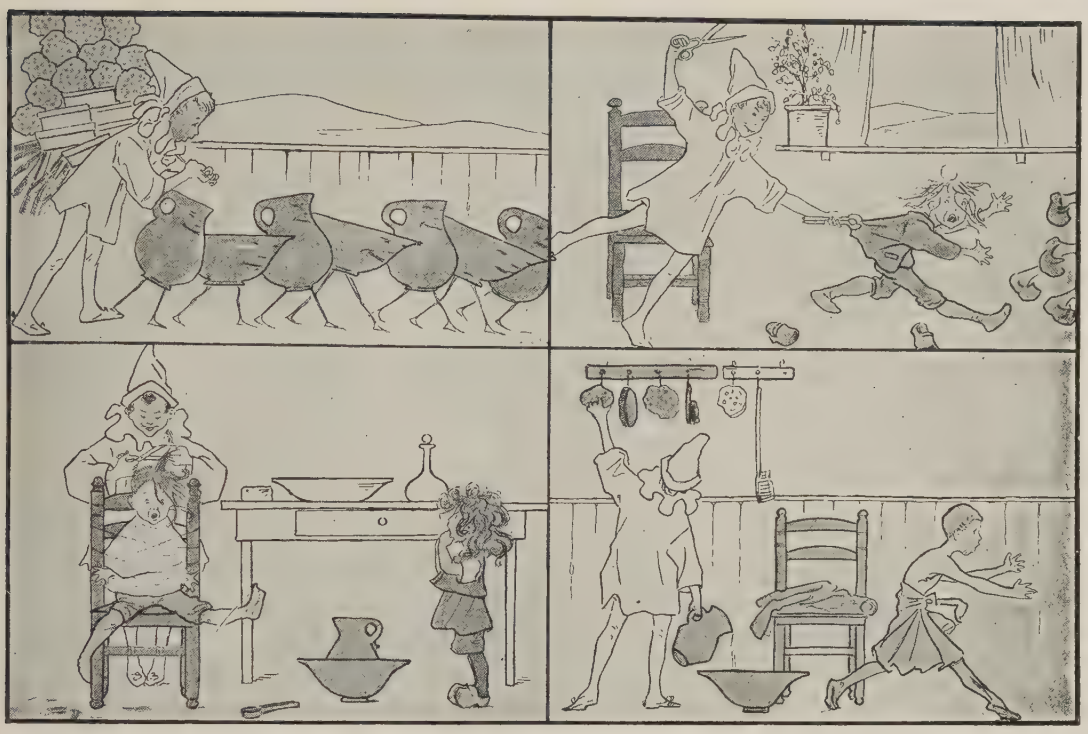
Clean Peter comes and says, "Oh, dear!
We want some soap and water here."
He goes to bed and in the night
He finds a way to put things right.

To Granny Sponge's house he goes
And makes the prettiest speech he knows:
"Oh, Granny dear, I beg and pray
That you will give me help to-day,
There 's not a sponge in Grubbylea,
So let me take some back with me."

Next to the sturdy man of cans
Peter, in haste, unfolds his plans.
"Oh, Can Papa, you will agree,
That children must not dirty be;
Your jugs and basins large and green
Are quite the best I 've ever seen."

Then Peter later in the day
Seeks out the soapman deaf and gray.
He shouts, "Oh, dear Papa, I hope
You mean to give me all your soap;
In Grubbylea I 'll undertake
To find a child for every cake."

The Brush Papa is just the man
To make a bargain if he can;



BASINS AND JUGS TOGETHER WALK
AND THEN BEGINS TO CUT HIS HAIR

THE BOY HE SEIZES SCREAMS WITH FRIGHT
TOMMY'S OFF IN HALF A CRACK

But Peter is a boy of sense,
Who does not haggle over pence.
Brushes he buys of stiffest make
And combs that nobody could break.

Bending beneath his treasured load,
Peter now takes the homeward road,
While on in front in friendly talk
Basins and jugs together walk.

Then Peter in a corner stands,
A pair of pincers in his hands.
The boy he seizes screams with fright;
But Peter holds him firm and tight;
The other children wild with fear
Take to their heels and disappear.

Peter ties Tommy to a chair
And then begins to cut his hair:
While Tommy howls to see his locks
Fall down upon the ground in shocks.

Now Peter thinks, "Oh, what a treat
For Tommy to be clean and neat!
I'll get a nice new sponge for him,
And fill the basin to the brim."

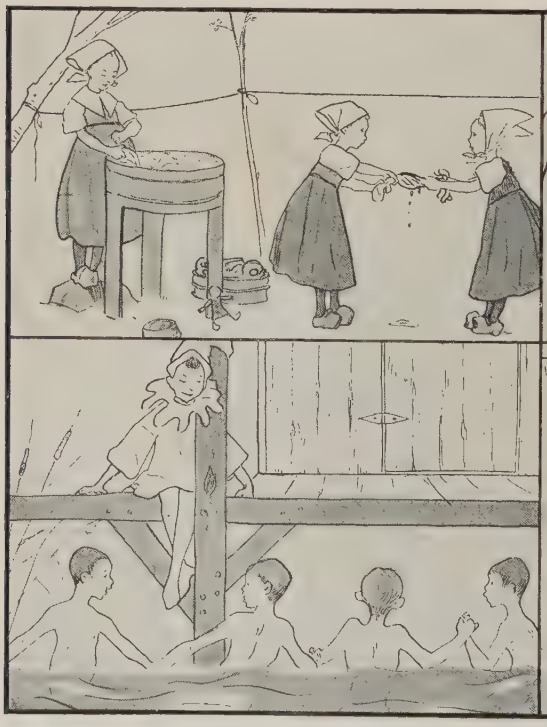
Peter no sooner turns his back
Than Tommy 's off in half a crack,
The rascal at the very sight
Of water runs with all his might.

But what Clean Peter 's once begun
He never leaves until it 's done.
So Tommy 's caught and cannot go
Until he 's washed from top to toe;
And soon he looks so pink and white,
He fairly glistens in the light.

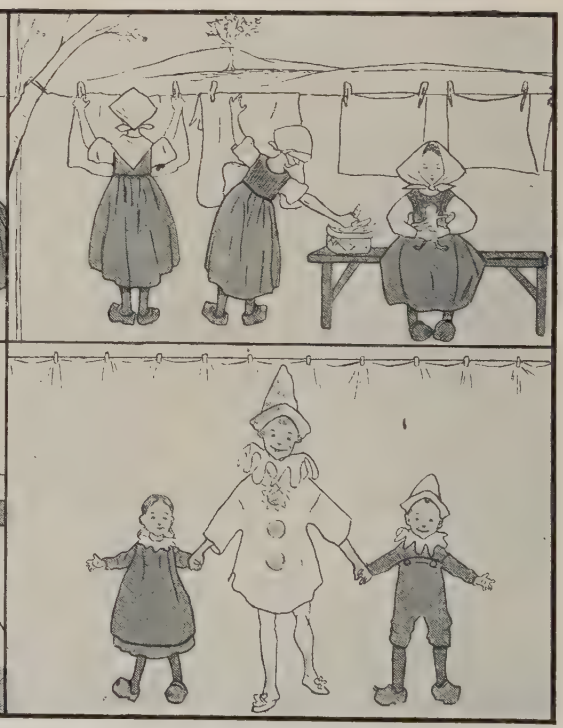
Next Peter finds three naughty brats
Whose little heads are rough as mats.
Although they turn and twist about,
He firmly combs the tangles out.
And when their hair is smooth and neat
They all go proudly down the street.

HE FAIRLY GLISTENS IN THE LIGHT
POLLY BY THE BASIN STANDS

PETER FINDS THREE NAUGHTY BRATS
EACH MAKES A PIGTAIL FOR HER FRIEND



A WASHING DAY IN GRUBBYLEA
ALL GAYLY SPLASHING IN A ROW



THEY HANG THEIR LINEN ON THE LINE
THE CHILDREN BEGGED HIM SO TO STAY

The little girls now everywhere
Brush and comb and plait their hair.
Grace plaits Jane and Jane plaits Fan,
Fan plaits May and May plaits Anne;
Each makes a pigtail for her friend
And ties a ribbon at the end.

Then Polly by the basin stands
That she may wash her face and hands,
While Jenny takes a towel fine
And rubs her arms until they shine.

"Oh, girls," says Peter, "I suppose
You'd like to learn to wash your clothes;
I've brought a tub, and now we'll see
A washing day in Grubbylea."

Now that the girls have learned the way,
They rinse and iron all the day:
Their dirty clothes they rub and rub
And chatter at the washing tub.

Whenever it is nice and fine
They hang their linen on a line;
And there between the apple trees
They let it flutter in the breeze.

And think how Peter now enjoys,
Down by the stream to see the boys,
Who were so black a month ago,
All gayly splashing in a row.

The children out in Grubbylea
Are all as clean as clean can be.
And Peter's living there to-day,
The children begged him so to stay.

OTTILA ADELBORG.
(*Translated by Ada Wallas.*)

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JAPANESE BOYS, TELLING US TO "HEAR NO EVIL, SEE NO EVIL, SPEAK NO EVIL"

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In the hope that Santa Claus soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mama in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled ourselves for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I ran like a flash,
Put aside the curtains and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the luster of daylight to objects below;
And what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name,
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Vixen!
On Comet! on Cupid, on Dunder and Blixen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now dash away! dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves before the autumn winds fly
And meeting an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys and Santa Claus, too;
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each tiny hoof.
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney Santa Claus came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all sprinkled with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys was flung on his back
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry,
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings — then turned with a jerk
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

TWO NONSENSE SONGS

(*By Edward Lear*)

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

I

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat,
They took some honey, and plenty of money,
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

II

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
How charmingly sweet you sing!
O let us be married! too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

III

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
  Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
  By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
  Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
  They danced by the light of the moon,
    The moon,
    The moon,
  They danced by the light of the moon.

THE JUMBLIES

I

They went to sea in a Sieve, they did,
  In a Sieve they went to sea:
In spite of all their friends could say,
On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,
  In a Sieve they went to sea!
And when the Sieve turned round and round,
And everyone cried, "You'll all be drowned!"
They cried aloud, "Our Sieve ain't big,
But we don't care a button, we don't care a fig!
  In a Sieve we'll go to sea!"

Far and few, far and few,
  Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
  And they went to sea in a Sieve.

II

They sailed away in a Sieve, they did,
  In a Sieve they sailed so fast,
With only a beautiful pea-green veil,
Tied with a riband, by way of a sail,
  To a small tobacco-pipe mast;
And everyone said, who saw them go,
"O won't they be soon upset, you know!
For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long,
And happen what may, it's extremely wrong
  In a Sieve to sail so fast!"
    Far and few, far and few,
      Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
    Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
      And they went to sea in a Sieve.

III

The water it soon came in, it did,
  The water it soon came in;
So to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet
In a pinky paper all folded neat,
  And they fastened it down with a pin.
And they passed the night in a crockery-jar,
And each of them said, "How wise we are!
Though the sky be dark, and the voyage long,
Yet we never think we were rash or wrong,
  While round in our Sieve we spin!"
    Far and few, far and few,
      Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
    Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
      And they went to sea in a Sieve.

IV

And all night long they sailed away;
  And when the sun went down,
They whistled and warbled a moony song
To the echoing sound of a coppery gong,
  In the shade of the mountains brown.
"O Timballo! How happy we are,
When we live in a Sieve and a crockery-jar,
And all night long in the moonlight pale,
We sail away with a pea-green sail,
  In the shade of the mountains brown!"

Far and few, far and few,
  Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
  And they went to sea in a Sieve.

V

They sailed to the Western sea, they did,
  To a land all covered with trees,
And they bought an Owl, and a useful Cart,
And a pound of Rice, and a Cranberry Tart,
  And a hive of silvery Bees,
And they bought a Pig, and some green Jackdaws,
And a lovely Monkey with lollipop paws,
And forty bottles of Ring-Bo-Ree,
  And no end of Stilton Cheese.
    Far and few, far and few,
      Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
    Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
      And they went to sea in a Sieve.

VI

And in twenty years they all came back,
  In twenty years or more,
And everyone said, "How tall they 've grown!
For they 've been to the Lakes, and the Terrible Zone,
  And the hills of the Chankly Bore";
And they drank their health, and gave them a feast,
Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast;

And everyone said, "If we only live,
We too will go to sea in a Sieve —
To the hills of the Chankly Bore!"
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a Sieve.

But it was n't a year till the people
All wanted the king back again;
They had learned that a ruler of children
Makes a pretty good ruler of men.

AMOS R. WELLS.
(*By permission.*)

THE CHILDREN'S KING

There once was a merry old monarch
Who ruled in a frolicsome way.
He cut up high jinks with the children,
And played with them all through the day.

"A king always gets into trouble
When trying to govern," he said;
"So nothing but marbles and leap-frog
And tennis shall bother my head."

Ah, well! The wise people deposed him.
"You may govern the children," said they.
"Why, that is exactly what suits me,"
He replied, and went on with his play.

A RECIPE FOR A DAY

Take a little dash of water cold,
And a little leaven of prayer,
And a little bit of morning gold,
Dissolved in the morning air.

Add to your meal some merriment
And a thought for kith and kin,
And then as your prime ingredient
A plenty of work throw in.

But spice it all with the essence of love,
And a little whiff of play.
Let a wise old book and a glance above
Complete the well-made day.

AMOS R. WELLS.
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THE CLOUD MAKERS

On the opposite page is

THE HOME OF THE CLOUD MAKERS

From the original paintings by Nelly Littlehale Umbstaetter

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WHEN THE SUN RISES, THE MOON AND THE STARS, BIG AND LITTLE, MUST HURRY AWAY

PURPOSE STORIES IN PROSE AND VERSE

WISE TALES OF LIFE, CONDUCT, AND EXPERIENCE

A TRUTH is more vivid to us, and makes a deeper impression, if it comes in story form. Æsop's fables, proverbs, the parables of Jesus, and many a simple folk tale have come to stand in our common speech for the virtues or failings with which they have to do.

Happily for us the old-fashioned stories with a neatly pointed moral sticking out in every sentence are no longer admired. But we miss much help in our ethical teaching, and our children are deprived of part of their natural heritage, if we pass by the "wisdom literature" in which every nation has recorded its moral teaching and experience. Boys and girls like a "story with a moral." It interprets to them their own thoughts and experiences. What they do not like is moralizing; they resent a moral tacked on unexpectedly at the end of a story. Remember that each of these stories carries its own lesson which the child will be as quick as you to see.

"Wisdom literature," especially that brought us from the East, is delightfully shrewd and witty. It shows us human nature in situations which we all recognize. In speaking of the fable, Felix Adler has brought out what is the special advantage of most of these stories. "The peculiar value," he says, "of the fables is that they are instantaneous photographs, which reproduce, as it were, in a single flash of light, some one aspect of human nature, and which excluding everything else permit the entire attention to be fixed on that one." You will find as much pleasure as your children in these tales, for every one of them is a good story chosen for that reason as well as for its homely truth.

HOW THE SUN, THE MOON AND THE WIND WENT OUT TO DINNER

A HINDU TALE

ONE day the Sun, the Moon, and the Wind went out to dine with their uncle and aunt, Thunder and Lightning. Their mother (one of the most distant Stars you see far up in the sky) waited alone for her children's return.

Now both the Sun and the Wind were greedy and selfish. They enjoyed the great feast that had been prepared for them, without a thought of saving any of it to take home to their mother; but the gentle Moon did not forget her. Of every dainty dish that was brought round she saved a small portion, that the Star mother might also have a share in the treat.

On their return, their mother, who had kept watch for them all night long with her little bright eye, said, "Well, children, what have you brought home for me?"

Then the Sun, who was eldest, said, "I have brought nothing home for you. I went out to enjoy myself with my friends, not to fetch a dinner for my mother."

And the Wind said, "Neither have I brought anything home for you, mother. You could hardly expect me to bring a collection of good things for you, when I merely went out for my own pleasure."

But the Moon said, "Mother, fetch me a plate; see what I have brought you." Then she laid on the plate such a choice dinner as never was seen before.

The mother Star turned to the Sun and spoke

THE LION LETS THE MOUSE GO FROM UNDER HIS PAW

thus: "Because you went out to amuse yourself with your friends, and feasted and enjoyed yourself without any thought of your mother at home, you shall be punished. Henceforth, your rays shall ever be hot and scorching, and shall burn all that they touch. And men shall cover their heads when you appear."

And that is why the sun is so hot in India to this day.

Then the mother Star turned to the Wind and said: "You also hear your doom. You shall always blow in the hot, dry weather, and shall parch and shrivel all living things. And men shall avoid you from this very time."

And that is why the Wind is so hot and disagreeable in India.

But to the Moon she said: "Daughter, because you remembered your mother, and kept for her a share in your own enjoyment, from henceforth you shall be ever cool and bright. And men shall always call you blessed."

And that is why the Moon's light is so soft and cool and beautiful even to this day.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

ONCE when a Lion was asleep a little Mouse began running up and down upon him; this soon wakened the Lion, who placed his huge paw upon him, and opened his big jaws to swallow him. "Pardon, O King," cried the little Mouse; "forgive me this time, I shall never forget it: who knows but what I may be able to do you a turn some of these days?" The Lion was so tickled at the idea of the Mouse being able to help him, that he lifted up his paw and let him go. Some time after the Lion was caught in a trap, and the hunters, who desired to carry him alive to the King, tied him to a tree while they went in search of a wagon to carry him on. Just then the little Mouse happened to pass by, and, seeing the sad plight in which the Lion was, went up to him and soon gnawed away the ropes that bound the King of the Beasts. "Was I not right?" said the little Mouse.

THE NECKLACE OF TRUTH

RETOLD FROM JEAN MACE'S FRENCH STORY

ONCE there was a little girl named Coralie, who enjoyed telling falsehoods. She seemed to have no idea of the truth, but said whatever she pleased without any regard as to whether it was true or not, provided it served her purpose. Her parents tried to cure her in many

THE MOUSE SETS THE LION FREE

ways, and at last resolved to take her to the enchanter Merlin.

Merlin lived in a glass palace. Everyone could see everything that he did, and the idea had never occurred to him of trying to conceal one of his deeds, or of causing others to believe what was not true, either by speaking a falsehood or by being silent when he might have spoken. He knew liars by their odor a league off. When Coralie was coming toward the palace, he had to burn vinegar to keep himself from being ill.

Coralie's mother began to explain what was the matter with her daughter. But Merlin stopped her.

"I know why you have come, good lady," he said. "I felt your daughter's approach a long time ago. She is one of the greatest liars in the world."

Coralie was so ashamed that she hid her head under her mother's apron. Merlin spoke so severely that both father and mother were alarmed. Her father stood before her to protect her.

"Do not be afraid," said Merlin. "I am not going to hurt your little girl. I am only going to make her a beautiful present."

He opened a drawer, and took from it a beautiful amethyst necklace, with a diamond clasp to fasten it. This he put on Coralie's neck, and said: "Go in peace, good people, and have no more anxiety. Your daughter takes with her a sure guardian of truth."

To Coralie he said sternly: "In a year I shall come for my necklace. Till then you must wear it constantly. Woe be to you if you dare to take it off for a single instant!"

"Oh, I shall always wear it!" exclaimed Coralie. "I shall want to, it is so beautiful."

The day after Coralie reached home from her long journey she went to school. The little girls crowded round her, crying out in admiration at the sight of her necklace.

"Where did it come from? Where did you get it?" they asked.

"I was sick for a long time," replied Coralie. "When I got well, my father and mother gave me this necklace."

A loud cry arose on all sides. The diamonds of the clasp had become dim. They looked like common glass.

"Yes, I was very sick. What are you making such a fuss about?"

At this second falsehood the amethysts changed to ugly yellow stones. A new cry arose. Coralie saw that everyone was staring at her necklace, and looked down at it herself. She was frightened.

"I have been to the enchanter Merlin's," she said humbly; and the necklace took on its former beauty. But the children laughed at her.

"You need not laugh," cried Coralie, "for he welcomed us with all respect. He sent his carriage to the next town to meet us, such a splendid carriage, with six white horses, pink satin cushions, and a negro coachman with his hair powdered, and three tall footmen up behind. When we reached his palace, which is all of jasper and marble, he met us at the door, and took us into the dining-room. There stood a long table covered with delicious things to eat. First there was —"

Coralie stopped, for the children were shouting with laughter. She glanced down at the necklace and shuddered. With each new bit she had invented, the necklace had become longer and longer, until now it dragged on the ground.

"You are stretching the truth, Coralie," cried the girls.

"Well, I confess it; we walked, and stayed only five minutes."

The necklace shrank instantly to its proper size.

"And the necklace — the necklace — where did it come from?"

"He gave it to me without saying a word. Very likely —"

She could not finish. The fatal necklace grew shorter and shorter till it choked her, and she gasped for breath.

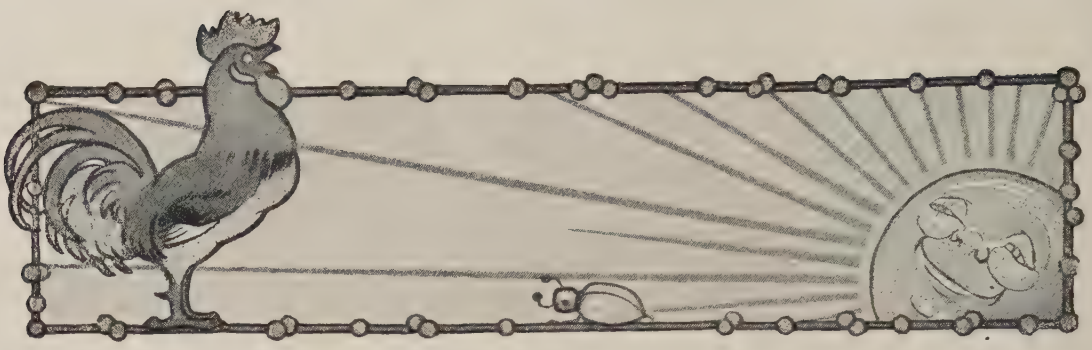
"You are holding back part of the truth," cried her playmates.

"He said — that I was — one of the greatest liars in the world."

The necklace loosened, but she still cried from pain and mortification.

"That was why Merlin gave me the necklace. He said that it was a guardian of truth. What a fool I have been to be proud of it!"

Her companions were sorry for her.



"If I were in your place," said one of them, "I should send the necklace back. Handsome as it is, it is too troublesome."

Poor Coralie did not want to speak, but the stones began to dance up and down with a terrible clatter.

"There is something you are hiding from us," said the little girls, their merriment showing itself again.

"I like to wear it."

The amethysts and diamonds danced more than ever.

"There is a reason which you are keeping from us."

"Well, since I must tell you everything — he forbade me to take it off, telling me some dreadful misfortune would come to me if I did."

Thanks to the necklace, Coralie became a truthful girl. Before long she became so accustomed to telling the truth that she thought no more about it, and the necklace stayed always its proper size and brilliance. Long before the year was up, Merlin came for the necklace. He needed it for another child who told falsehoods.

No one seems to know what has become of this wonderful necklace of Truth. But, if I were a little child in the habit of telling falsehoods, I should not feel quite sure that it might not some day be found again. Could you wear it?

WISE SAYINGS

For every ill beneath the sun
There is a cure or there is none;
If there be one, try to find it;
If there be none, never mind it.

Cock crows in the morn,
  To tell us to rise,
And he who lies late
  Will never be wise.
For early to bed,
  And early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy
  And wealthy and wise.

For want of a nail, the shoe was lost;
For want of the shoe, the horse was lost;
For want of the horse, the rider was lost;
For want of the rider, the battle was lost;

My dear little children you doubtless have heard
That the first worm is caught by the earliest bird.
Mrs. Duck, with her specs. and her bonnet of blue,
Is wishing that she had a lovely worm too.

For want of the battle, the kingdom was lost;
And all from the want of a horseshoe nail.

HURRY AND SPEED

While Speed is filling the bottle, Hurry is spilling the ink;
While Speed is solving the problem, Hurry 's beginning to think.
While Speed is hitting the bull's-eye, Hurry is stringing his bow;
While Hurry is marching his army, Speed is worsting his foe.
Hurry is quick at beginning, Speed is quick at the end.
Hurry wins many a slave, but Speed wins many a friend.

AMOS R. WELLS.
(*By permission.*)

THE MOUSE, THE BIRD, AND THE SAUSAGE

ONCE on a time, a mouse and a bird and a sausage lived and kept house together in perfect peace among themselves, and in great prosperity. It was the bird's business to fly to the forest every day and bring back wood. The mouse had to draw the water, make the fire, and set the table; and the sausage had to do the cooking. Nobody is content in this world: much will have more! One day the bird met another bird on the way, and told him of his excellent condition in life. But the other bird called him a poor simpleton to do so much work, while the others led easy lives at home.

When the mouse had made up her fire and drawn water, she went to rest in her little room until it was time to lay the cloth. The sausage stayed by the saucepans, looked to it that the victuals were well cooked, and just before dinner-time he stirred the broth or the stew three or four times well round himself, so as to enrich and season and flavor it. Then the bird used to come home and lay down his load, and they sat down to table, and after a good meal they would go to bed and sleep their fill till the next morning. It really was a most satisfactory life.

But the bird came to the resolution next day never again to fetch wood; he had, he said, been their slave long enough, now they must change about and make a new arrangement. So in spite of all the mouse and the sausage could say, the bird was determined to have his own way.

They drew lots to settle it, and it fell so that the sausage was to fetch wood, the mouse was to cook, and the bird was to draw water.

Now see what happened. The sausage went away after wood, the bird made up the fire, and the mouse put on the pot, and they waited until the sausage should come home, bringing the wood for the next day. But the sausage was absent so long that they thought something must have happened to him, and the bird went part of the way to see if he could see anything of him. Not far off he met a dog on the road, who, seeing the sausage, had picked him up and made an end of him.

The bird then very sadly took up the wood and carried it home himself, and related to the mouse all he had seen and heard. They were both very troubled, but determined to look on the bright side of things, and still to remain together.

And so the bird laid the cloth, and the mouse prepared the food, and finally got into the pot, as the sausage used to do, to stir and flavor the broth, but then she had to part with fur and skin, and lastly with life!

And when the bird came to dish up the dinner, there was no cook to be seen; and he turned over the heap of wood, and looked and looked, but the cook never appeared again. By accident the wood caught fire, and the bird hastened to fetch water to put it out, but he let fall the bucket into the well, and himself after it, and, as he could not get out again, he was obliged to be drowned.

A WIDOW had two daughters; one was pretty and industrious, the other was ugly and lazy. And, as the ugly one was her own daughter, she loved her much the best, and the pretty one was made to do all the work, and be the drudge of the house. Every day the poor girl had to sit by a well on the high-road and spin until her fingers bled. Now it happened once that, as the spindle was bloody, she dipped it into the well to wash it; but it slipped out of her hand and fell in. Then she began to cry, and ran to her stepmother, and told her of her misfortune; and her stepmother scolded her without mercy, and said in her rage:

"As you have let the spindle fall in, you must go and fetch it out again!"

Then the girl went back again to the well, not knowing what to do, and in the despair of her heart she jumped down into the well the same way the spindle had gone. After that she knew nothing; and when she came to herself she was in a beautiful meadow, and the sun was shining on the flowers that grew around her. And she walked on through the meadow until she came to a baker's oven that was full of bread; and the bread called out to her:

"Oh, take me out, take me out, or I shall burn; I am baked enough already!"

Then she drew near, and with the baker's spade she took out all the loaves one after the other. And she went farther on till she came to a tree weighed down with apples, and it called out to her:

"Oh, shake me, shake me, we apples are all of us ripe!"

Then she shook the tree until the apples fell like rain, and she shook until there were no more to fall; and, when she had gathered them together in a heap, she went on farther. At last she came to a little house, and an old woman was peeping out of it, but she had such great teeth that the girl was terrified and about to run away, only the old woman called her back.

"What are you afraid of, my dear child? Come and live with me, and, if you do the housework well and orderly, things shall go well with you. You must take great pains to make my bed well, and shake it up thoroughly, so that the feathers fly about, for I am Mother Hulda, and when I make my bed it snows down in the world."

As the woman spoke so kindly, the girl took courage, consented, and went to her work. She did everything to the old woman's satisfaction, and shook the bed with such a will that the feathers flew about like snowflakes; and so she led a good life, had never a cross word, but boiled and roasted meat every day. When she had lived a long time with Mother Hulda, she began to feel sad, not knowing herself what ailed her; at last she began to think she must be homesick; and, although she was a thousand times better off where she was than at home, yet she had a great longing to go home. At last she said to her mistress:

"I am homesick, and, although I am very well off here, I cannot stay any longer; I must go back to my own home."

Mother Hulda answered:

"It pleases me well that you wish to go home, and, as you have served me faithfully, I will undertake to send you there!"

She took her by the hand and led her to a large door standing open, and as she was passing through it there fell upon her a heavy shower of gold, and the gold hung all about her, so that she was covered with it.

"All this is yours, because you have been so industrious," said Mother Hulda; and, besides that, she returned to her her spindle, the very same that she had dropped in the well. And then the door was shut again, and the girl found herself back again in the world, not far from her mother's house; and as she passed through the yard the cock stood on the top of the well and cried:

> "Cock-a-doodle doo!
> Our golden girl has come home too!"

Then she went in to her mother, and as she had returned covered with gold she was well received.

So the girl related all her history, and what had happened to her, and when the mother heard how she came to have such great riches she began to wish that her ugly and idle daughter might have the same good fortune. So she sent her to sit by the well and spin; and in order to make her spindle bloody she put her hand into the thorn hedge. Then she threw the spindle into the well, and jumped in herself. She found herself, like her sister, in the beautiful meadow, and followed the same path, and when she came to the baker's oven, the bread cried out:

"Oh, take me out, take me out, or I shall burn; I am quite done already!"

But the lazy-bones answered,

"I have no desire to black my hands," and went on farther. Soon she came to the apple tree, who called out:

"Oh, shake me, shake me, we apples are all of us ripe!"

But she answered:

"That is all very fine; suppose one of you should fall on my head," and went on farther. When she came to Mother Hulda's house, she did not feel afraid, as she knew beforehand of her great teeth, and entered into her service at once. The first day she put her hand well to the work, and was industrious, and did everything Mother Hulda bade her, because of the gold she expected; but the second day she began to be idle, and the third day still more so, so that she would not get up in the morning. Neither did she make Mother Hulda's bed as it ought to have been made, and did not shake it for the feathers to fly about. So that Mother Hulda soon grew tired of her, and gave her warning, at which the lazy thing was well pleased, and thought that now the shower of gold was coming; so Mother Hulda led her to the door, and, as she stood in the doorway, instead of the shower of gold a great kettle full of pitch was emptied over her.

"That is the reward for your service," said Mother Hulda, and shut the door. So the lazy girl came home all covered with pitch, and the cock on the top of the well, seeing her, cried:

> "Our dirty girl has come home too!
> Cock-a-doodle doo!"

And the pitch remained sticking to her fast, and never, as long as she lived, could it be got off.

HOW TO GET BREAKFAST

Said the first little chick
With a queer little squirm,
"I wish I could find
A fat little worm."

Said the next little chick,
With an odd little shrug,
"I wish I could find
A fat little bug."

Said the third little chick,
With a shrill little squeal,
"I wish I could find
Some nice yellow meal."

Said the fourth little chick,
With a small sigh of grief,
"I wish I could find
A little green leaf."

"See here," called the hen,
From the near garden patch,
"If you want any breakfast
Just come here and scratch."

LITTLE RAINDROPS

"O where do you come from,
You little drops of rain,
Pitter patter, pitter patter,
Down the window pane?

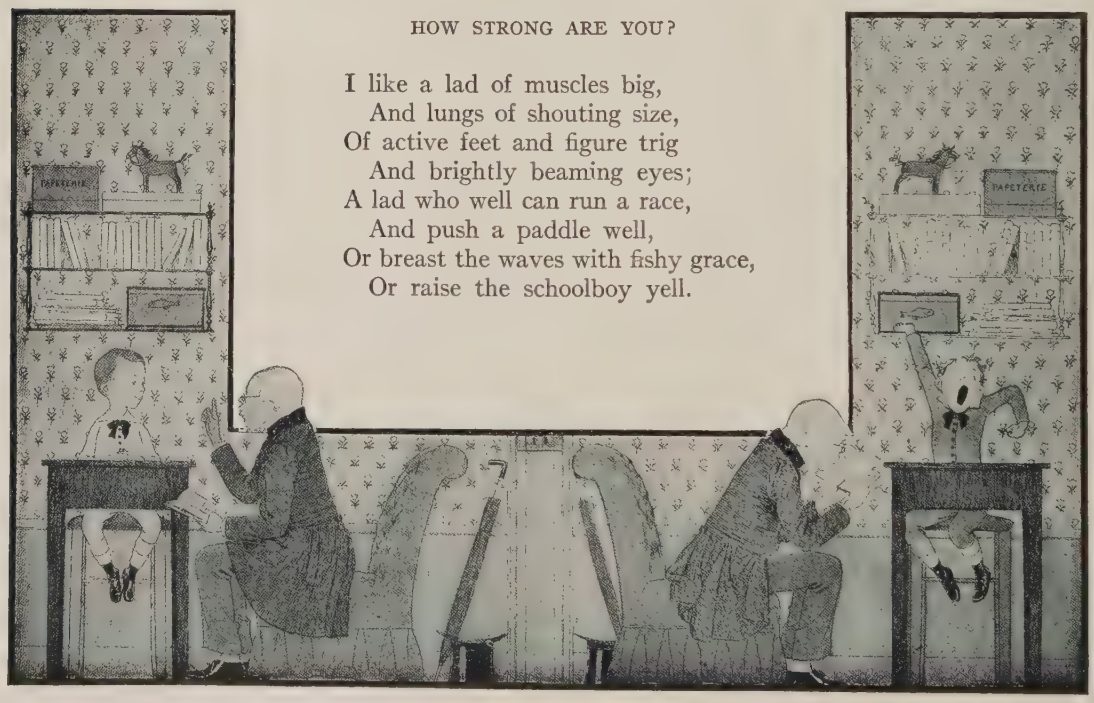
"Tell me, little raindrops,
Is that the way you play —
Pitter patter, pitter patter,
All the stormy day?

"Mother says that I must
Stay all the time in here
Until this gloomy weather
Has changed to sunshine clear.

"So I 'm feeling naughty
With nothing else to do
But sit here at the window —
I 'd rather play with you."

The little raindrops cannot speak;
But pitter-patter-pat
Means, "We can play on this side,
Why can't you play on that?"

MRS. HAWKSHAW.



HOW STRONG ARE YOU?

I like a lad of muscles big,
And lungs of shouting size,
Of active feet and figure trig
And brightly beaming eyes;
A lad who well can run a race,
And push a paddle well,
Or breast the waves with fishy grace,
Or raise the schoolboy yell.

But while he 's strong for work and fun,
  I want him stronger still, —
Yes, strong to help some weaker one,
  And strong of righteous will,
And strong to pray, and strong to praise,
  And strong to answer No;
And if he 's strong in all these ways,
  He 'll conquer every foe.

AMOS R. WELLS.
(*By permission.*)

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed;
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE TWELVE MONTHS

FROM THE GERMAN

THERE was once a peasant woman who had been left a widow with two children. The elder, who was only her stepdaughter, was called Lucie. The younger, her own daughter, was named Sarah. The woman loved her own daughter, but she hated Lucie, simply because she was as beautiful as her half-sister was ugly. Lucie did not know she was beautiful, and could not understand why her stepmother would get into such a fury even at sight of her. It was poor little Lucie who did all the work of the house, while Sarah lived like a princess, and did nothing.

Lucie worked cheerfully, and received reproaches and blows with the sweetness of an angel. But nothing pleased the stepmother, for each day added to the beauty of the elder child and the plainness of the younger.

One day, in the middle of January, Sarah had a fancy for violets.

"Come, Lucie, go get me a bouquet of violets in the woods," she said. "I will put them in my belt and enjoy their perfume."

"Dear me, sister, what an idea! Are there any violets under the snow?"

"Be quiet, stupid," replied Sarah. "Do what I tell you. If you do not go to the woods and bring me back a bunch of violets, I 'll beat you black and blue."

The stepmother seized Lucie by the arm, pushed her out in the snow, and locked the door. The poor girl went to the wood weeping. Everything was covered with snow. There was not even a path. She lost her way; she was hungry; the cold made her shiver. She prayed that God would take her away from her hard life.

Suddenly she saw a gleam of light in the distance. She hurried on and soon came to the summit of a rock. There was a big fire, and around it were twelve stones, and on each stone sat a strange, motionless personage, wrapped in a great cloak and his head covered with a hood that fell over his eyes. Three of these cloaks were white as snow, three were green as the grass in the meadow, three were yellow as ripe grain, and three were purple like ripe grapes. These twelve figures who looked silently at the fire were the twelve months of the year.

Lucie recognized January by his long white beard. He held only a staff in his hand. The little girl was much frightened. She approached, saying in a timid voice, "My good sirs, let me warm myself at your fire. I am freezing."

January nodded.

"Why do you come here, my child?" said he. "What are you looking for?"

THE COOKING LESSON

"I am looking for violets," replied Lucie.

"It is not the season; there are no violets in snow time," said January in his gruff voice.

"I know that," said Lucie, "but my sister and mother will beat me if I do not bring some. My good sirs, do tell me where I shall find them."

Old January rose and addressed a young man in a green hood. He handed him his staff. "Brother March," said he, "this is your affair."

March rose in his turn and stirred the fire with the staff. Instantly the flames rose, the snow melted; red buds covered the branches of the trees. The grass grew green; flowers came up through the turf. The violets opened their leaves. It was spring.

"Quick, child, pluck your violets," said March.

Lucie made a big bouquet, thanked the twelve months, and ran home. Sarah and her mother were astonished. The perfume of the flowers filled the house.

"Where did you find these beautiful things?" asked Sarah disdainfully.

"Up there in the mountain," replied her sister. "There is a blue carpet of them under the bushes."

Sarah put the bouquet in her belt, and did not even thank Lucie.

Next day the wicked sister, dreaming by the fire, felt a desire for strawberries.

"Go get me some strawberries in the woods," said she to Lucie.

"Dear me, sister, what an idea! Are there any strawberries under the snow?"

"Be quiet, stupid. Do what I tell you. If you do not go to the woods and bring me back a basket of strawberries, I 'll beat you black and blue."

Her mother seized Lucie by the arm, pushed her out into the snow, and bolted the door.

The poor girl returned to the woods, looking anxiously for the light she had seen the night before. She was fortunate enough to discover it and came at last near the fire trembling with cold. The twelve months were all in their places, motionless and silent.

"Why do you come here again?" asked January. "What do you seek?"

"I am looking for strawberries," she replied.

"But it is not the season," continued January in his gruff voice. "There are no strawberries under the snow."

"I know it," replied Lucie sadly, "but mother and sister will beat me if I do not bring any back. Please tell me where I can find some."

Old January rose, and, addressing a man in a yellow hood, he handed him the staff, and said, "Brother June, this concerns you."

June rose in his turn, and stirred the fire with the staff. Instantly the flames rose, the snow melted, the land was covered with green grass, the trees with leaves; the birds were singing, the flowers abloom. It was summer. Millions of tiny white stars studded the turf, then they changed to strawberries, and there were ripe berries gleaming bright in their green corols like rubies in the midst of emeralds.

"Quick, child, gather your strawberries," said June.

Lucie filled her apron with the fruit, thanked the twelve months, and ran gladly home.

"Where did you find these beautiful things?" demanded Sarah disdainfully.

"Up there on the mountain," replied her sister. "There were so many, you would think the ground was covered with blood."

Sarah and her mother ate the strawberries, and did not even say thank you to the poor child.

The third day the sister wanted red apples. The same threats, the same violence. Lucie ran to the mountain and was so fortunate as to find the twelve months once more warming themselves, motionless and silent.

"Is that you again, child?" said old January, making room for her near the fire. Lucie told him, crying, that if she did not bring back some red apples her mother and sister would beat her to death.

Good January repeated the ceremony of the day before. "Brother September," said he to a graybeard in a violet hood, "this is your affair."

September rose in his turn and stirred the fire with his staff. The flames rose, the snow melted, the trees put forth yellow leaves which fell one by one as the wind rose. It was autumn. The only flowers were a few late pansies, marguerites, immortelles. Lucie saw but one thing, an apple tree with its bright red fruit.

"Quick, child, shake the tree," said September.

She shook hard; an apple fell. She shook a second time; a second apple fell.

"Quick, Lucie, home with you," cried September sharply.

The good girl thanked the twelve months and ran gladly home.

"Red apples in January! Where did you get these two apples?" asked Sarah disdainfully.

"Up there on the mountain, there was a tree red with them."

"Why did you bring only two? You ate the others on the way."

"I, sister? I never touched them. They only let me shake the tree twice, and only two apples fell."

"I wish you were dead," screamed Sarah, and she struck poor Lucie, who ran away weeping.

The wicked girl tasted one of the apples. She had never eaten anything so delicious. Her mother was of the same opinion. What a shame not to have more!

"Mother," said Sarah, "give me my cloak. I'll go to the forest. I'll find this tree, and, whether they let me or not, I'll shake it till every apple on it is mine." Her mother made objections, but a spoiled child listens to nobody. She put on her cloak, pulled the hood well over her ears, and ran to the forest.

Everything was covered with snow. There was not even a path. She lost her way, but obstinacy and pride urged her on. At last she saw the light in the distance, and finally found the twelve months seated each in his own place, all motionless and silent. Without asking permission, she approached the fire.

"What are you doing here? What do you want? Where are you going?" said old January sharply.

"What's that to you?" replied Sarah. "You don't need to know whence I come or where I am going." And she hurried into the forest.

January rose and raised his staff above his head. In an instant the sky grew black, the fire died out, the snow fell fast, the wind howled. Sarah could no longer see before her. She lost her way, and tried in vain to retrace her steps. She fell down in the snow.

Her mother kept going from the window to the door, from door to window. The hours passed; Sarah did not return.

"I must find my child," she said. "The poor girl must have lost her way looking for those apples." She took her cloak and hood, and ran to the mountain. Everything was covered with snow; there was not even a path. She hurried into the forest, calling her daughter's name. The snow fell, the wind howled. She called and called again. The snow fell, the wind howled.

Lucie waited during the evening and all night. No one returned. In the morning she took her wheel and spun her distaff full; still no news.

"Oh, dear," cried the good girl, weeping, "what has happened?"

The sun shone through an icy fog. The earth was covered deep in snow. Lucie said a prayer for her mother and sister. They never returned to the cottage.

Lucie remained mistress of the house, the cow, and the garden, not to mention the pretty bit of meadow in front of the house. Soon a young farmer came along and offered his heart and his hand. Lucie was soon married. The twelve months did not forget their child. More than once, when the tempest was too strong and the little glass windows rattled in their frames, good old January came and filled up all the crevices with snow, so that the cold never got inside this little home of peace.

And so Lucie lived, always good and always happy.

A WASP AND A BEE

A wasp met a bee that was just buzzing by,
And he said, "Little cousin, can you tell me why
You are lov'd so much better by people, than I?

"My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold,
And my shape is most elegant too, to behold;
Yet nobody likes me for that, I am told."

"Ah, cousin," the bee said, "'t is all very true,
But if I had half as much mischief to do,
Indeed they would love me no better than you.

"You have a fine shape and a delicate wing,
They own you are handsome, but then there's one thing
They cannot put up with, and that is your sting.

"My coat is quite homely and plain, as you see,
Yet nobody ever is angry with me,
Because I 'm a humble and innocent bee."

From this little story, let people beware,
Because, like the wasp, if ill-natured they are,
They will never be loved, if they 're ever so fair.

SLEEPY HARRY

"I do not like to go to bed,"
Sleepy little Harry said;
"So, naughty Betty, go away,
I will not come at all, I say."

Oh, what a silly little fellow!
I should be quite ashamed to tell her;
Then, Betty, you must come and carry
This very foolish little Harry.

The little birds are better taught,
They go to roosting when they ought;
And all the ducks and fowls, you know,
They went to bed an hour ago.

The little beggar in the street,
Who wanders with his naked feet,
And has not where to lay his head,
Oh, he 'd be *glad* to go to bed.

JANE TAYLOR.

TRY AGAIN

'T is a lesson you should heed,
Try again;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try again;
Then your courage should appear,
For if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear,
Try again.
Once or twice, though you should fail,
Try again;
If you would at last prevail,
Try again;
If we strive, 't is no disgrace
Though we do not win the race;
What should we do in that case?
Try again.
If you find your task is hard,
Try again;
Time will bring you your reward,
Try again;
All that other folk can do,
Why, with patience, may not you?
Only keep this rule in view,
Try again.

E. HICKSON.

MR. NOBODY

I know a funny little man, as quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done in everybody's house:
There 's no one ever sees his face — and yet we all agree
That every plate we break was cracked by Mr. Nobody.

'T is he who always tears our books and leaves the door ajar;
He pulls the buttons off our shirts, and scatters pins afar:
That squeaky door will always squeak, for prithee don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done by Mr. Nobody.

He puts damp wood upon the fire, that kettles cannot boil;
His are the feet that bring in mud, and all the carpets soil;
The papers always are mislaid, — who had been last but he?
There 's no one tosses things about but Mr. Nobody!

The finger-marks upon the door by none of *us* are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed to let the curtains fade;
The ink *we* never spill; the boots, that lying round we see,
Are not *our* boots: they all belong to Mr. Nobody!

A CHILD OF LONG AGO

DO WHAT YOU CAN

THERE was once a farmer who had a large field of corn. He harrowed and weeded it with great care, for he depended on this field for the chief support of his family. But, after he had worked hard, he saw the corn begin to wither and droop for want of rain, and he began to have fears for his crop. He felt very sad, and went over every day to look at his corn, and see if there was any hope of rain.

One day he stood looking at the sky almost in despair. Two little raindrops up in the sky saw him, and one said to the other:

"Look at that farmer. I feel sorry for him; he has taken so much pains with his field of corn, and now it is drying up. I do wish I could do him some good."

"Yes," said the other; "but you are only a little raindrop. What can you do? You can't even wet one hillock."

"Well," said the first, "to be sure, I cannot do much, but I can cheer the farmer a little at any rate, and I am resolved to do my best. I'll try. I'll go to the field to show my good will, if I can do no more; so here I go."

The first raindrop had no sooner started for the field than the second one said:

"Well, if you are going, I believe I will go too, here I come."

And down went the raindrops. One came pat on the farmer's nose, and one fell on a stalk of corn. "Dear me," said the farmer, putting his finger to his nose, "what's that? A raindrop! Where did that come from? I do believe we shall have a shower."

By this time a great many raindrops had come together to hear what their companions were talking about. When they saw them going to cheer the farmer and water the corn, one said:

"If you are going on such a good errand I'll go too"; and down he came. "And I," said another; "and I"; and so on, till a whole shower came, and the corn was watered. It grew and ripened — all because the first little raindrop determined *to do what it could.*

"I DON'T WANT TO!"

"DON'T CRY OVER SPILT MILK, DEARIE"

THE BRAHMAN, THE TIGER, AND THE SIX JUDGES

ONCE upon a time, a Brahman, who was walking along the road, came upon an iron cage, in which a great Tiger had been shut up by the villagers who caught him.

As the Brahman passed by, the Tiger called out and said to him, "Brother Brahman, Brother Brahman, have pity on me, and let me out of this cage for one minute only to drink a little water, for I am dying of thirst."

The Brahman answered, "No, I will not; for if I let you out of the cage you will eat me."

"Oh, father of mercy," answered the Tiger, "in truth that I will not. I will never be so ungrateful; only let me out, that I may drink some water and return."

Then the Brahman took pity on him and opened the cage door; but no sooner had he done so than the Tiger, jumping out, said, "Now, I will eat you first and drink the water afterward."

But the Brahman said, "Only do not kill me hastily. Let me first ask the opinion of six, and, if all of them say it is fair and just that you should put me to death, then I am willing to die."

"Very well," answered the Tiger, "it shall be as you say; we will first ask the opinion of six."

So the Brahman and the Tiger walked on till they came to the Banyan tree; and the Brahman said to it, "Banyan tree, Banyan tree, hear and give judgment."

"On what must I give judgment?" asked the Banyan tree.

"This Tiger," said the Brahman, "begged me to let him out of his cage to drink a little water, and he promised not to hurt me if I did so; but now that I have let him out, he wishes to eat me. Is it just that he should do so or no?"

The Banyan tree answered: "Men often come to take shelter in the cool shade under my boughs from the scorching rays of the sun; but when they have rested, they cut and break my pretty branches and wantonly scatter my leaves. Let the Tiger eat the man, for men are an ungrateful race."

At these words the Tiger would have instantly killed the Brahman; but the Brahman said, "Tiger, Tiger, you must not kill me yet, for you promised that we should first hear the judgment of six."

"Very well," said the Tiger, and they went on their way. After a little while they met a Camel.

"Sir Camel, Sir Camel," cried the Brahman, "hear and give judgment."

"On what shall I give judgment?" asked the Camel.

And the Brahman related how the Tiger had begged him to open the cage door, and promised not to eat him if he did so; and how he had afterwards determined to break his word, and asked if that were just or not.

The Camel replied: "When I was young and strong, and could do much work, my master took care of me and gave me good food; but now that I am old, and have lost all my strength in his service, he overloads me and starves me, and beats me without mercy. Let the Tiger eat the man, for men are an unjust and cruel race."

The Tiger would then have killed the Brahman, but the latter said, "Stop, Tiger, for we must first hear the judgment of six."

So they both went again on their way. At a little distance they found a Bullock lying by the roadside. The Brahman said to him, "Brother Bullock, Brother Bullock, hear and give judgment."

"On what must I give judgment?" asked the Bullock.

The Brahman answered: "I found this Tiger in a cage, and he prayed me to open the door and let him out to drink a little water, and promised not to kill me if I did so; but when I had let him out he resolved to put me to death. Is it fair he should do so or no?"

The Bullock said: "When I was able to work my master fed me well and tended me carefully, but now I am old he has forgotten all I did for him, and left me by the roadside to die. Let the Tiger eat the man, for men have no pity."

Three out of the six had given judgment against the Brahman, but still he did not lose all hope, and determined to ask the other three.

They next met an Eagle flying through the air, to whom the Brahman cried, "O Eagle, great Eagle, hear and give judgment."

"On what must I give judgment?" asked the Eagle.

The Brahman stated the case, but the Eagle answered: "Whenever men see me they try to shoot me; they climb the rocks and steal away my little ones. Let the Tiger eat the man, for men are the persecutors of the earth."

Then the Tiger began to roar, and said, "The judgment of all is against you, O Brahman." But the Brahman answered, "Stay yet a little longer, for two others must first be asked."

After this they saw an Alligator, and the Brahman related the matter to him, hoping for a more favorable verdict. But the Alligator said: "Whenever I put my nose out of the water men torment me and try to kill me. Let the Tiger eat the man, for as long as men live we shall have no rest."

The Brahman gave himself up as lost; but again he prayed the Tiger to have patience and let him ask the opinion of the sixth judge. Now the sixth was a Jackal. The Brahman told his story, and said to him, "Uncle Jackal, Uncle Jackal, say what is your judgment?"

The Jackal answered: "It is impossible for me to decide who is in the right and who in the wrong unless I see the exact position in which you were when the dispute began. Show me the place."

So the Brahman and the Tiger returned to the place where they first met, and the Jackal went with them. When they got there, the Jackal said, "Now, Brahman, show me exactly where you stood."

"Here," said the Brahman, standing by the iron tiger-cage.

"Exactly there, was it?" asked the Jackal.

"Exactly here," replied the Brahman.

"Where was the Tiger, then?" asked the Jackal.

"In the cage," answered the Tiger.

"How do you mean?" said the Jackal; "how were you within the cage? Which way were you looking?"

"Why, I stood so," said the Tiger, jumping into the cage, "and my head was on this side."

"Very good," said the Jackal. "But I cannot judge without understanding the whole matter exactly. Was the cage door open or shut?"

"Shut and bolted," said the Brahman.

"Then shut and bolt it," said the Jackal.

When the Brahman had done this, the Jackal said: "Oh, you wicked and ungrateful Tiger, when the good Brahman opened your cage door, is to eat him the only return you would make? Stay there, then, for the rest of your days, for no one will ever let you out again. Proceed on your journey, friend Brahman. Your road lies that way and mine this."

So saying, the Jackal ran off in one direction, and the Brahman went rejoicing on his way in the other.

THE HARES AND THE FROGS

THE Hares were so persecuted by the other beasts, they did not know where to go. As soon as they saw a single animal approach them, off they used to run. One day they saw a troop of wild Horses stampeding about, and in quite a panic all the Hares scuttled off to a lake hard by, determined to drown themselves rather than live in such a continual state of fear. But just as they got near the bank of the lake, a troop of Frogs, frightened in their turn by the approach of the Hares, scuttled off, and jumped into the water. "Truly," said one of the Hares, "things are not so bad as they seem:

"*There is always someone worse off than yourself.*"

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET

A silly young cricket, accustomed to sing
Through the warm, sunny months of gay summer and spring,
Began to complain, when he found that at home
His cupboard was empty and winter was come.
Not a crumb to be found
On the snow-covered ground;

Not a flower could he see,
Not a leaf on a tree.
"Oh, what will become," says the cricket, "of me?"

At last by starvation and famine made bold,
All dripping with wet and all trembling with cold,
Away he set off to a miserly ant
To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant
Him shelter from rain.
A mouthful of grain
He wished only to borrow,
He 'd repay it to-morrow;
If not helped, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

Says the ant to the cricket: "I 'm your servant and friend,
But we ants never borrow, we ants never lend.
Pray, tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm?" Said the cricket, "Not I.
My heart was so light
That I sang day and night,
For all nature looked gay."
"You sang, sir, you say?
Go then," said the ant, "and sing winter away."

Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket
And out of the door turned the poor little cricket.
Though this is a fable, the moral is good —
If you live without work, you must live without food.

THE CAT AND MOUSE IN PARTNERSHIP

A CAT, having made acquaintance with a mouse, professed such great love and friendship for her, that the mouse at last agreed that they should live and keep house together.

"We must make provision for the winter," said the cat, "or we shall suffer hunger, and you, little mouse, must not stir out, or you will be caught in a trap."

So they took counsel together and bought a little pot of fat. And then they could not tell where to put it for safety, but after long consideration the cat said there could not be a better place than the church, for nobody would steal there; and they would put it under the altar and not touch it until they were really in want. So this was done, and the little pot placed in safety.

But before long the cat was seized with a great wish to taste it.

"Listen to me, little mouse," said he; "I have been asked by my cousin to stand godfather to a little son she has brought into the world; he is white with brown spots; and they want to have the christening to-day, so let me go to it, and you stay at home and keep house."

"Oh, yes, certainly," answered the mouse; "pray go, by all means; and when you are feasting on all the good things, think of me; I should so like a drop of the sweet red wine."

But there was not a word of truth in all this; the cat had no cousin, and had not been asked to stand godfather; he went to the church, straight up to the little pot, and licked the fat off the top; then he took a walk over the roofs of the town, saw his acquaintances, stretched himself in the sun, and licked his whiskers as often as he thought of the little pot of fat; and then when it was evening he went home.

"Here you are at last," said the mouse; "I expect you have had a merry time."

"Oh, pretty well," answered the cat.

"And what name did you give the child?" asked the mouse.

"Top-off," answered the cat, dryly.

"Top-off!" cried the mouse; "that is a singular and wonderful name; is it common in your family?"

"What does it matter?" said the cat; "it's not any worse than Crumb-picker, like your god-child."

A little time after this the cat was again seized with a longing.

"Again I must ask you," said he to the mouse, "to do me a favor and keep house alone for a day. I have been asked a second time to stand

godfather; and, as the little one has a white ring round its neck, I cannot well refuse."

So the kind little mouse consented, and the cat crept along by the town wall until he reached the church, and going straight to the little pot of fat devoured half of it.

"Nothing tastes so well as what one keeps to oneself," said he, feeling quite content with his day's work. When he reached home, the mouse asked what name had been given to the child.

"Half-gone," answered the cat.

"Half-gone!" cried the mouse; "I never heard such a name in my life! I'll bet it 's not to be found in the calendar."

Soon after that the cat's mouth began to water again for the fat.

"Good things always come in threes," said he to the mouse; "again I have been asked to stand godfather; the little one is quite black, with white feet, and not any white hair on its body; such a thing does not happen every day, so you will let me go, won't you?"

"Top-off, Half-gone," murmured the mouse, "they are such curious names, I cannot but wonder at them!"

"That 's because you are always sitting at home," said the cat, "in your little gray frock and hairy tail, never seeing the world, and fancying all sorts of things."

So the little mouse cleaned up the house and set it all in order. Meanwhile the greedy cat went and made an end of the little pot of fat.

"Now all is finished one's mind will be easy," said he, and came home in the evening, quite sleek and comfortable. The mouse asked what name had been given to the third child.

"It won't please you any better than the others," answered the cat. "It is called All-gone."

"All-gone!" cried the mouse. "What an unheard-of name! I never met with anything like it! All-gone! whatever can it mean?"

When the winter had come and there was nothing more to be had out-of-doors, the mouse began to think of their store.

"Come, cat," said she, "we will fetch our pot of fat; how good it will taste, to be sure!"

"Of course it will," said the cat; "just as good as if you stuck your tongue out a window!"

So they set out. When they reached the place they found the pot, but it was standing empty.

"Oh, now I know what it all meant," cried the mouse; "now I see what sort of a partner you have been! Instead of standing godfather you have devoured it all up; first Top-off, then Half-gone, then — "

"Will you hold your tongue!" screamed the cat; "another word, and I devour you too!"

And the poor little mouse, having "All-gone" on her tongue, out it came, and the cat leaped upon her and made an end of her. And that is the way of the world.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

THE Hare was once boasting of his speed before the other animals. "I have never yet been beaten," said he, "when I put forth my full speed. I challenge anyone here to race with me."

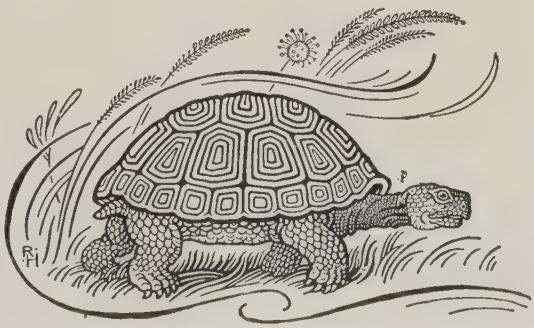
The Tortoise said: "I accept your challenge."

"That is a good joke," said the Hare; "I could dance round you all the way."

"Keep your boasting till you've beaten," answered the Tortoise. "Shall we race?"

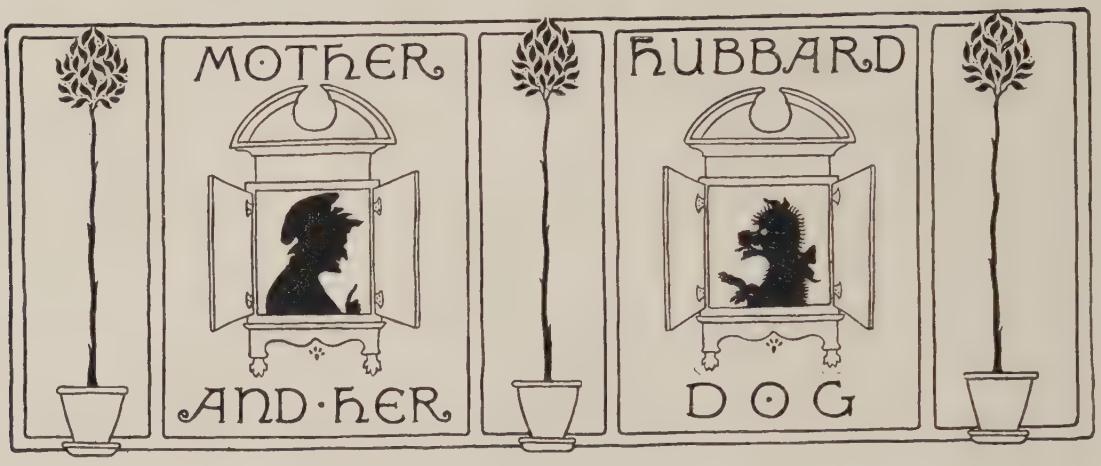
So a course was fixed and a start was made. The Hare darted almost out of sight at once, but soon stopped and, to show his contempt for the Tortoise, lay down to have a nap. The Tortoise plodded on and plodded on, and, when the Hare awoke from his nap, he saw the Tortoise just near the winning-post and could not run up in time to save the race. Then said the Tortoise:

"*Plodding wins the race.*"



MORE STORIES TOLD BY PICTURES

FROM OLD MOTHER HUBBARD, THE ANCIENT AND IMMORTAL NURSERY RHYME, TO THE MODERN TEDDY BEAR AND AËROPLANE— A REMARKABLE SERIES OF ADVENTURES

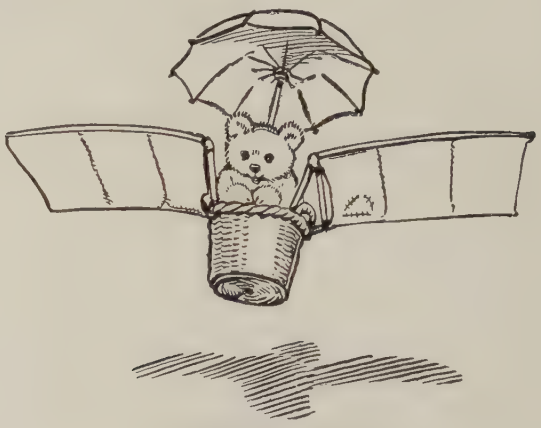


She went to the tavern
For white wine and red,
But when she came back,
The Dog stood on his head.
She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig,
But when she came back,
He was dancing a jig.
She went to the hatter's,
To buy him a hat,
But when she came back,
He was feeding the cat.
She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit,
But when she came back,
He was playing the flute

She went to the sempstress
To buy him some linen,
But when she came back,
The Dog was a-spinning.
She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose,
But when she came back,
He was drest in his clothes.
The Dame made a curtsey,
The Dog made a bow;
The Dame said, "Your servant,"
The Dog said, "Bow-wow!"
This wonderful Dog
Was Dame Hubbard's delight,
He could sing, he could dance,
He could read, he could write.
She gave him rich dainties
Whenever he fed,
And erected a monument
When he was dead.

A TEDDY BEAROPLANE STORY IN PICTURES

TEDDY BEAR AND GOLLY READ THE FLY BOOK, AND DECIDE TO LEARN TO FLY



BETTER LUCK THIS TIME

FOR THEIR FIRST ATTEMPT, LUCKILY, THERE ARE STAIRS AND THE BOX IS ON WHEELS

A TRIP WITH GOLLY ENDS ALMOST BEFORE IT STARTS WHEN THE BEAROPLANE STRIKES A TREE

TEDDY BEAR AND GOLLY GO TO THE AËROPLANE SHOW; THEY SET TO WORK, CAT AND DUCK ADVISING; THE BEAROPLANE BURSTS; THE DUCK GIVES A LESSON IN FLYING

THEY TRY AGAIN; REALLY OFF THIS TIME; THEY BREAK DOWN IN MID-OCEAN; DUCK CARRIES THEM ASHORE, WHERE BUNNY TELLS THEM THE SOLDIERS HAVE THEIR MACHINE

THEY STORM THE FORT WITHOUT SUCCESS; ANOTHER ATTEMPT, DISGUISED AS BOY SCOUTS; THIS TIME THEY SUCCEED AND FLY GAILY OFF; TEDDY BEAR AND GOLLY ARE GIVEN A BANQUET AND A SILVER CUP

THREE MORE SNAPSHOTS OF THESE THRILLING ADVENTURES, BEFORE WE LEAVE TEDDY BEAR AND GOLLY

THE DUCK CARRYING GOLLY AND TEDDY BEAR ASHORE AFTER THEIR FALL INTO THE WATER

A HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT BETWEEN TEDDY BEAR AND A SOLDIER; GOLLY TO THE RESCUE

A SECOND TRIP OVER THE ISLAND

THE PEEK-A-BOOS, BY CHLOË PRESTON

At the top is Araminta, whose birthday it is. She has just had a present of this huge brown Teddy Bear. Next is Eugenia, who has just decided the poodle needs to have his hair cut. She is not very experienced with scissors, as you can plainly see. Below are the two boys, the soldier with his drum-major cap, and Adolphus, dressed as clown to go to a party.

THE WHITE PUPPY starts the day in a gay mood. His breakfast does not please him, and he tries by looking cross to make Cook give him more, which he does not do. Then he starts for a walk. He calls on the pups next door. They are ready for anything, but cannot go out of the yard. He plays with them awhile, and then goes to see Pet who lives two doors away. Pet is too comfortable to move. The White Puppy goes home, feeling full of mischief. He sees a mutton bone on the kitchen table and takes it. Now he has a good meal and is happy as can be. He sits up smiling till he hears his master's step. When his master walks by, he pretends to be asleep. A sparrow flies near and he tries in vain to catch him. Then he goes to sleep in good earnest, but is rudely wakened, for Cook has missed the mutton bone and comes hunting for him.

TELL the story yourself this time, but remember that the pictures go crosswise on the page. Begin with the one in the left-hand upper corner. The White Puppy is feeling happy, is he not? But the kittens are feeling happy, too. What is going to happen? And what does happen in the picture in the lower right-hand corner? Whose milk is the White Puppy drinking in the other picture on the top row? Something will happen there in a moment. And what do you suppose he had been doing when the little round picture in the center was taken? Was it after he stole the mutton bone? Did he perhaps come back a long time after the boot had been thrown? He would look like this, would he not? And is he visiting his family in the picture at the bottom? What a basketful of puppies it is! You will just have to guess, for his master did not mark these pictures when he sent them to us.

AT THE DESERT SCHOOL

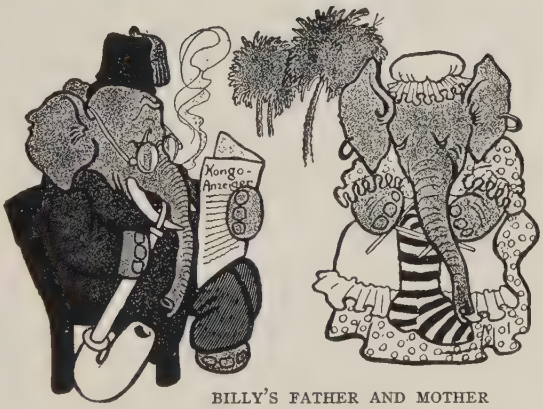
BILLY'S EXPERIENCES

BILLY was an elephant who lived in the jungle. His father and mother decided to send him to the Desert School. He did not want to go, but when he got there he had a very good time. Mr. Monkey was the teacher. In the front row sat the leopard, the giraffe, who fascinated Billy from the first, the rhinoceros, the baboon, the cinnamon bear, Billy, and the panther. Behind them sat the peccary, the gnu with wavy horns, the hippopotamus, the goose, and the cockatoo. And there was another row behind.

BILLY ON THE HORIZONTAL BARS

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS

Billy and the hippopotamus and the rhinoceros decided to form an athletic club. They practiced all sorts of exercises — running, jumping over bars, standing on their heads, and so forth. One day they delighted all the animals by making a pyramid.



BILLY'S FATHER AND MOTHER

One of the animals who saw them make this pyramid was the beautiful giraffe. All the three performers fell in love with her. The rhinoceros sent her a love letter. The hippopotamus mailed his photograph. But Billy waited until it was night, and then went and trumpeted a serenade under her window. This charmed the giraffe so greatly that she fell in love with him and consented to marry him. And in the last picture on the next page you see the bride and groom as they appeared at the wedding.

THE RHINOCEROS

THE PYRAMID

THE RHINOCEROS SENT HER A LOVE LETTER, BUT BILLY SERENADED HER

THE WEDDING

THE TENNIS MATCH: ARRIVING; A MISFIT AND AN ACCIDENT; THE GREAT PLAY

THE TWINS — SHARING A FOOTSTOOL — OVER THEY GO — DRIVEN OUT IN DISGRACE

THE TWINS

CECIL ALDIN tells the story. No! Snip tells it, for it is Snip who minds being a twin. Two's company, they say, but Snip remarks that it depends entirely upon the two.

The people in the house only allow them one footstool, you see. But no Snip, worthy the name, would share the footstool with a Snap. So that makes trouble at once.

They make so much noise that they are driven into the kitchen. But Cook does not want them out there. So they are sent out-of-doors in disgrace, all because they are twins. It is a great mistake, says Snip, to be a twin. Never be one if you can help it.

They go hunting to forget their troubles. And sure enough there is a real live Bunny-rabbit, all waiting ready for them. They start for it, creeping closer and closer. But Snap barks and gets ahead. Whoop! it is gone. I told you so, says Snip. They follow fast, but just as Snip is on the Bunny — at least, so he says — Snap trips him up, and they roll over and over while the Bunny disappears into a hole. Oh! why, says Snip, was I ever born a twin?

They follow Bunny into the hole. But it turns out to be a tunnel and goes through the bank. All this trouble for nothing. But they go through and come out the other side.

Here is water — beautiful, cool, wet water. What a joyful sight!

Splish-wish-whoof-splutter!

Help! help! help!

It was Snip who was in trouble. He called and called to Snap to give him his paw or to let him take hold of his tail to pull himself out. But Snap sat whining on the bank. So Snip

GOING HUNTING — THERE BUNNY GOES — THEY TRIP EACH OTHER UP — INTO THE HOLE AFTER BUNNY

OUT AGAIN, AND NOW FOR A DRINK — HELP! HELP! — HE RESCUES HIMSELF — "WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT?"

had to rescue himself, which did not please him at all. And when he got out, Snap stopped his crying and began to laugh. That was too much for Snip. There was nothing funny about it. Snap was dry and he was wet. They were a bit more different than usual, that was all.

But Snap kept on laughing. The more he looked, the more he laughed. That was too much for anyone, twin or no twin, to stand. So Snip gave Snap a good shower bath, and before long Snap was as wet as he. Now Snip felt decidedly better.

They had some more adventures before they got home, and were feeling in a very frisky mood when they entered the yard and saw the clothesline. Snap made for it, and Snip was not going to let him have all the fun. Besides, Snip had had no notion things could tear down so easily. This was a really ripping game. And the shirts, or whatever they were, made beautiful towels to roll on and dry themselves off with. It was great fun.

Then Snip suggested that they have a tug of war. He should take the sleeve-end, and Snap could have the tail-end. If the tail came off, Snap would lose. If the sleeve came off, Snip won. It was a beautiful game.

But — here came Louisa! Cross as two sticks, too!

That ended it all.

They were miserable prisoners. Shut up in the nursery. Not a thing to do — nothing to pull to bits. Even the hearth-rug was taken away.

And all Snap's fault. Of course you see that. Take my advice, says Snip, though unluckily it is too late for me now to take it. It is a terrible mistake to be a twin.

THE CLOTHESLINE — DRYING OFF AFTER THE BATH — A TUG OF WAR — KEPT IN

ANIMAL SILHOUETTES

IN FARMYARD AND FIELD

A SCENE FROM "WHEN JOHN WAS KING"

See page 351 of this volume.

ABOUT PLAYS AND PUPPETS

MOST boys and girls would rather be in a play than watch one. Would n't you? There is nothing that is more fun than making shadow pictures and running puppet plays in a toy theater, or than dressing up and taking a part, whether in charades for people to guess, tableaux for people to admire, or real scenes with a story and conversation and acting. When you were a little boy you played at being a soldier, or as a little girl you wore a long dress and pretended to be a grown-up lady. Don't think that now you are too old to "pretend." Act every good story you read, and recite every good bit of dialogue you come across, and you will have a great deal of fun and get good training besides.

HOW TO GO ABOUT IT

Always do things for the fun that is in them, not to show off. That is a safe rule for acting as well as everything else. Don't give a play for other people first. Begin and act out things among yourselves, trying this story and that, until you know what you can do best. Then sometime pick out the play you have practiced on longest and do it for an audience of your father and mother and neighbors.

Plan what costumes you should have. A box or chest in which to save costumes is a very handy thing for all actors. Learn how to make simple costumes. (You will find good ideas and helps in Volume VI in the chapter on "Pageants and Costumes," pages 269–273.) Also watch for a chance to pick up things which will be useful. An old scarf, or a faded sash, even a chair-throw which has been discarded, will make a turban for a Turk, a sash for a princess, or a train for a sweeping gown.

Keep an eye out for "properties" — a hassock which has been put away, faded curtains which will do for drapery, a stand, a screen. Anything which you can collect in this line will be useful, and will also prevent your pulling the house to pieces when you happen to feel like acting. If you have a closet or a play room where you

can keep these "stage properties," you are very fortunate. A barn or an attic or a summer-house or out-of-doors are the best places to act plays, for then you can make all the noise you please without disturbing other people.

Keep an eye out too for good scenes to do. Watch in your books at school or at home for things that you can try. You want something with a good deal of conversation, not too many characters (though often one person can play two parts if they do not appear together and there is time to change between times), and not too many places where the action takes place. In making up your plays from stories you can often put the scenes together or move them and have them all happen in one place instead of in several, as they do in the book. For instance, in a Robin Hood play out-of-doors you can have all the scenes take place in one or at most two places, at the cross-roads where the characters meet, and in the green glade where they find Robin or have their greenwood scene. This will save the need of explaining each time where your people are, which is tiresome. Take fairy-tale scenes, books like Robinson Crusoe, King Arthur stories, adventure tales, hero stories — anything with good action in it that you can lay hands on, and try it. Write the parts yourself. You will soon find it an easy matter to take the conversation in the book and fill in with speeches that will explain what has been described as happening in the paragraphs between which are not conversation. Plan your beginning to have a good opening scene where all the characters come in and talk, letting the audience know who they are. (Even if you have no audience, the fun of acting is to play that you have and make them think you are the characters you are playing, not your real selves.) Find out what it is that happens in the story, and have that acted out, winding up slowly to what is the real point for which you give the play. Then have a final scene when the happy result comes about, the prince and princess marry, the lad is knighted, or the hero honored. If you keep these things in mind and watch what works out well as you try it, and what falls flat, you will soon be able to tell how to put a scene together.

Change parts. Don't have one person play the same kind of part all the time. You will get more fun and more variety if you try your hand at all sorts of acting. And do different styles of scenes. Try tableaux for good effects in grouping, charades and shadow pictures for pantomime without talk, and scenes and real plays for speaking and acting. Get up an out-of-door pageant in summer that will include a little of all three. And don't give up if there are but two or three of you. All sorts of schemes can be worked out by taking more than one part or by "imagining," which is half the fun. Finally you will be ready to act the plays that follow on pages 322–356 and those in Volume VIII.

PUPPET PLAYS

NO end of fun is gained from puppet plays. First of all, there will be the sport of making the puppets. Simple puppets may be made by the younger child, and more complicated puppets by the older child, but no matter what the age of the creator he will enjoy his work.

Puppet plays or marionette plays have been popular for years, but in our day Tony Sarg has made them rise to even greater popularity. Grown folks as well as children flock to theaters to see puppet shows, and some of these toy figures act their parts in such real fashion that the audience may at times forget that they are watching puppets moved about by strings and wires.

Stories full of action and conversation with a humorous element in them are best adapted to puppet plays. Mother Goose rhymes for the younger children, folk tales, fairy tales, and tales of adventure for the older children lend themselves well to dramatization with puppets. Animals, birds, fairies and witches are as appropriate as persons, and the transformations called for by magic can easily be made.

HOW TO MAKE PUPPETS

Some of the easier puppets to make are the common rag doll, sateen and cambric animals stuffed with cotton, colored pictures pasted on cardboard, cardboard silhouettes painted, puppets made of painted wood, rubber-hose puppets with a nipple for a head and weights for the

feet, clothespin puppets, and ten-cent store figures, such as brown sponge bears and celluloid dolls.

The common rag doll is one of the most satisfactory puppets, but it requires a great deal of originality to make it. Any small pieces of cloth, silk, cotton or wool may be used for it.

Small animals may be made of sateen and cambric. They need seldom be jointed; but the larger animals have a better effect if they are jointed The double screw-eye for jointing is very useful; leather, tape, or hinges work well also.

To make spots on a leopard, put patches of cloth or water color on the plain animal; ink spots may be used to make a spotted cat, dog, or pig. Use white buttons for eyes for negro boys. A dog can be made from a piece of cotton, with thread twisted around to shape its head, body and tail.

Cardboard puppets are very easy to make. They must be alike on both sides of the figure so that they may be moved equally well in any direction. One usually moves a cardboard puppet with a handle made of a narrow strip of cardboard which is attached to the puppet below the part which is seen by the audience.

Clothespins make good fairies. One can use tinfoil heads and crepe paper dresses of different colors.

Larger dolls should be made with shoulder and elbow joints and a joint between hip and knee. These joints should be loose enough to allow free action. Clothing should be loose enough not to interfere with the action of the puppets. Girl dolls' skirts should be full but not too long.

FIVE STRING PUPPETS

Use either fine wire or heavy thread to string puppets. The thread should be long enough to conceal the hands of the one who is playing them.

STAGING A PUPPET SHOW AS A MEANS OF ENJOYING LITERATURE
Seventh Grade, Tower Hill School, Wilmington, Delaware.

Each puppet is strung on two ten-inch sticks of light-weight wood which are held in the hands of the operator. Five strings are used. The feet are strung to one stick and the head and arms to the other. Each foot is fastened from the toe, and the thread is next tied two inches from the end of the stick. The head string is fastened from the top of the head and is tied to the middle of the other stick. The hands are also strung from this stick by strings extending from each hand to both ends of the stick. It is most convenient to hold the stick that operates the head and arms in the left hand and the one for the feet in the right hand. If the puppet is top-heavy, weights may be fastened to the soles of the feet. The limbs and chest must be particularly firm. A piece of wood or wire put in them will brace them. The lower part of the body may be left softer. Cardboard in the hands and soles of the feet stiffens them. The space at the elbows, knees, and other joints which move must be kept limp for free movement. Tape may be used for joining the arms and legs. The face may be pasted on the flat, stuffed head. Plaster or cotton soaked in glue or shellac and then covered with a second covering of cloth makes a good face. Hair of wool or silk, or theatrical hair may be sewed to the head.

THE STAGE

A stage may be made by hanging a curtain across a doorway several feet from the floor. The puppets appear above the curtain. This does not allow for stage furniture and scenery though it is good for the simplest puppet plays.

A hole of the size of the stage wanted, may be cut in the middle area of a screen high enough from the floor to hide the heads of the children who manipulate the puppets. The puppets may be worked from the bottom instead of the top. A good screen may be made from three pieces of beaver board fastened together with leather strips.

A still better theater may be made from a common wooden packing case placed on its side so that the open top becomes the front of the stage and the lower side is the floor. The ends of the box may be taken off so that the puppets can move on and off the stage readily. The theater may be placed on a table, and a screen placed on each side. A brown cardboard covering may be used to hide the legs of the table and the feet of the children who are helping.

A short border curtain may be made from white drawing paper, painted in water color and tacked across the top of the stage. Wings made of cardboard and decorated may be stood up at each side of the entrance, but are not really essential. Scenery on large sheets of white drawing paper may be tacked to the beaver board at the back of the stage.

One person should be responsible for changing the scenery, one for changing costumes of puppets, and one for re-arranging the stage furniture. The more puppets one has, the less need there will be for changing costumes, and the better will be the puppet play.

A PUNCH-AND-JUDY SHOW

THIS is one of the oldest of what we call puppet plays — that is, plays performed by pasteboard or wooden figures managed by wires or strings on the stage of a toy theater. Hundreds of years ago in England traveling showmen used to go about carrying a wooden Punch-and-Judy show and setting it up on the village green, where the puppets would go through their antics, to the delight of a fifteenth-century audience. The pictures will make you want to try it in your theater. Here is their story. Remember that it is farce of the most ridiculous sort, just pure nonsense, but interesting partly because of its fun and partly because it is so old and well known.

Mr. Punch comes forward, rings his bell to summon the audience, and makes his bow, but with the big stick in his hand which is to get him into so much trouble.

Punch sings:

> "I'm such a good-natured old chap,
> I wear a nice hump on my back,
> I've a beautiful nose,
> And a fine suit of clothes,
> And a stick — to fetch you a whack."

Then he calls for Judy — and here is a bit of the old play:

PUNCH. Judy! Judy! Judy! Judy, Judy, come —

Cut out pasteboard figures as nearly like the pictures as you can. Mount them on sticks with slits in the end.

Then stand behind your toy stage with the sticks in your hand, and make the figures go through the proper motions.

JUDY (*pops up*). Now, Mr. Punch, I'm busy, can't wait a second. There 's this and that, and t'other and which, all got to be done first. Now! What do you want?

PUNCH. Oh! nothing, only wanted to know if you 'd like a nice — new — beautiful — silk dress, but as you're busy it's of no consequence. Any time next year will do.

JUDY (*sidling up a little*). Punch-wunchy, dear old Punchy, I'm not so very, very busy. Let 's go at once.

PUNCH. Well! that will do, if you can't be sooner. But give me a kiss first.

(*They hug each other affectionately and then dance a jig.*)

JUDY. Now I'll go and dress the baby.

PUNCH. And don't forget to put a clean collar on Toby. (*Toby barks.*)

PUNCH (*calling*). Toby, Toby, old dog — Here! cats, rats, seize 'em! fetch 'em! Whoop!

TOBY. Bow-wow-wow.

PUNCH. Come here! Shake hands, Toby, you're a nice good-tempered dog. (*Toby snarls.*) With such a cheerful smile. (*Toby snaps at his nose.*) Oh, my nose! my best Sunday nose! my only nose! (*Enter Jim Crow.*)

Then Jim Crow appears, and in spite of his smiling face he and Punch get to quarreling, Punch calling Jim "Black-face" and Jim returning the compliment by calling Punch "Red-nose," and as you know by this time, that is more than Punch will stand. The stick comes out, Jim is beaten, and goes off the stage.

To soothe his temper Punch starts for a ride on his donkey. But everything goes wrong to-day. The donkey kicks and throws Punch off. Punch begins to shout — and here is a bit more of the old play:

PUNCH. Oh! I'm killed! I'm dead! Doctor! Doctor! (*Enter Doctor.*)

DOCTOR. Ha! my good friend Punch. How's my friend Punch? Let me feel your tongue.

PUNCH. Oh! I'm dead.

DOCTOR. No, no! Not so bad as that. Let me look at your pulse.

PUNCH. Yes! Dead as a door-nail. All my bones are broken and I can't move.

DOCTOR. Oh, I'll give you a tonic, such a good one! (*Fetches stick.*) "Before taken to be well shaken." (*Shakes Punch and then whacks him.*)

PUNCH. Oh! I'll pay your bill. (*Takes the stick and knocks the Doctor down.*) That 's the way to pay the Doctor. (*Calls.*) Judy! Judy! Judy! Where 's the baby?

JUDY. Here, Punchy, here 's the pretty little thing. Now take care of him while I go round the corner. (*Goes round the corner.*)

Punch gets tired of holding him and throws him out the window. His wife comes back and asks for the baby, and he throws her, too, telling her to go after him and find him.

Now the Crocodile comes in, and Punch rushes at him with his stick, thinking it will be great fun to see how far his stick will go down the Crocodile's throat. But things are not always to be so easy for Punch. The Constable comes to call Punch to order for making such a noise and disturbing the peace. Punch laughs at him, but while they are disputing the Policeman comes. "I've an order in my pocket to lock you up," says the Policeman. "And I've an order in my mind to knock you down," says Punch, and does so.

But the Constable and the Policeman arrest him and take him off to prison. The next scene shows him in prison.

PUNCH IN PRISON

(*Enter Hangman.*)

HANGMAN. Now, Mr. Punch, come out and be hanged! I 'm in a hurry.

PUNCH. But I 'm not. (*Hangman drags him out.*)

HANGMAN. Now, no nonsense, put your head in there. (*Points to noose.*)

PUNCH. Here? Here? Here? (*Putting his head everywhere but in the noose.*)

HANGMAN. No. Stupid! There!!

PUNCH. Well! How am I to know? I never was hanged before.

HANGMAN. That's true. Well! I 'll show you; evidently you don't know how it 's done. See now, put your head in like this. (*Puts his head in the noose.*)

PUNCH. Yes; and you pull the rope like this. (*Pulls the rope and hangs the Hangman.*) Oh, it 's quite easy when you 're used to it. That 's the way to serve the Hangman.

(*Sings: What a day we 're having.*)

Now I don't care for anybody or anything.

(*Enter Ghost.*)

GHOST. Boo—ooo—ooooo! ! ! I 've come for Punch — the man who was to be hanged.

PUNCH. Oh! there he is. (*Points to Hangman.*) Take him away. I don't want him.

GHOST. Thank you — much obliged. (*Takes Hangman.*)

PUNCH. Good night.

(*Ghost disappears.*)

PUNCH. That 's the way to get rid of the Ghost. Well, they are all gone now. I 've settled all my enemies, so I 'm going to live in peace and quiet. Good night, little boys and girls! Good night, everybody! Good night! Good night!

TWO MORE NONSENSE PLAYS FOR YOUR TOY THEATER

HERE are two nonsense songs written a great many years ago by Edward Lear, who also wrote limericks and "The Owl and the Pussy-cat" and a great many other funny verses. Trace the animals or figures on thin paper and then cut them out of thick cardboard, or better still, take paper and scissors and cut out a kangaroo and a duck by looking at these and making them as like the drawings as you can. Then use them in your toy theater while one person recites the verse and the other manages the strings or wires to make them move. First the Kangaroo will hop, and the Duck talk to him. Then the Duck will try, but fall. The Kangaroo will return, the Duck balance on his tail, and they will be off.

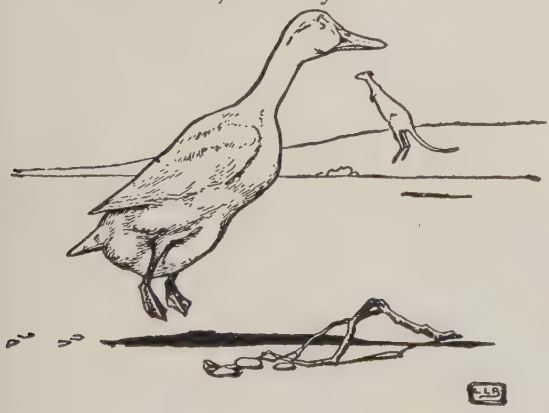
THE DUCK AND THE KANGAROO

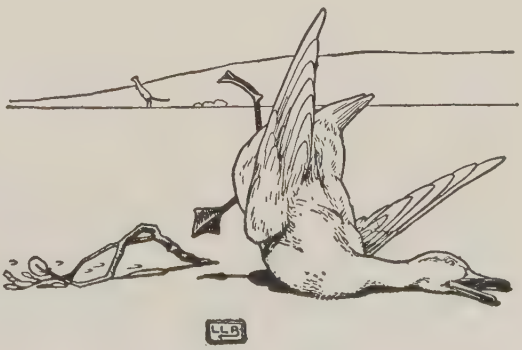
I

Said the Duck to the Kangaroo,
"Good gracious! how you hop!
Over the fields and the water too,
As if you never would stop!
My life is a bore in this nasty pond,
And I long to go out in the world beyond!
I wish I could hop like you!"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

II

"Please give me a ride on your back!"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.
"I would sit quite still, and say nothing but
'Quack,'

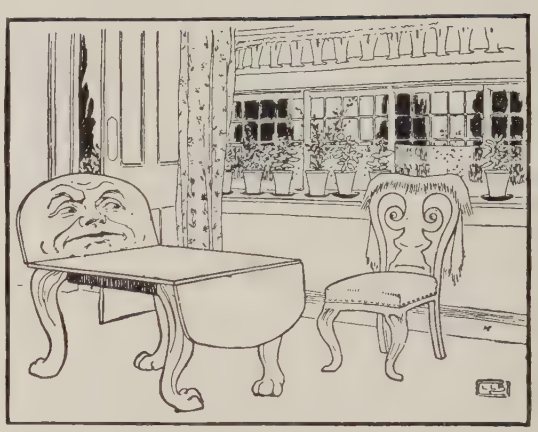




The whole of the long day through!
And we 'd go to the Dee, and the Jelly Bo Lee,
Over the land, and over the sea; —
Please take me a ride! O do!"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

III

Said the Kangaroo to the Duck,
"This requires some little reflection;
Perhaps on the whole it might bring me luck,
And there seems but one objection,
Which is, if you 'll let me speak so bold,
Your feet are unpleasantly wet and cold,
And would probably give me the roo-
Matiz!" said the Kangaroo.



THE TABLE MAKES FIRST ADVANCES BY LIFTING HIS HEAD AND SPEAKING TO THE CHAIR

IV

Said the Duck, "As I sat on the rocks,
I have thought over that completely,
And I bought four pairs of worsted socks
Which fit my web-feet neatly.
And to keep out the cold I 've bought a cloak,
And every day a cigar I 'll smoke,
All to follow my own dear true
Love of a Kangaroo!"

V

Said the Kangaroo, "I 'm ready!
All in the moonlight pale;
But to balance me well, dear Duck, sit steady!
And quite at the end of my tail!"
So away they went with a hop and a bound,
And they hopped the whole world three times round;
And who so happy — O who,
As the Duck and the Kangaroo!

DINING ON BEANS AND BACON

THE TABLE AND THE CHAIR

Said the Table to the Chair,
"You can hardly be aware
How I suffer from the heat,
And from chilblains on my feet!
If we took a little walk,
We might have a little talk!
Pray let us take the air!"
Said the Table to the Chair.

Said the Chair unto the Table,
"Now you *know* we are not able!
How foolishly you talk,
When you know we *cannot* walk!"
Said the Table with a sigh,
"It can do no harm to try;
I 've as many legs as you,
Why can't we walk on two?"

So they both went slowly down,
And walked about the town
With a cheerful bumpy sound,
As they toddled round and round.
And everybody cried,
As they hastened to their side,
"See! the Table and the Chair
Have come out to take the air!"

But in going down an alley,
To a castle in the valley,
They completely lost their way,
And wandered all the day,
Till, to see them safely back,
They paid a Ducky-quack,
And a Beetle, and a Mouse,
Who took them to their house.

Then they whispered to each other,
"O delightful little brother!
What a lovely walk we 've taken,
Let us dine on Beans and Bacon!"
So the Ducky and the leetle
Browy-Mousy and the Beetle
Dined and danced upon their heads
Till they toddled to their beds.

This scene is more difficult to do. Make a cardboard Table and Chair, drawing faces on them. Your scene will open with a room with the furniture in place. Suddenly the Table will speak, then the Chair, and they will start for a walk, "with a cheerful bumpy sound" The Duck, Beetle, and Mouse will appear and bring them home to dine happily on the Table.

OFF FOR FOREIGN LANDS

SCENES AND TABLEAUX FROM THE "SEA GULL" VOYAGE

[Being suggestions for the use of the material in "Child Life in Many Lands," Volume VII, pages 309–398, with an opening scene written as a sample, and several tableaux and scenes suggested for the boys and girls to work up the details.]

Scene I. The Start

Setting: A room with two rows of chairs arranged by twos to represent hydroplane, with a single seat in front for the captain. Ropes, anchor, etc., will add to the effect. These will be the seats for at least part of the audience who will be admitted during Scene I. One end of the room must be curtained or screened off, and the chairs should face toward it. Small table and chair just inside the door.

(*Two boys are at the table, one standing with a paper megaphone tube in his hand, the other sitting, sorting tickets.*)

Megaphone Man. This way, please, this way. Don't miss your chance. Ten minutes only, and the "Sea Gull" will be off for its wonderful trip to foreign lands. Round the world with Santa Claus! This way.

(*Children begin to come to the door. A mother appears with her little boy and girl.*)

Mother. One full fare and two half-fares, please.

Ticket Man. No, madam. No older people allowed. I 'm sorry, but that is our captain's rule.

Mother. But I must go with them. How can I let them go around the world alone?

Ticket Man. Not alone, madam, but with Santa Claus.

Boy. Please let us go, mother.

Girl. Yes, do, mother.

Mother. Really, I don't know what to do. Let me speak with your captain and find out where he is going and how long they would be gone.

Megaphone Man. Just a moment, there. One at a time. Form in line and do not crowd. Plenty of time to get your tickets.

(*Children can be seen through the open door.*)

Ticket Man. Indeed, madam, Santa Claus never shows himself to older people, and never announces his route. He guarantees to be back with them by Christmas Eve.

Megaphone Man (*speaking in ordinary voice, horn held at side*). Really, madam, I must beg you to hurry. Others are waiting.

Boy. Please let us go.

Girl. Yes, please, mother.

Mother. There, I suppose children are safe anywhere with Santa Claus. All right, dears, good-by. (*Puts paper money down on table.*)

Ticket Man. No half-fares, madam. Full fares for children on this trip.

Mother. Oh, yes, of course. (*Pays.*) Good-by. Give my love to Santa Claus. I used to know him well. (*Goes out.*)

Boy and Girl. Good-by. (*Enter and take seats. Other children follow quickly.*)

Another Girl (*Entering and looking round*). But where 's Santa Claus?

Megaphone Man (*aside*). Never appears till the hydroplane starts, madam. (*Shouts.*) This way, this way! Two minutes left before the "Sea Gull," Santa Claus' new hydroplane, never seen before, starts on its "Round the

world" trip. (*More children appear at door.*) Ah, that 's better. One at a time.

TICKET MAN. Any seats you wish, sir. All are the same price, none reserved.

MEGAPHONE MAN. One minute left, room for two more. There we are. Yes, room for you two. (*Closes door.*) Passenger list closed. All in your seats, please. Good morning, sir. (*Santa Claus comes in through another door, or through a window. He is dressed in usual costume, but wears captain's cap with visor and gold band.*)

SANTA CLAUS. Good morning, children. Glad to see you.

ALL. Good morning, Santa Claus.

SANTA CLAUS. So you all want to go round the world with me.

ALL. Yes, sir; yes, sir.

SANTA CLAUS. I can show you some interesting sights. It 's a wonderful world. The more I see of it, the better I like it. Some of its children don't know me, but I travel round every little while so that I 'll know all of them when they do find out who I am. Nice children, just as nice in one place as in another. That reminds me — before we start you must make me a couple of promises. Will you?

BIG BOY. Oh, yes, Santa, we 'll promise anything.

SANTA CLAUS. These are easy things to promise, but you must n't forget them. First, you must obey me. That is always the first rule on a ship. If I tell you to sit still, you must sit still. If I let you go ashore, you must come aboard when I say the word, even if you are having the best kind of a time sliding down mountains in Switzerland, or playing with the brown babies of the Philippines. Do you promise? Hold up your hands now. Everyone.

ALL. We promise, Santa Claus.

SANTA CLAUS. All right for No. 1. Now for No. 2. You must carry your best manners with you and always be polite to the children we visit. They 'll do some things you think are mightily queer, but mind you don't laugh or make fun of them. If you do, I 'll — well, I won't tell what I 'll do.

BIG BOY. We won't laugh, Santa Claus.

GIRL. No, we 'll be polite.

SANTA CLAUS. Do you promise?

Copyright, Underwood & Underwood

A RIDE IN JAPAN

ALL. We promise.

SANTA CLAUS. Fine! Now we're off. Loosen the ropes, Mr. Megaphone Man, and pull in the anchor, Mr. Ticket Man. That 's it. Here we go. All aboard for foreign parts.

(*Two minutes intermission.*)

TABLEAU I. AT YEE LEE'S PARTY

Figures: A baby, his father, and his grandmother, in Chinese costume. (See pictures in Vol. V, and in Vol. I, pages 332 and 333, for ideas for loose-flowing garments.)

(*Ticket Man and Megaphone Man pull aside curtain across corner of room. A baby is seen seated on a table. Behind him are pretty shoes and caps brought to him as presents by his rela-*

tives. All about him are small articles indicating occupations — a pen, coins, a big gilt button, etc. Only his father and his grandmother can be seen standing beside him.)

SANTA CLAUS. Now we are in China, at Yee Lee's birthday party. He does not have to wait a year for a birthday party. He had one when he was a month old, when they gave him his name. "Little Stupid," they called him, for they thought if they gave him such an ugly name the evil spirits would not notice him. Now they are watching to see what kind of a man he will be. If he chooses the pen and plays with it, they will expect him to be a scholar; if the money, then he will go into business; if the button, which is a mandarin's button, he will grow up to be a mandarin, who is a very great man indeed. See how eagerly they watch him.

(*All watch the baby, who is quite sure before long to seize something from the articles with which he is surrounded.*)

SANTA CLAUS. Ah! he is going to be a — (*depending on what the baby has chosen*).

(*Curtain.*)

Another good Chinese tableau is a Chinese school of the old days (see Volume VII, page 321), with Spring Dog going on the opening day, Opening Brightness reciting, etc., and the master listening as he "backs his book."

Next, all, both audience and characters in tableaux, can join, with Santa Claus leading, in a group of Chinese games, described on page 325, catching fishes in the ark, call the chickens home, and tiger trap.

SANTA CLAUS. Come, now, all aboard the "Sea Gull." We can't stop and play any longer, much as we should like to. Say good-by everybody.

(*The American children try to shake hands. The Chinese bow low to the ground and shake their own hands, the right shaking the left. The Chinese children go over to the corner and stand till the curtain is drawn on them. The Americans have meanwhile taken their seats on the "Sea Gull."*)

This scene and the tableaux will show you how you can turn the stories in "Child Life" into an impromptu play for an afternoon's fun. "A Stay-at-Home Story of Spain" can be done as a dialogue between Winkie and Nina. The Australian market, with "Who will buy a boy? Who needs a girl?" will make a good scene, with some talking as well as dumb show of purchasing children. The little boy who begs to have his sister taken with him will be the chief figure. Jussuf, as guide in Turkey, can be the chief speaker in a very good scene in which the American boys follow him, getting water from the water-carrier, going to the Turkish school, which can be fully acted, watching him kneel for his prayers, and going finally to his home. An India scene can be opened by a recitation of the Phillips Brooks verse letter, and have a scene with Timmaya, and Tungi's wedding fully acted out.

A Japanese top fight, Gotfried's party in Sweden, Hafid's school in Persia, the story of Cinderella in Egypt, told by Little Comfort, and a visit with Kalakaua will all be good scenes, while you will find a dozen pretty tableaux as you re-read the stories. It will probably be better to leave the Christmas story for a separate afternoon, and have Santa Claus bring his party straight home from the Pacific Islands and dismiss them. Do not try to be too ambitious and crowd too much into one time. It will be fun to play scenes from the "Sea Gull" a dozen times. Then finally you can pick out the parts you do best and make a regular performance to which you invite people outside your own group of playmates, who will all be either audience or players.

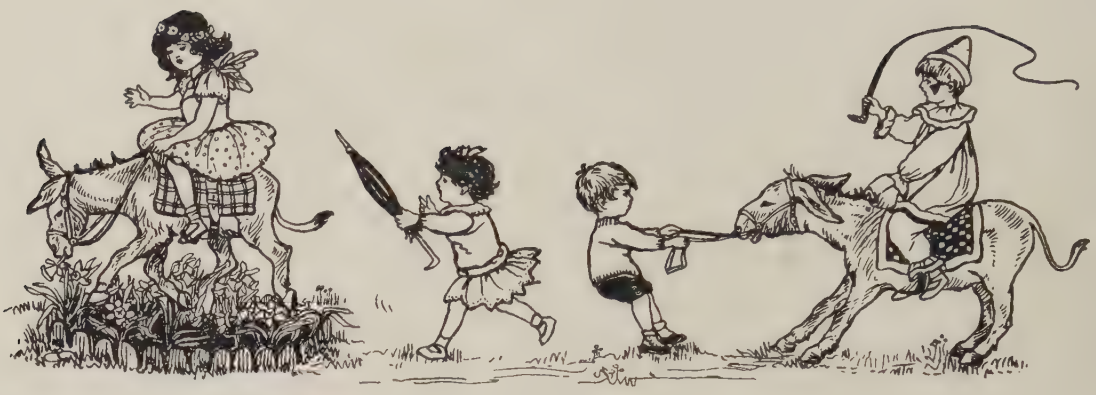
THE ACROBATS

Tommy and Johnny standing on their heads, and Baby Ruth doing her remarkable trick of biting her toe.

THE RACE

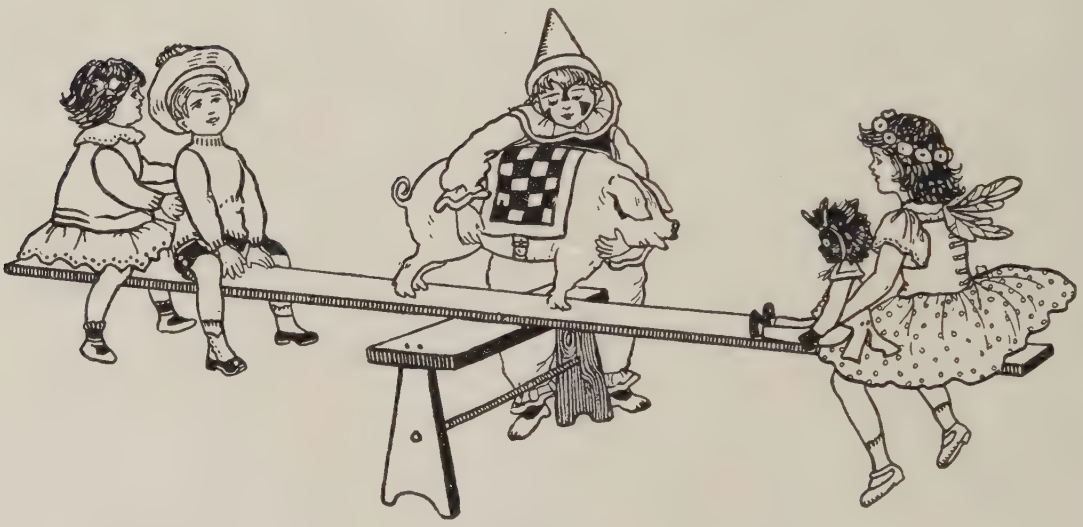
WEIGHT-LIFTING BY THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD

THE TRAPEZE



THE DONKEY RACE

A poor start, with Ned in the flower bed, and Nelly balking.



THE SEESAW

Which balanced very well when the pig was in the middle, though the clown had to steady him, as he did not seem to like it very well.

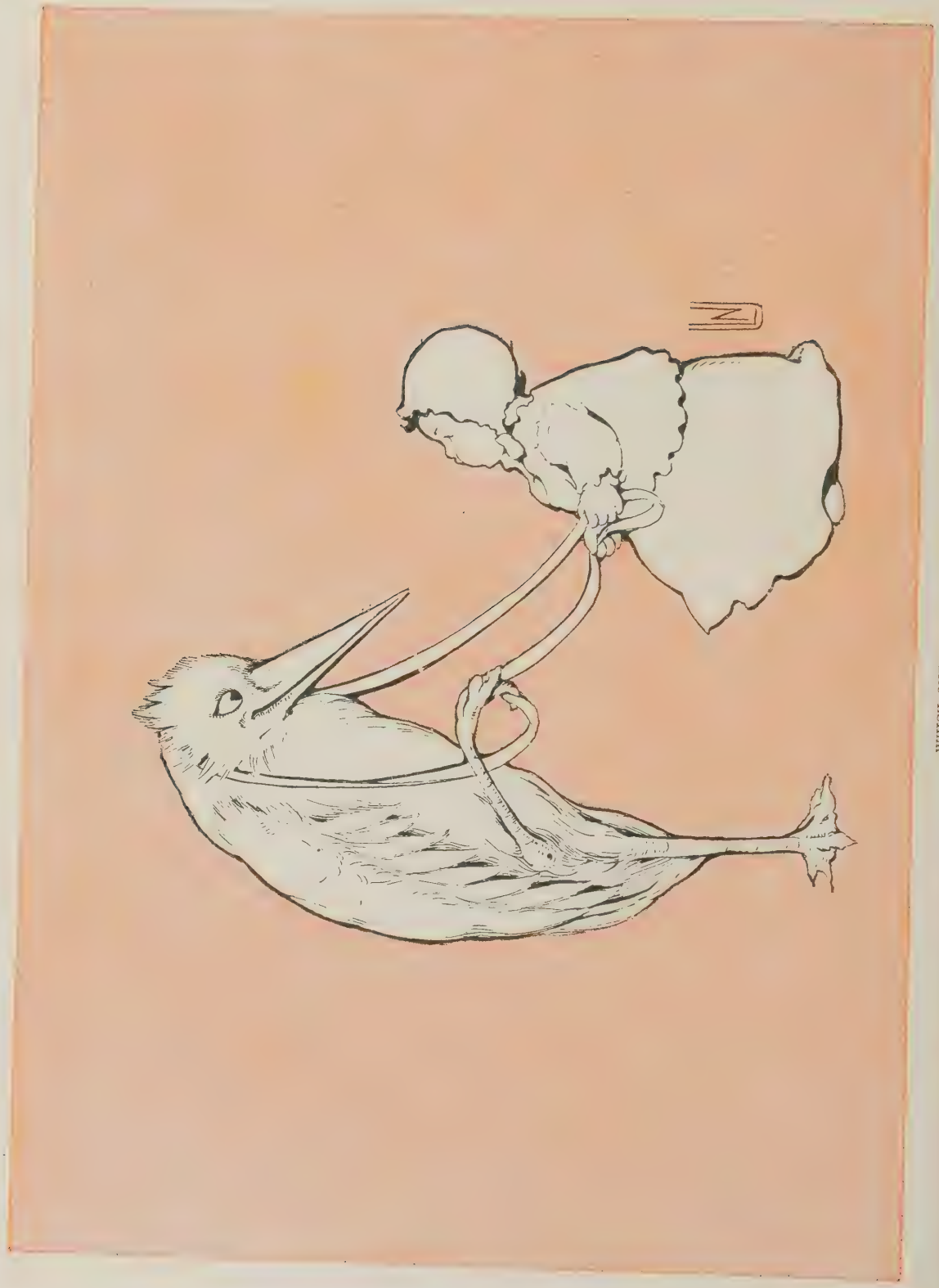
THE AUDIENCE WHO CLAPPED VERY MUCH

Driving out to see the fair
In their go-cart rich and rare,
Mister Bunny and his wife
Gaily make the most of life.
William Goat looks proud & feels
The dignity of bright blue
wheels.

TELLING THE RABBITS A STORY

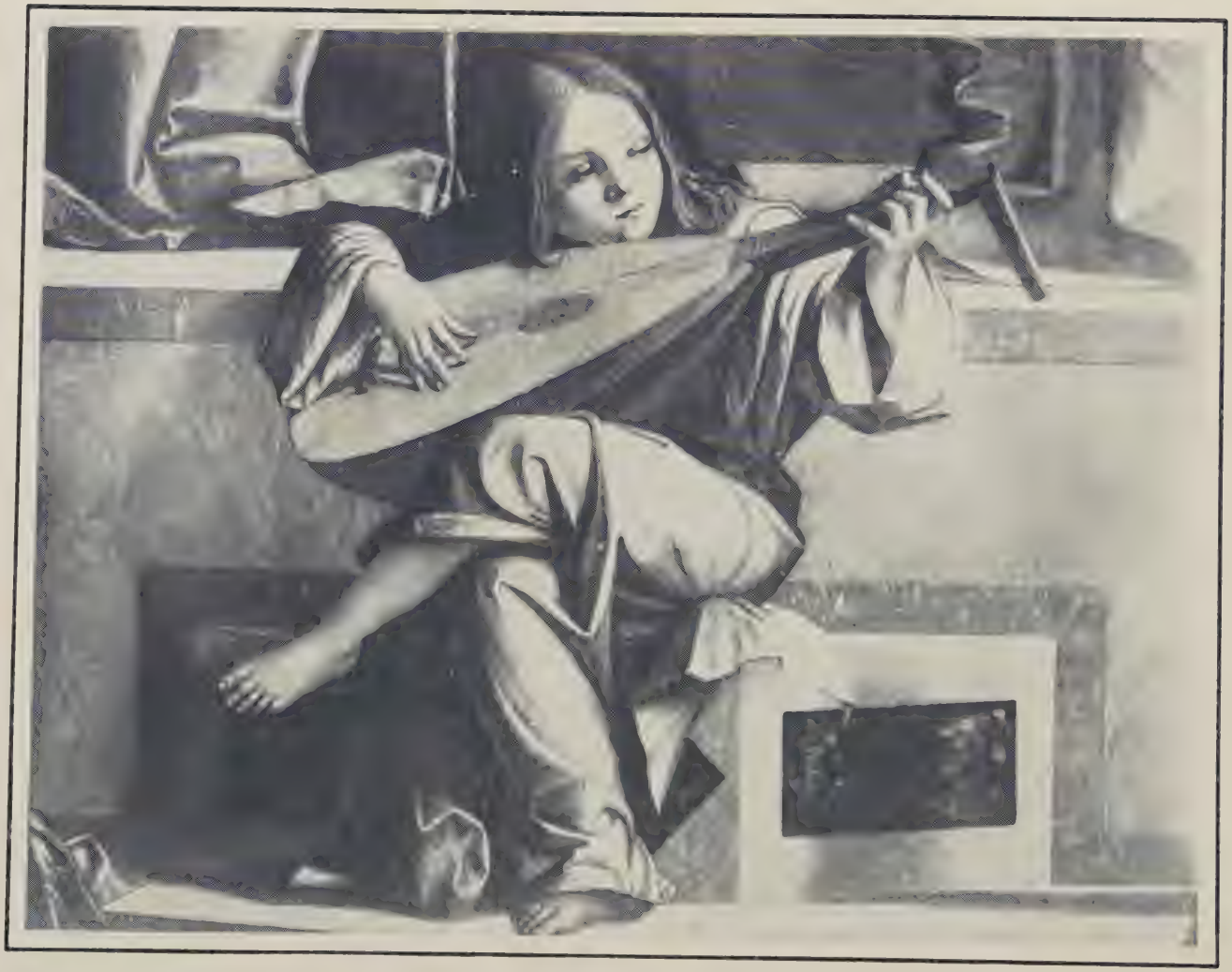
A VISIT WITH THE SQUIRRELS

GETTING ACQUAINTED



WHICH ONE IS DRIVING?

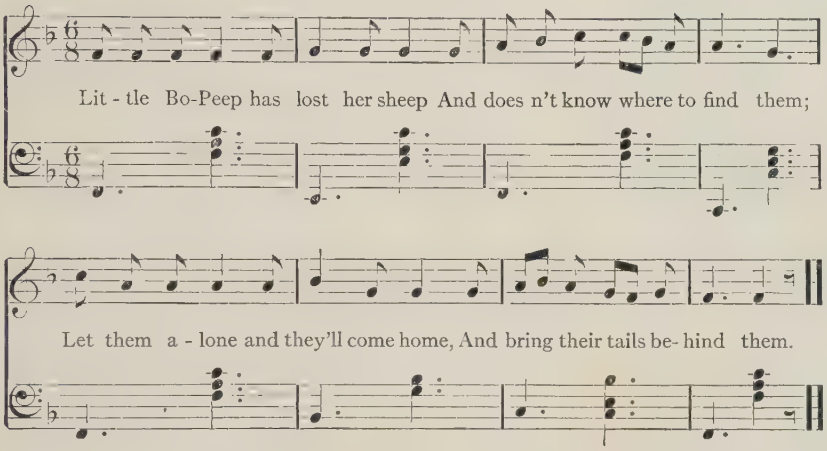
READY FOR WINTER



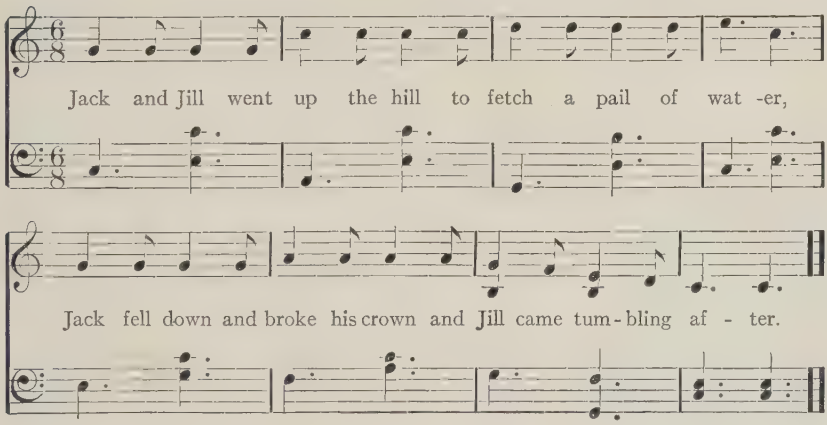
ANGEL WITH LUTE

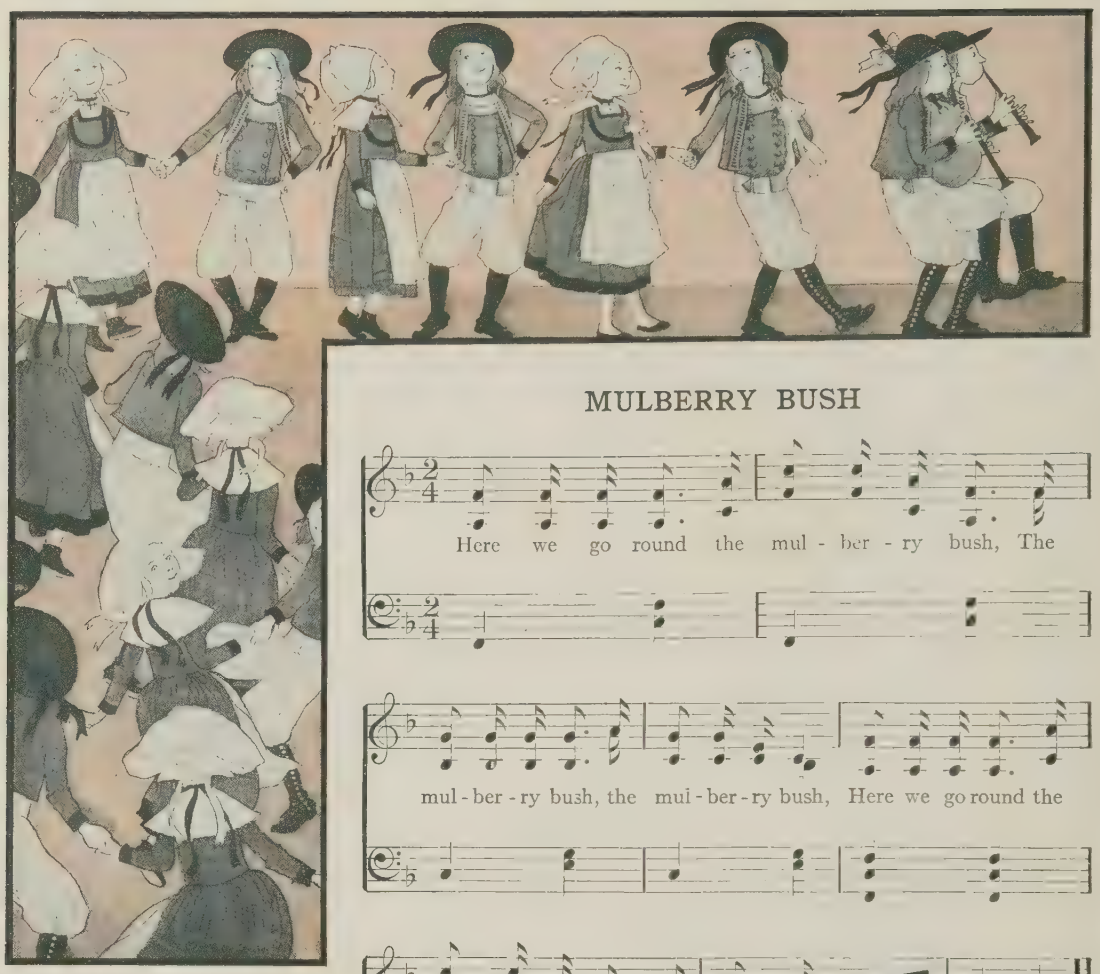
By Vittore Carpaccio (1470-1522.)

LITTLE BO-PEEP

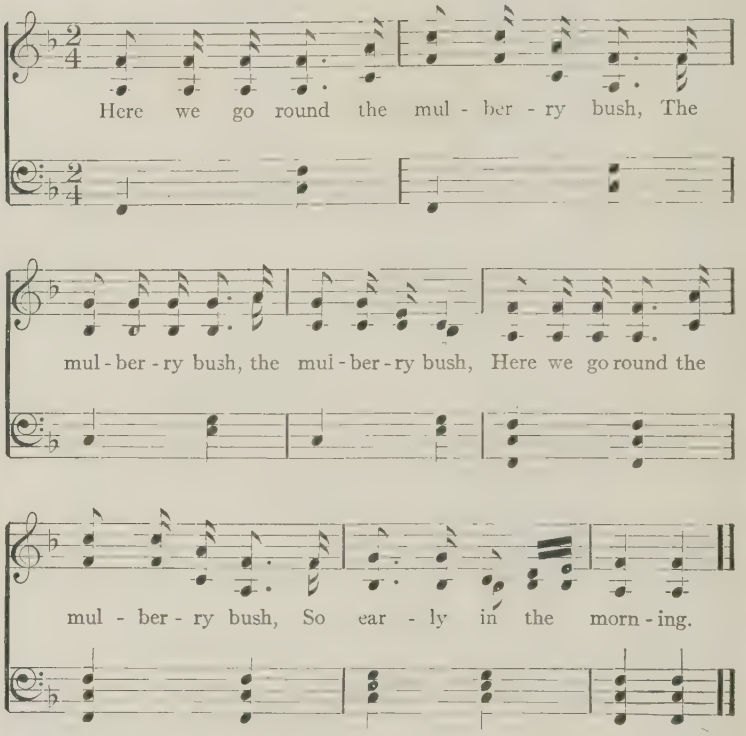


JACK AND JILL

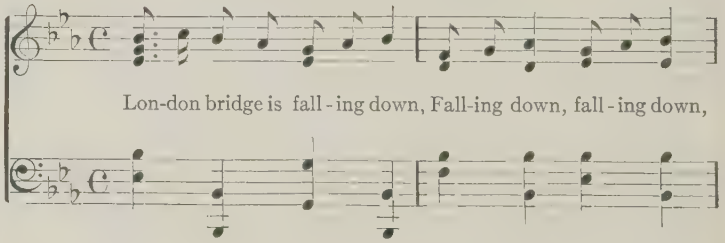


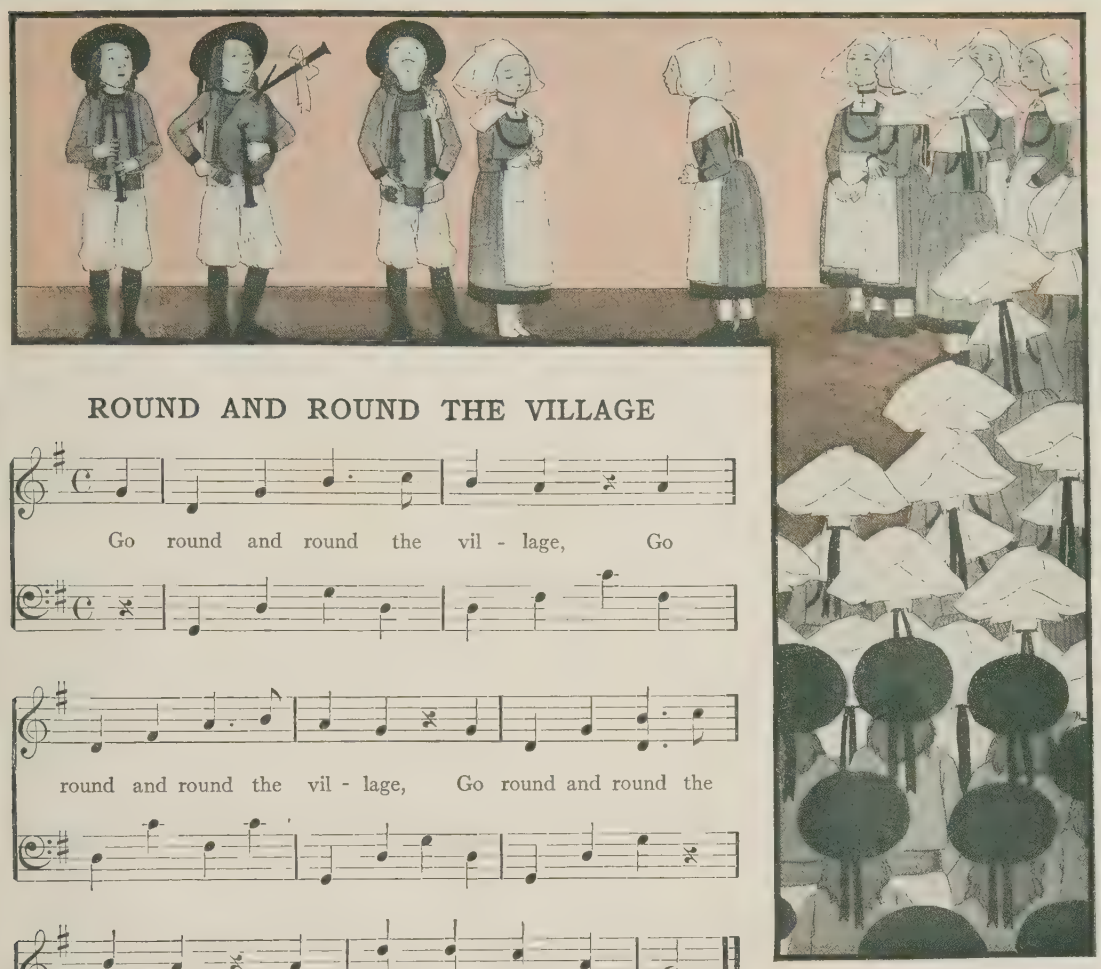


MULBERRY BUSH

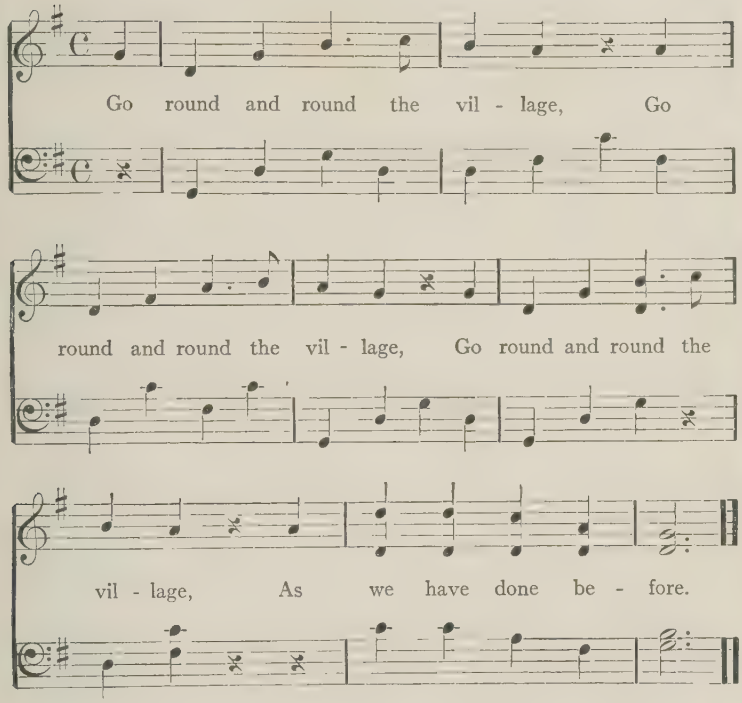


LONDON BRIDGE

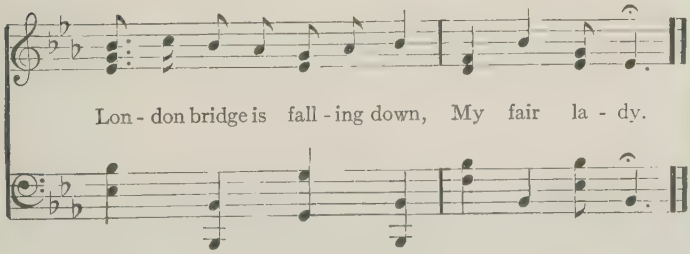


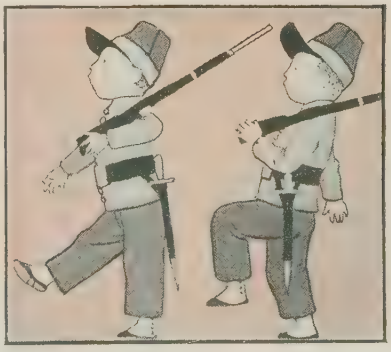


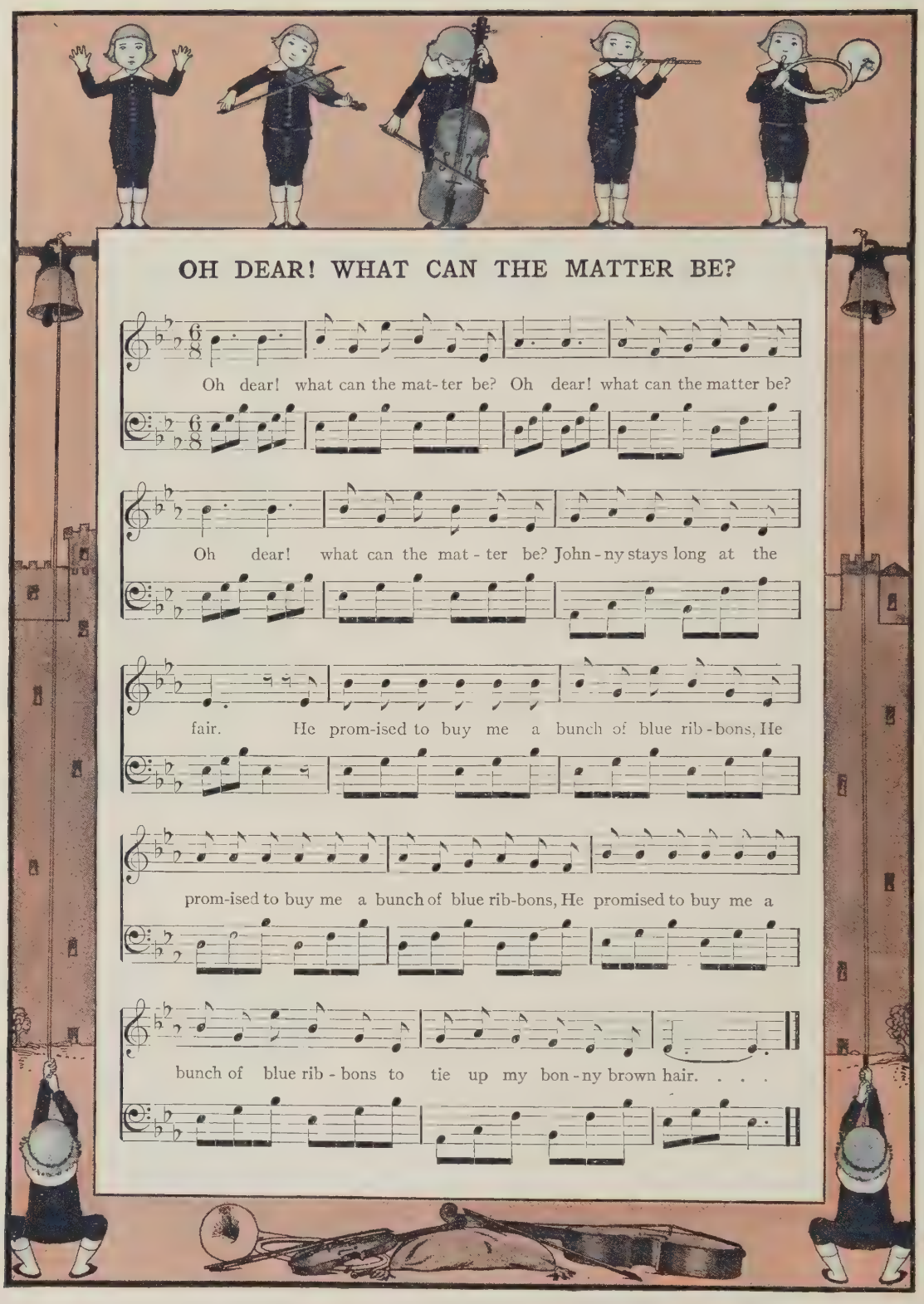
ROUND AND ROUND THE VILLAGE

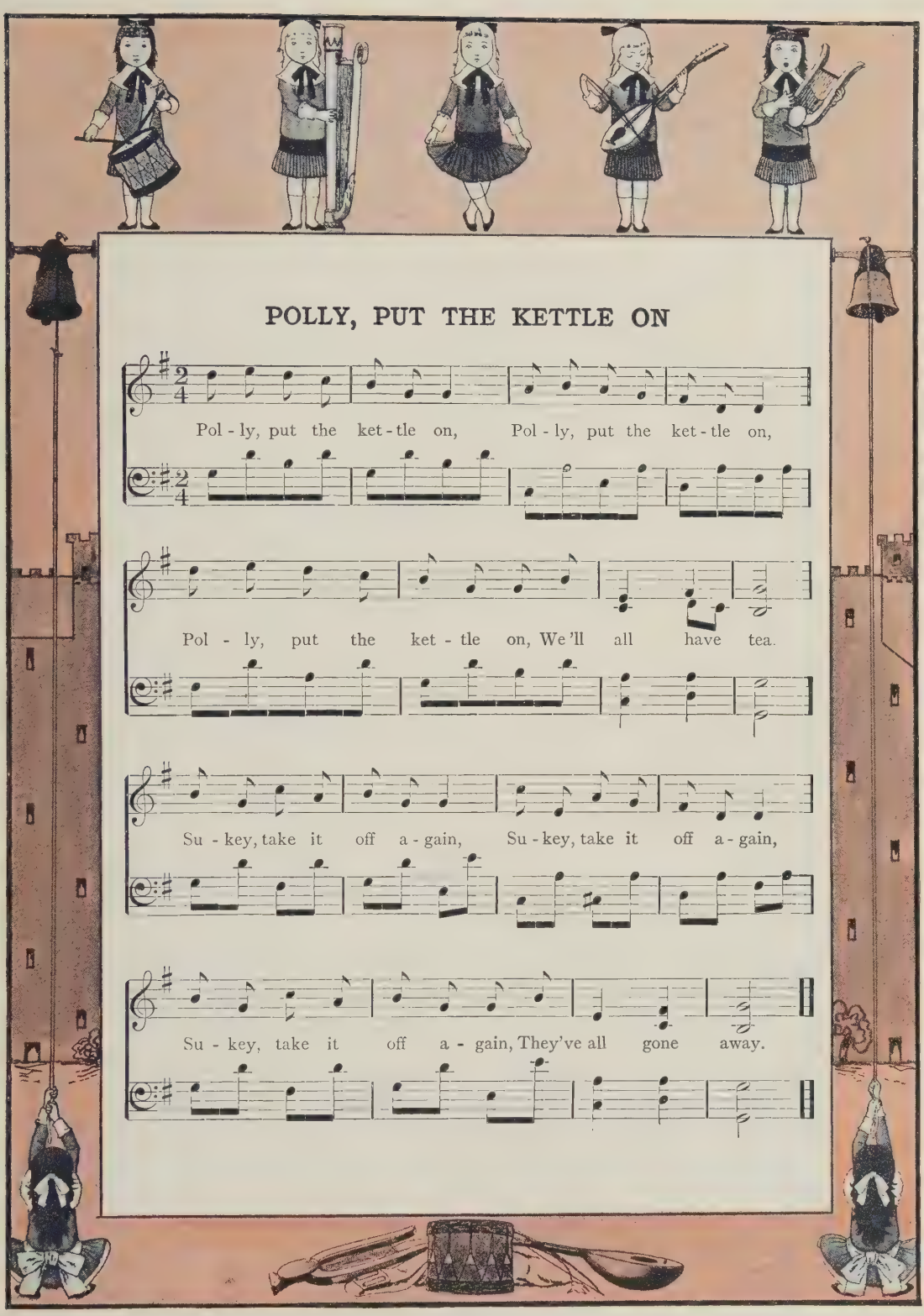


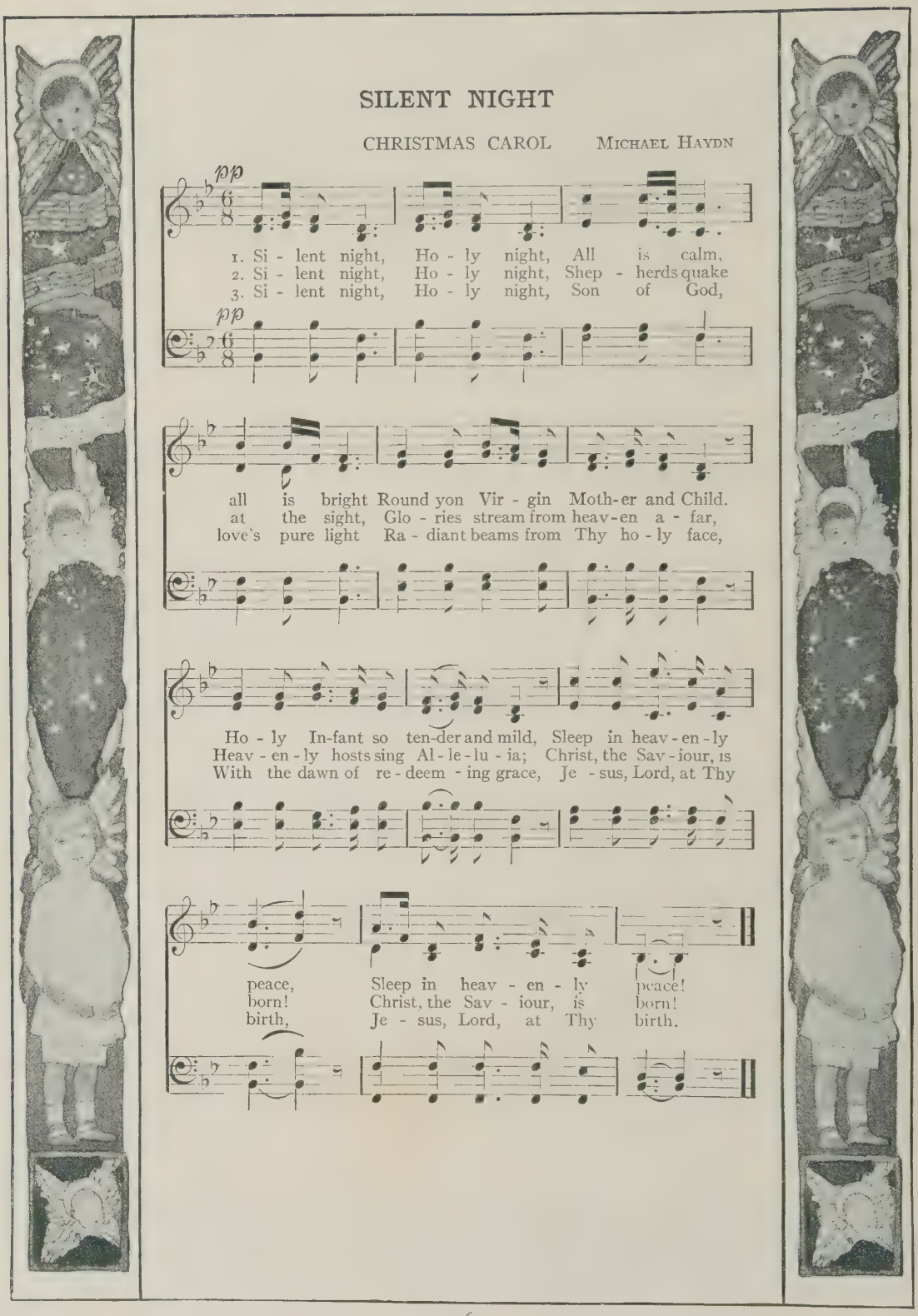
LONDON BRIDGE






OH DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?
Oh dear! what can the mat-ter be? Oh dear! what can the matter be?
Oh dear! what can the mat - ter be? John - ny stays long at the
fair. He prom-ised to buy me a bunch of blue rib - bons, He
prom-ised to buy me a bunch of blue rib-bons, He promised to buy me a
bunch of blue rib - bons to tie up my bon - ny brown hair. . . .

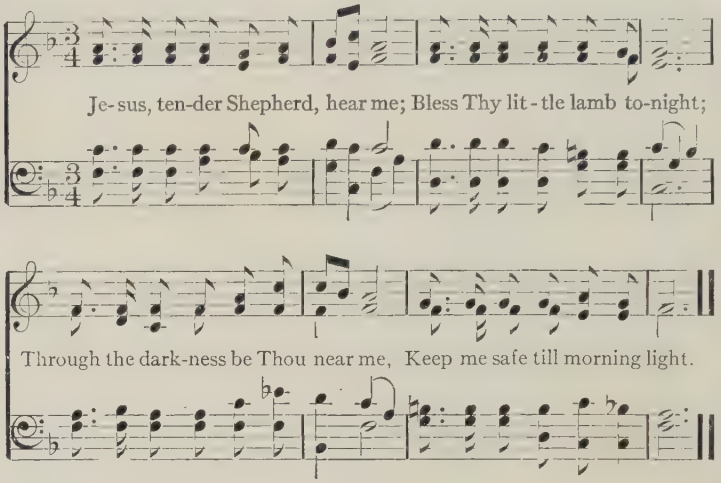

POLLY, PUT THE KETTLE ON
Pol - ly, put the ket - tle on, Pol - ly, put the ket - tle on,
Pol - ly, put the ket - tle on, We'll all have tea.
Su - key, take it off a - gain, Su - key, take it off a - gain,
Su - key, take it off a - gain, They've all gone away.


SILENT NIGHT
CHRISTMAS CAROL
MICHAEL HAYDN
pp
1. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night, All is calm,
2. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night, Shep - herds quake
3. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night, Son of God,
pp
all is bright Round yon Vir - gin Moth-er and Child.
at the sight, Glo - ries stream from heav-en a - far,
love's pure light Ra - diant beams from Thy ho - ly face,
Ho - ly In-fant so ten-der and mild, Sleep in heav - en - ly
Heav - en - ly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia; Christ, the Sav - iour, is
With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy
peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace!
born! Christ, the Sav - iour, is born!
birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

"SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT"

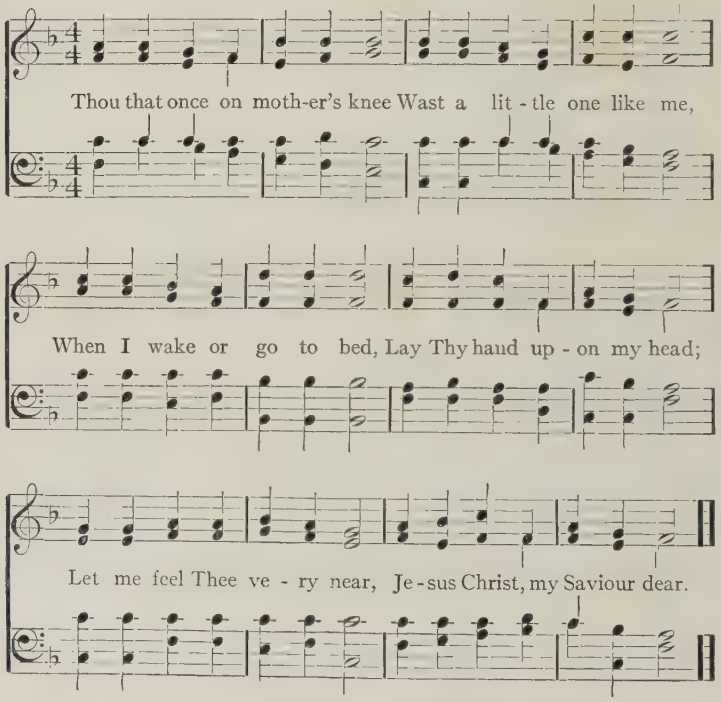
JESUS, TENDER SHEPHERD

MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN — J. B. DYKES

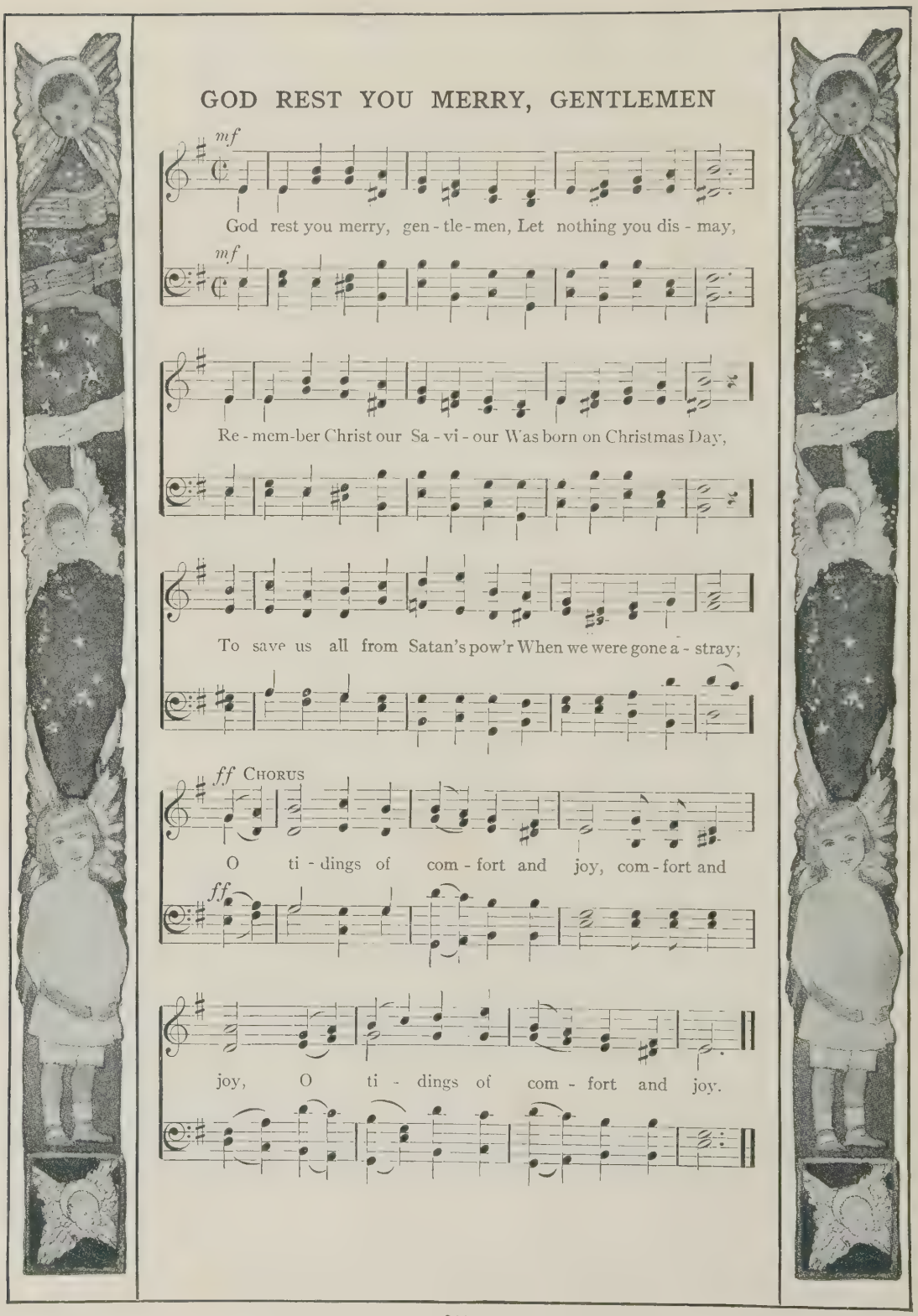


THOU THAT ONCE ON MOTHER'S KNEE

F. T. PALGRAVE — T. E. PERKINS, by per.



THE GOOD SHEPHERD


GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLEMEN
mf
God rest you merry, gen - tle - men, Let nothing you dis - may,
mf
Re - mem-ber Christ our Sa - vi - our Was born on Christmas Day,
To save us all from Satan's pow'r When we were gone a - stray;
ff CHORUS
O ti - dings of com - fort and joy, com - fort and
ff
joy, O ti - dings of com - fort and joy.

AWAY IN A MANGER

MARTIN LUTHER

MARTIN LUTHER

1. A - way in a man - ger, No crib for his bed, The
2. The cat - tle are low - ing; The ba - by a - wakes; But

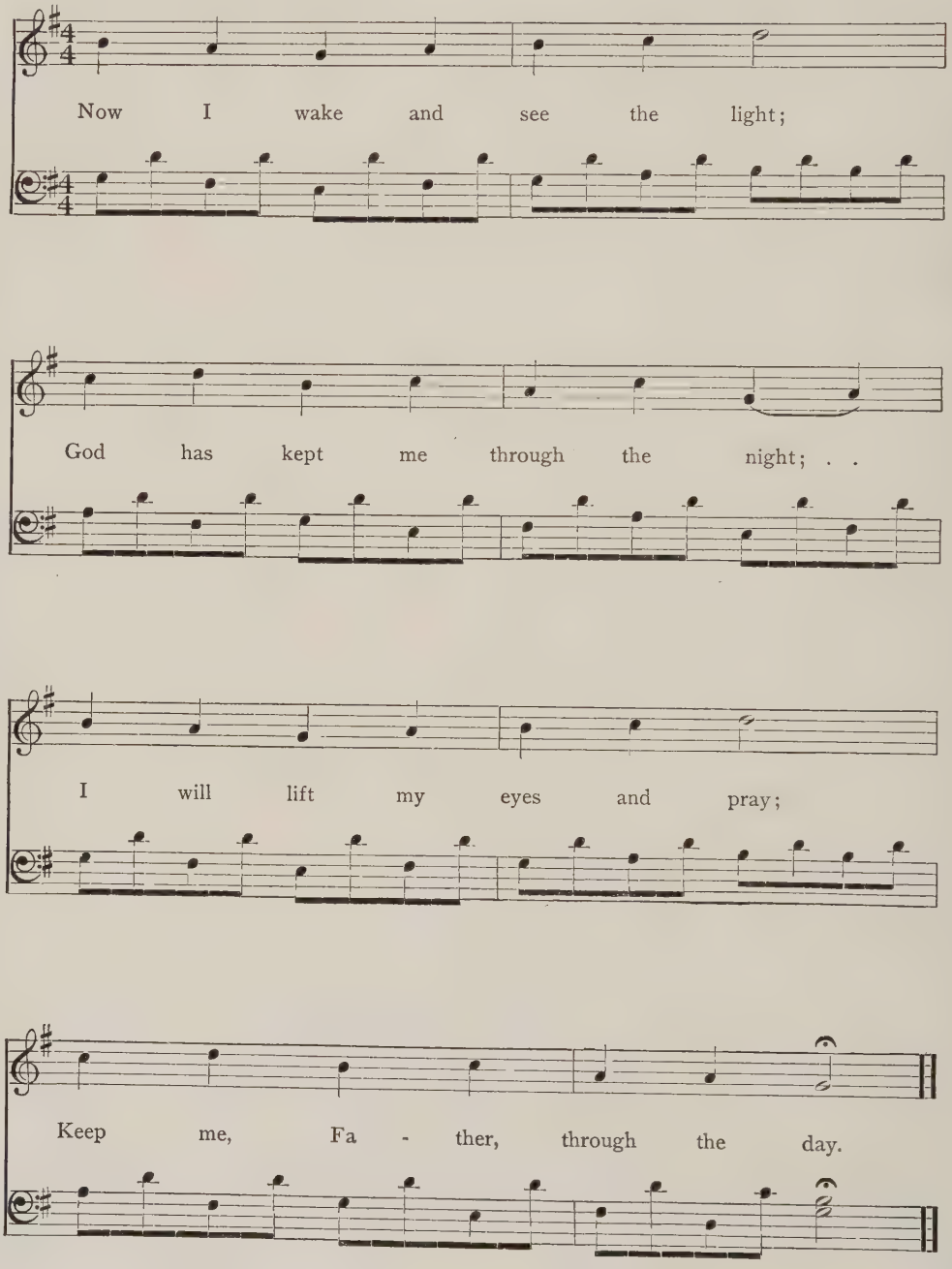
lit - tle Lord Je - sus Lay down his sweet head. The
lit - tle Lord Je - sus, No cry - ing he makes. I

stars in the heav - ens Looked down where he lay, The
love thee, Lord Je - sus; Look down from the sky, And

lit - tle Lord Je - sus, A - sleep on the hay.
stay by my cra - dle Till morn - ing is nigh.

NOW I WAKE

New England Primer (Adapted) — From SCHUMANN



TIME TO RISE

Quickly

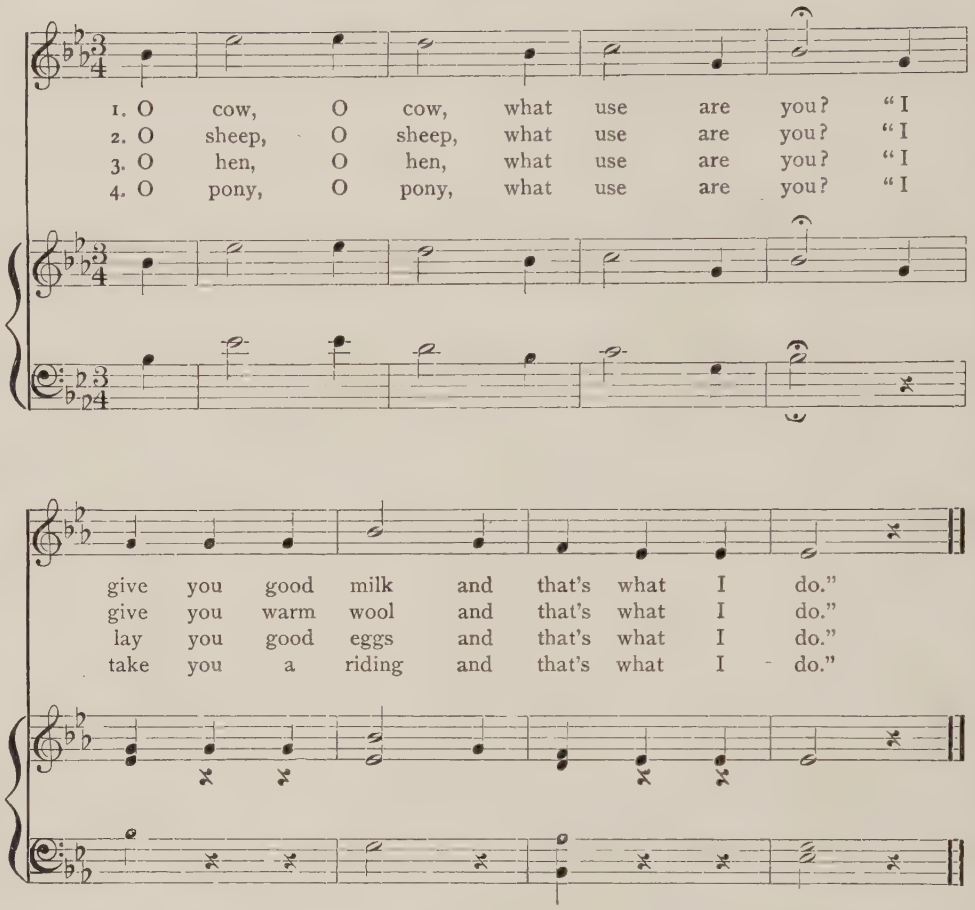
A bir - die with a yel - low bill

Hopped up - on the win - dow sill, Cocked his shin - ing

eye and said: "Ain't you 'shamed, you sleep - y head!"

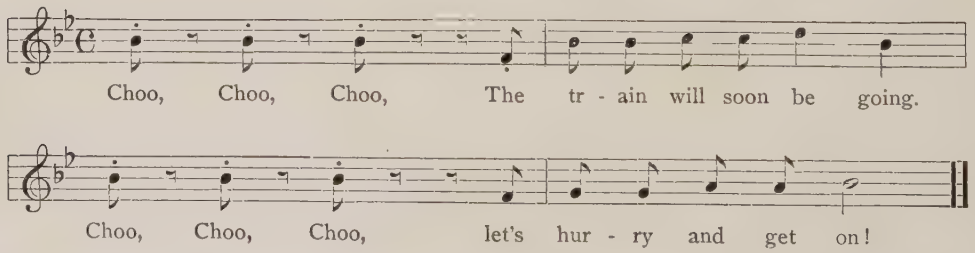
From *Robert Louis Stevenson Songs* by Ethel Crowninshield. Copyright, Milton Bradley Company, publishers.

WHAT USE ARE YOU?*



*From *Singing Time* by Satis N. Coleman and Alice G. Thorn. Copyright, The John Day Company, Inc., publishers.

THE TRAIN*



MARCHING SONG

March-like rhythm

1. See here comes the big pro - ces - sion,
2. John and Grace and Tom will join it,
3. Ev - ery foot must step to mu - sic,

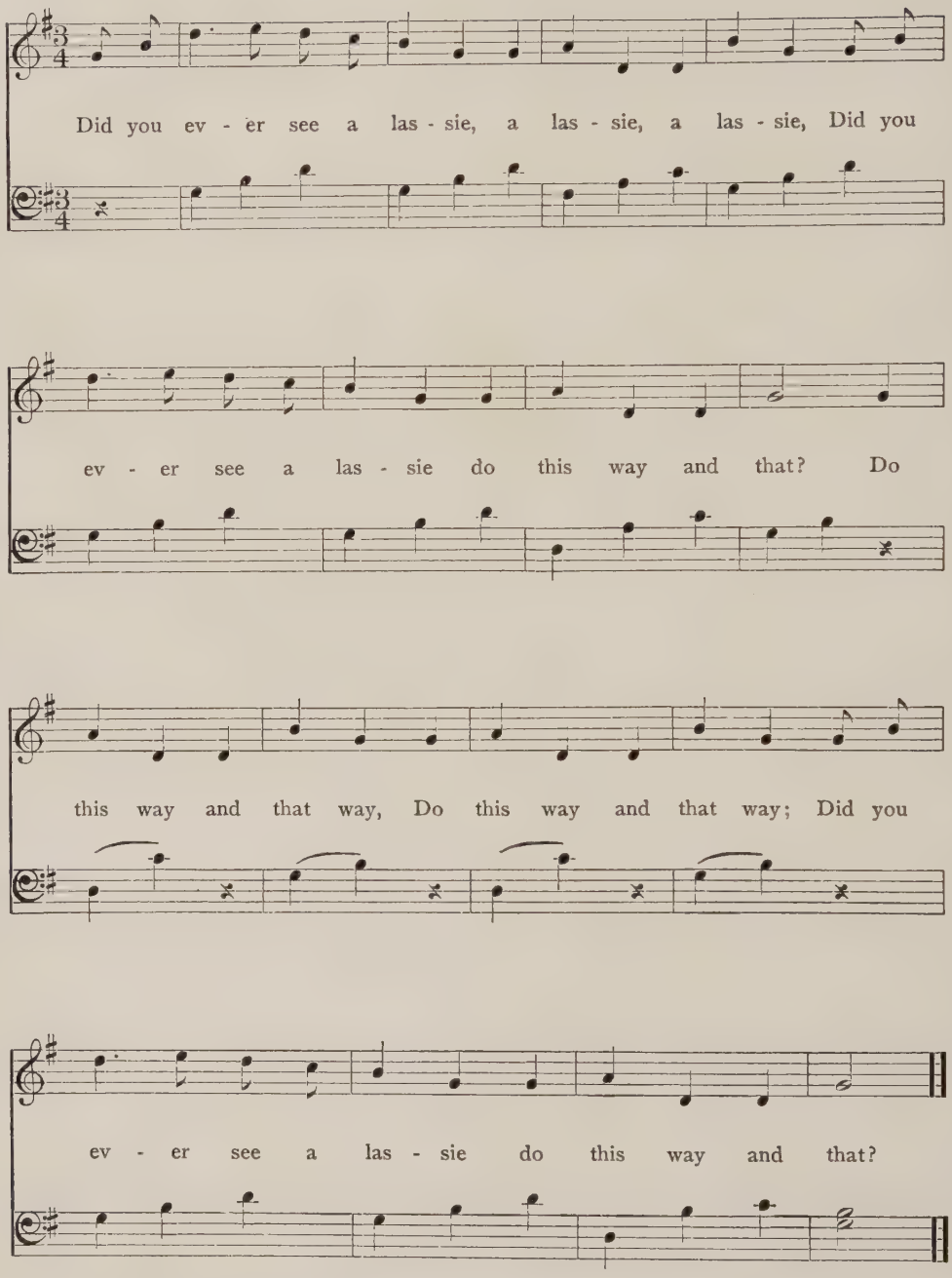
march - ing, march - ing down the street; Who will join the
march - ing, march - ing down the street; Ruth and Hel - en,
march - ing, march - ing down the street; Keep - ing time to

big pro - ces - sion, march - ing, march - ing down the street?
George and Ma - ry, march - ing, march - ing down the street.
jol - ly mu - sic, march - ing, march - ing down the street.

From *Singing Time* by Satis N. Coleman and Alice G. Thorn. Copyright, The John Day Company, Inc., publishers.

DID YOU EVER SEE A LASSIE?

Old Game



WHIRLABOUT

EMILIE POULSSON — ELEANOR SMITH

Lightly *mp*

Like a leaf or feath - er In the

mp

wind - y, wind - y weath - er, We will whirl a - bout and

p *poco rit.*

twirl a - bout, Then all sink down to - geth - er.

p *poco rit.*

From *Songs of a Little Child's Day*, by Poulsson and Smith. Copyright, Milton Bradley Company, publishers

BRAVE

EMILIE POULSSON — ELEANOR SMITH

Allegro moderato

Hur - rah for Bob - by Bum - ble! He nev - er minds a

poco rit. *a tempo*

tum - ble, But up he jumps And rubs his bumps And does - n't ev - en

poco rit. *a tempo*

grum - ble!

f

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THE CATERPILLAR

EMILIE POULSSON — ELEANOR SMITH

p Quietly. Second stanza with animation

Ro - ly - po - ly cat - er - pil - lar, In - to a cor - ner
Ro - ly - po - ly cat - er - pil - lar, Wa - ken - ing by and

mf

p

pp

crept. Spun a - round him - self a blan - ket
by, Found him - self with wings of beau - ty,—

pp

f

Then for a long time slept.
Changed to a but - ter - fly!

f

poco accel.

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A LITTLE DANCING SONG

EMILIE POULSSON — ELEANOR SMITH

Allegro giocoso

mf

Now in the dance we'll float a - round, Fol - low the

mf

mu - sic's mer - ry sound. Point heel and toe,

rit. *f a tempo*

Bow ve - ry low, Danc - ing and danc - ing a - way we go.

rit. *f a tempo*

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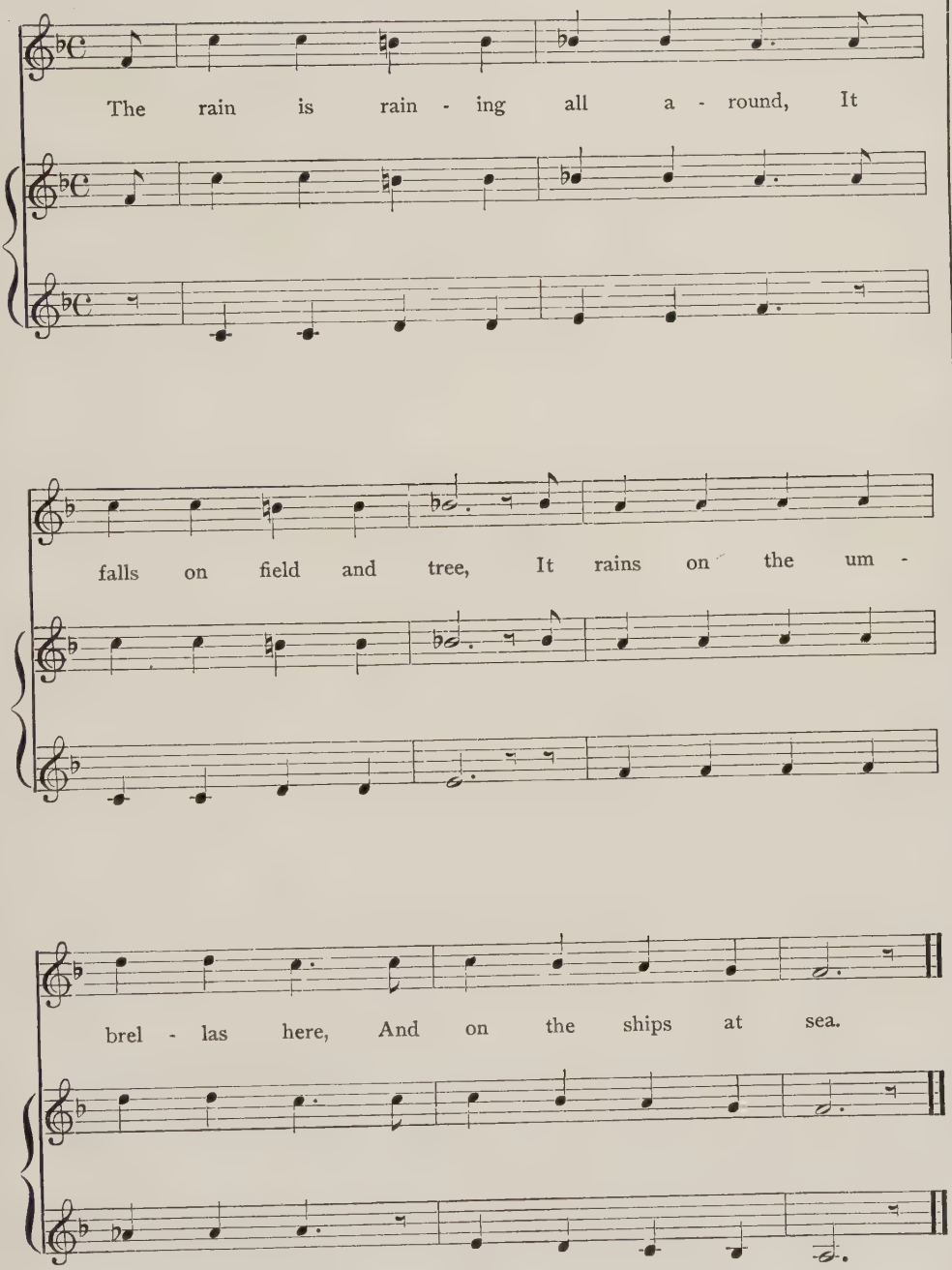
RAIN



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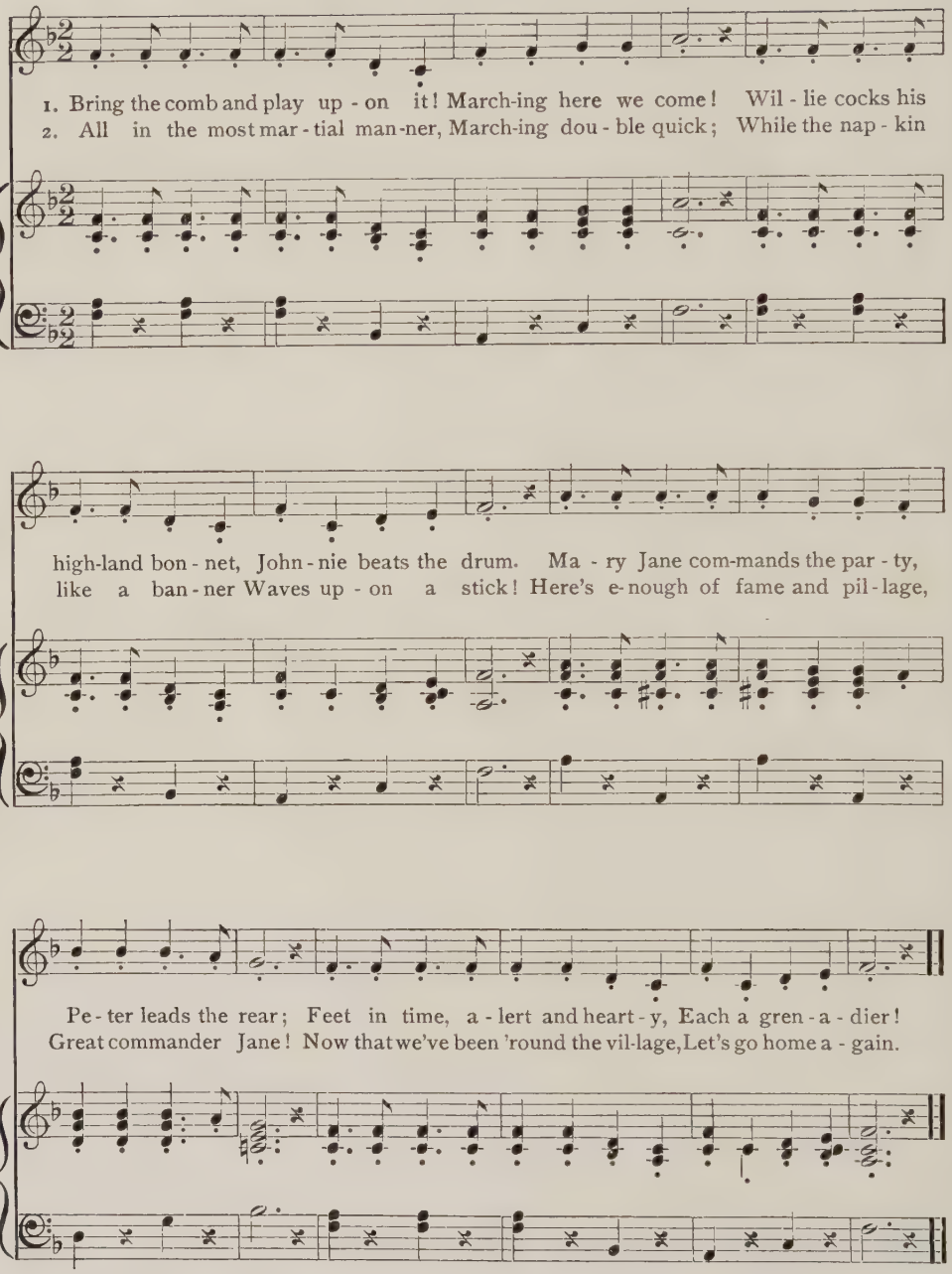
MARCHING SONG



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Learning to Write

a b c d e f g h i j k l

m n o p q r s t u v

w x y z

A B C D E F G

H I J K L M N

O P Q R S T U

V W X Y Z

These letters will teach you how to write your name.

Here Are Round Letters

O O O O

o o o o o

Ooo Ooo

a a a a a

C C C C C

c c c c c

Cccc

Co Co Co

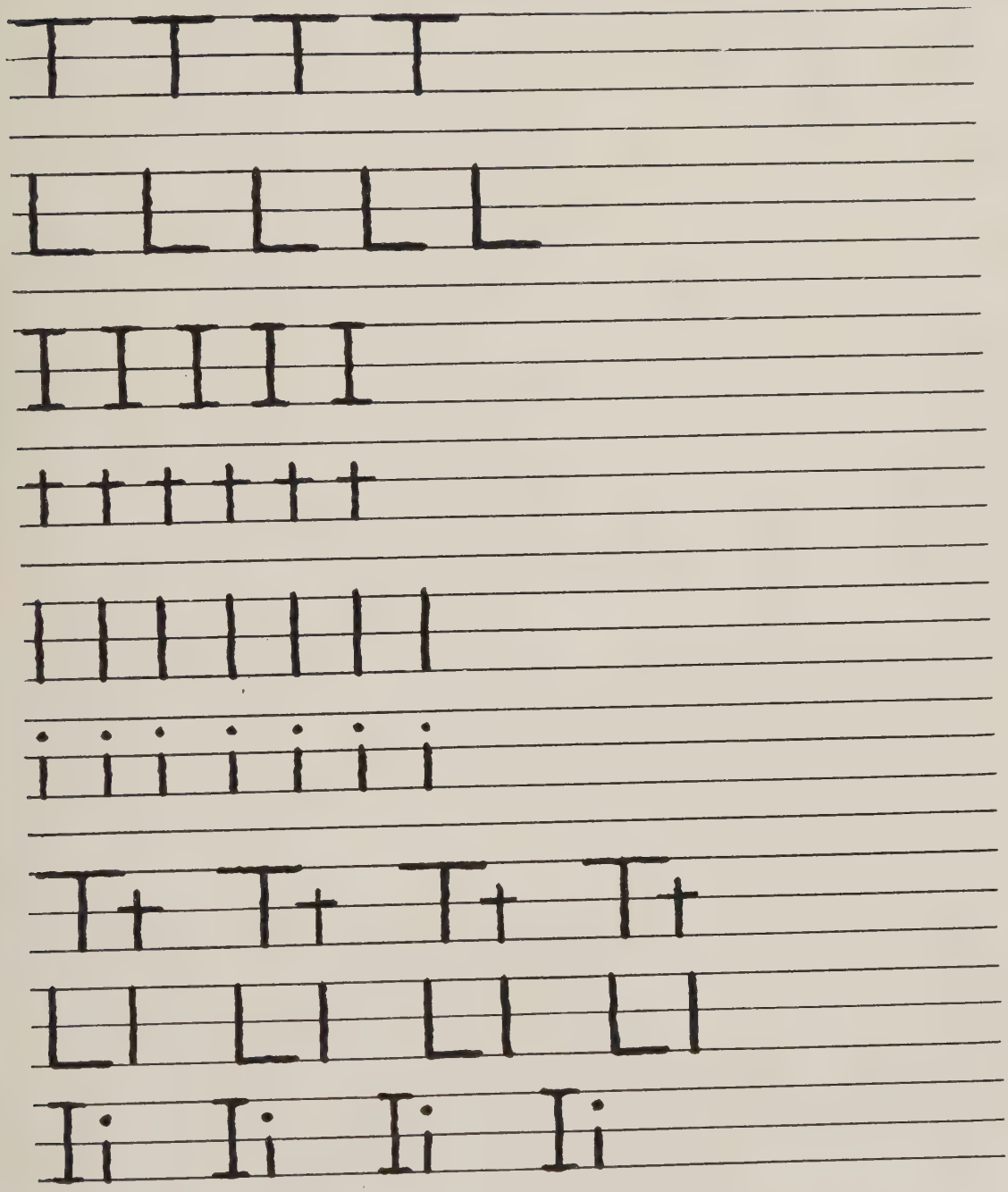
Ca Ca Ca

Ce Ce Ce

Oo Ccae

Make these letters Round.
Write the Round letters that are in your name.

Here Are Tall, Straight Letters



Write the Tall letters in your name.
Make them Tall and Straight.

Can You Make These Letters?

d g p b y

Two of them Stand on the Line.

d b d b

Three of them Hang on the Line.

g p y

Practice to Write These Letters Well.

Rr nw m su S

Can you write the A B C?

A B C

Find the number that tells how old you are.
Learn to write these numbers.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

PAPER CRAFT

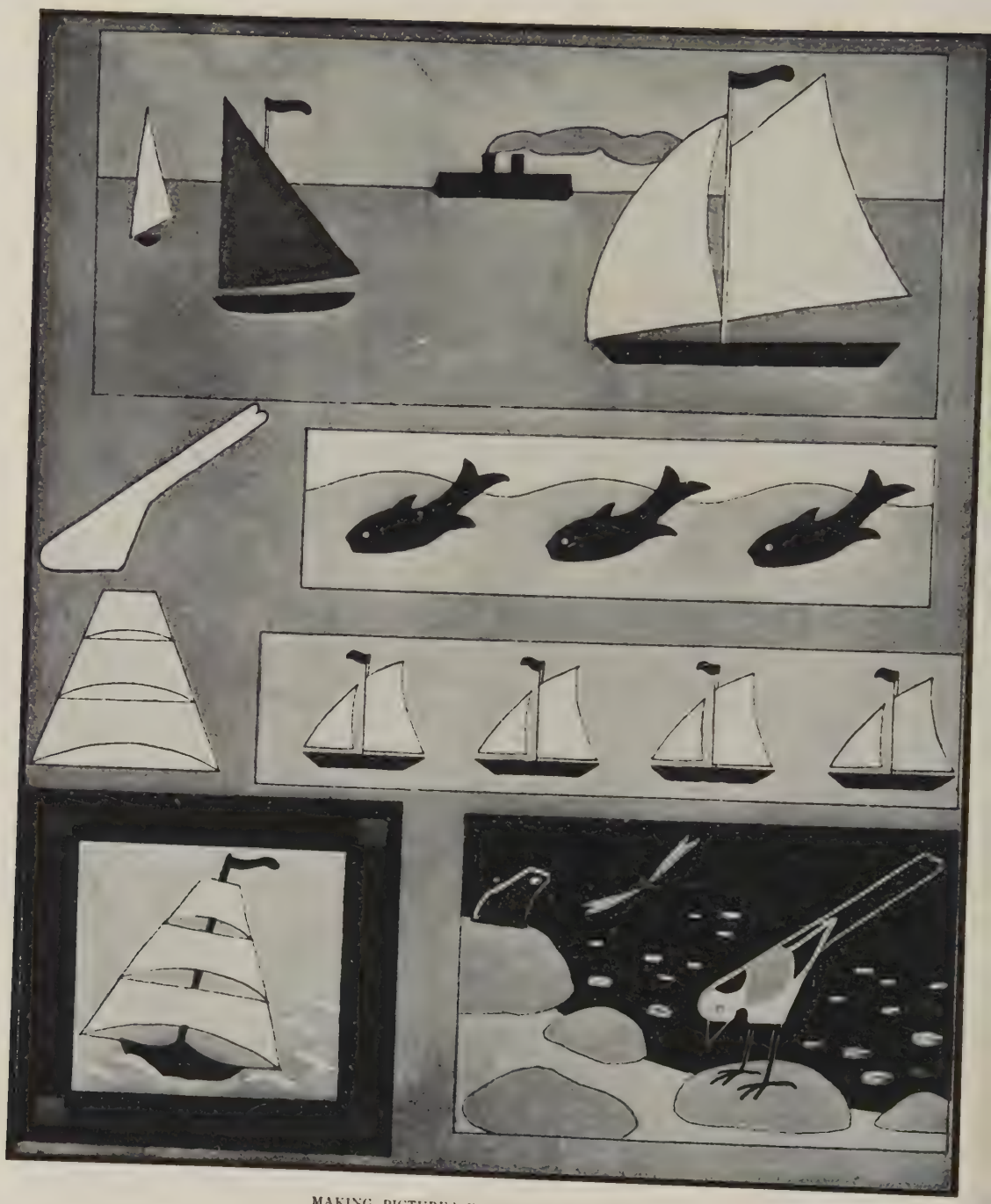
PAPER, scissors, a tube of paste, and a little gumption, and there is no end to the amusing and useful things that can be produced! Beginning with silhouettes of common objects, and, as one gains in skill, passing on to objects produced by folding and cutting, the steps are easy to objects in three dimensions, objects of real value in the home life.

SILHOUETTES. From common wrapping paper cut freehand — that is, without drawing in pencil first — any common object: a table-knife, a spoon, a shovel, a watch. When objects have two sides just alike, fold the paper, and one cut will do for both sides. With the paper folded, inside cuts may be made, such, for example, as the inside of the ring of the watch. Next try a pair of scissors, a pear, a crook-necked squash, a bird, a cat, a man, — anything, in fact, which presents a significant silhouette or shadow. The clippings may be mounted on leaves of lighter or darker paper, with a paper frame at the edge, of the same color as the object represented. These leaves may be kept in an envelope, or bound into a booklet.

COMPOSITE SILHOUETTES. The illustration on this page is an example of a composite silhouette. It consists of one large silhouette, that of the Christmas tree, and many smaller ones, the toys and other common gifts hung upon it.

Shop windows, cupboard doors of glass, showing preserves upon the shelves inside, book-cases with doors of glass, showing books bound in various colors, are in the same class with the Christmas tree as interesting projects.

These pages were prepared under the direction of Henry Turner Bailey.



MAKING PICTURES WITH CUT-OUT WORK

These will be easy shapes to copy, and will make very effective pictures. Use a gray cardboard for background. Then put in what colors you want, white or colored sails or boats, fishes of green, red or blue on a light background, etc. The two diagrams on the left will show how to cut the sails and the bird's tail below.

paper will be little better than black, so far as opaqueness goes. Without getting into too great complications you can make the picture true to nature. You can make the sky blue, the hills light green, the trees a darker green. For a winter scene you can leave the hillside white, and perhaps put a band of yellow in the sky just where the hills come against it, with slate blue above like a winter sunset. Beautiful sunset panels may be made by the use of yellow, red, and dark gray in the sky, seen through a network of forest boughs in dead black.

Transparencies. Scenes and situations like those here given may be silhouetted in a number of different ways. They may be cut out in black and pasted on white paper. They may be cut out in colored paper, as already suggested. Most interesting of all, they may be made into transparencies. The ground of a transparency, upon which all the parts are pasted, should be either of oiled paper, or of tracing paper, or of the very thinnest tissue paper. If you want to have the best fun in making the picture, paste a sheet of this thin tissue paper by the edges upon an old window-pane. Have the sheet a little larger than the final picture is to be, so that in the end you can remove the sheet from the glass without injury. With the ground once firmly fixed upon the glass, you can go ahead with the rest of the work, able at any time to hold up what you have done and see it just as it is going to be seen later.

In making the various parts of the picture, use comparatively thin paper, as thick colored

As a novelty try making a transparency all in gray, by putting one layer over another of white tissue paper. Cut these layers in the forms of city roof lines, and paste each one a little below the one before. When the edges of this are pasted between duplicate frames of

cardboard (as all the transparencies should be) you will have a remarkable likeness of a city in the mist of early morning. Charming effects of mountain landscapes may be made the same way.

LEAF TRANSPARENCIES FOR THE WINDOW

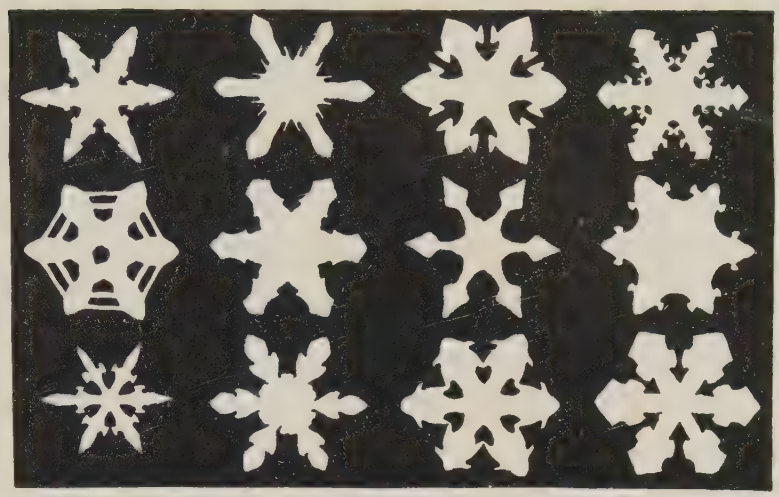
You know that leaves of summer green and autumn leaves look at their very best when sunlight is shining through them. Did it ever occur to you that the same thing is true of a drawing of a leaf? It is, and if you will frame a leaf-drawing as those above are framed and hang it in a window, you will surely agree.

The drawing for one of these transparencies should be on fairly thin water-color paper. The drawing will finally fill some definite space, like four by five inches, or five by six; and you might at the outset pencil off the space and keep the drawing within it. But perhaps the most interesting way is to draw a leaf-spray without especial regard to any particular space, and then, when you have cut the frame out, lay the frame over different parts of the design and decide which will fill the frame most attractively.

Often much of the beauty of autumn leaves comes from the blending of colors in them. To blend the colors on the paper it is necessary to add the new color while the old color is still moist on the paper. Suppose that you wish to fill the outline of a leaf with green at the stem grading into scarlet at the tip. First use a brush with plain water and go over the whole surface of the leaf, keeping carefully to the outlines. Then take a brushful of green and apply it at the stem. As you work along toward the tip, remove the brush from the paper once or twice to dip it in water and thus weaken the green. When you get to the tip, wash the brush clean and partially dry it on a cloth. With the brush in this condition you can remove green from the tip if there happens to be too much there; and no sharp outlines will show within the leaf. Then promptly apply the scarlet, reversing the process, and the blending will be perfect.

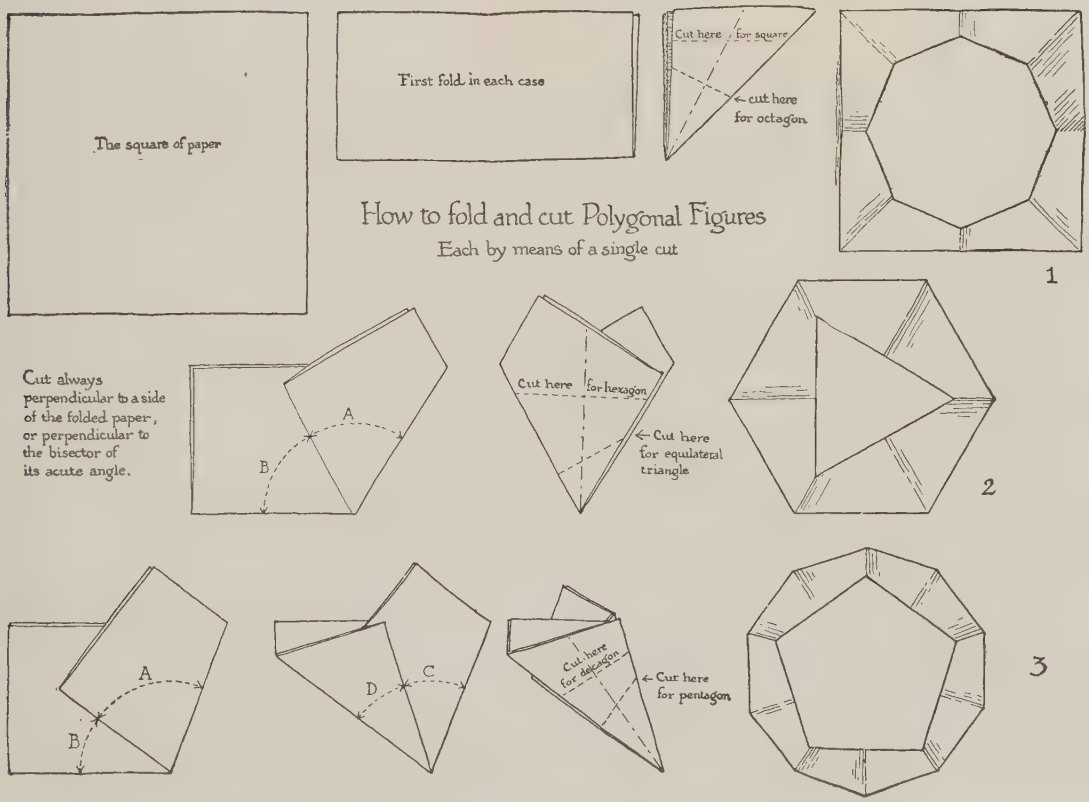
Cut a pattern of the frame first, experimenting with various proportions and with various soft, gentle curves for the outsides. Then lay the pattern off on dark gray or sepia mounting paper, cut out the frame, and paste the desired part of the design upon it. You can also make a simpler form of color effect, in a series of leaves painted in plain green.

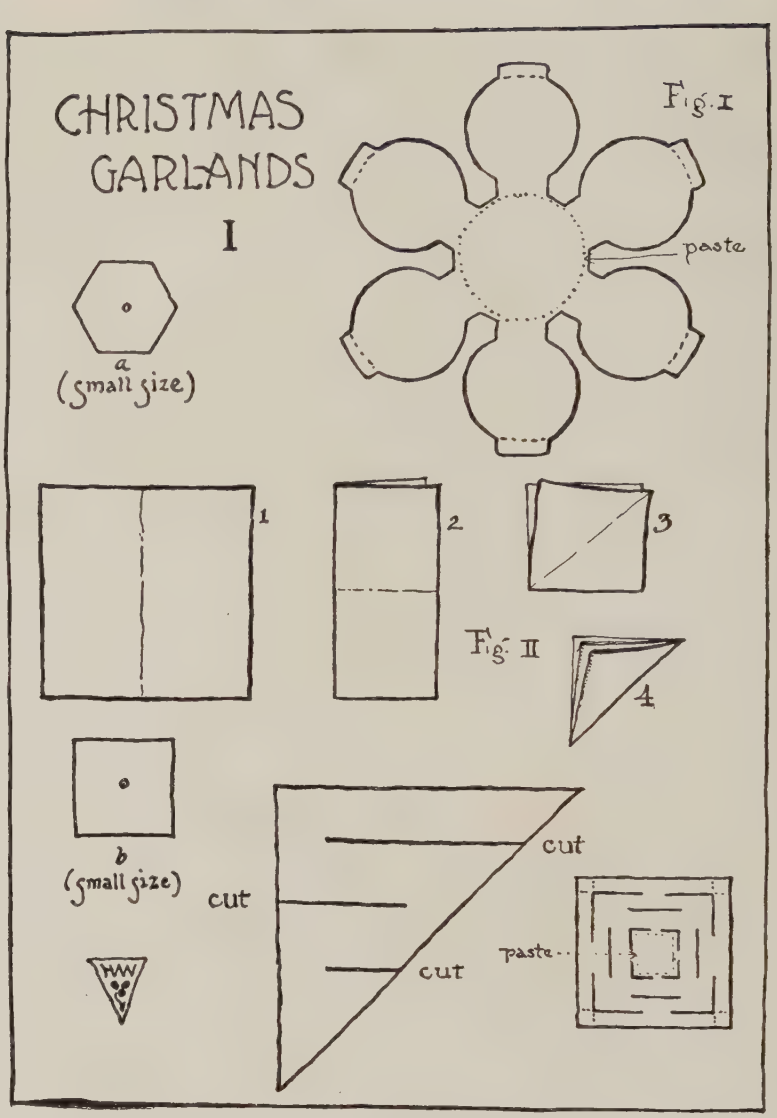
SNOWFLAKES



SNOWFLAKE FORMS CUT FROM FOLDED PAPER

It is fun to cut snowflakes of tissue paper, — after you know how! All the flakes here shown were made by snipping *one edge* of a folded square of paper. The way to do this is shown in the illustration below. In making the second fold for the triangle and hexagon A must be equal to B. In the case of the pentagon and decagon A must be just twice B, so that when the next fold is made C will be equal to D. In making these forms, it is well to use thin paper. When cutting, hold the paper firmly and use sharp scissors. Mount your work on dark brown paper. Catch a snowflake or two and look at them through a magnifying glass. They will give you new variations of the hexagon to cut.



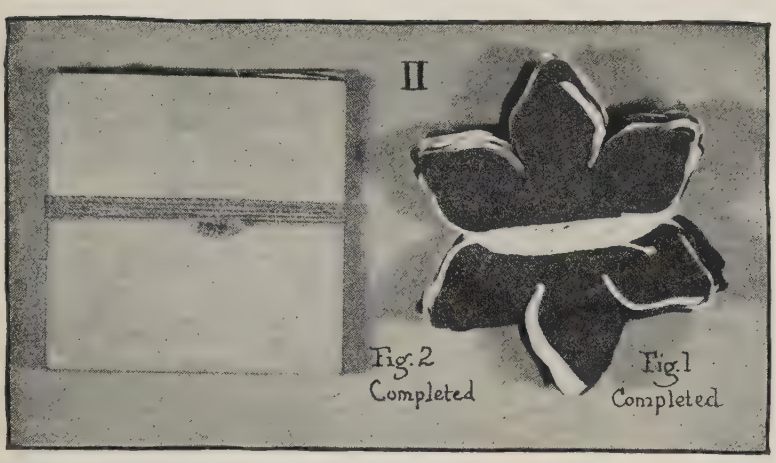


Paper garlands for Christmas time are manufactured in great quantities by the clever and Yankee-like Japanese. They look marvelously complicated when they are displayed; but there is no special secret about their structure, and we can make a festive array of them if we have patience and a little skill.

To begin with, we should have plenty of tissue paper of colors that will go well together. The following are good combinations: dull red and dull green, alternating, of course; cream and dull red; cream and dull green; light yellow and orange; two tones of red, or two tones of green. The paper should be cut into small squares. If the leaves are about four inches across, fifty of them will make a garland about three feet long. From this estimate the amount of paper you will need, as well as the amount of time and patience. But the time will be pleasantly spent, and the results will be not only pretty but lasting. For a garland that will extend all the way across the room may be packed into the thickness of less than an inch, and stowed away until it is next wanted. The cutting of these small squares will be made much easier and pleasanter if you have a print trimmer such as photographers use. A trimmer will be useful in countless ways.

In the illustrations on the next page you will see a garland compressed and ready to be put between the folds of a sheet of cardboard for mailing. You will also see two forms of garland displayed.

For the flower form of garland a pattern like that of Fig. 1 is needed. It should be made of thin but tough card, so that it may be used again and again to lay upon the paper and mark around. There are two ways of putting the leaves together when once they have been cut out. According to the first way, lay a leaf upon the table, and touch each of the six ends with paste (flour paste or library paste); then lay a second leaf upon the first, and press the ends together. This pair should be of the same color. It is well to have a damp towel folded neatly at one side, with a dry one near by; your hands will be cleaner and your work better.



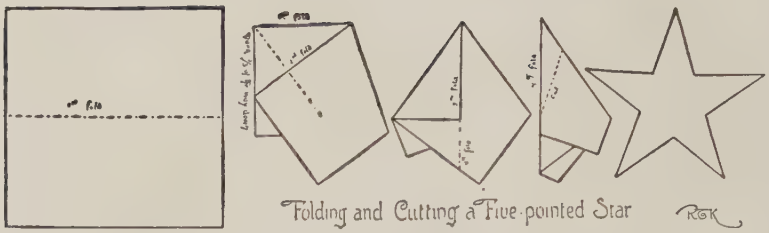
A PAPER GARLAND WRAPPED FLAT, READY TO MAIL

on another green leaf, and proceed as before. This method, you see, provides for an extra leaf between the pairs of flowers. This leaf stands out flat when the rest of the leaves are pulled long and round.

To make the other sort of garland here shown, fold and cut small squares of paper as explained in the lower part of the diagram on the previous page. The squares should be four inches or a little less across. The pasting of the squares after they have been folded, cut, and unfolded again is much like the pasting of the flowers by the first of the two methods given above, the corners and centers being joined alternately. Compared with the gathering and making up of evergreens from the woods this method has much to commend it, especially in bad weather.

When the first pair have been joined, put a little paste in the center of the second leaf and lay a third upon it. Then put paste on the ends of the third, and lay on a fourth. From this on continue as before, alternately fastening the flowers by the center and by the tips, and keeping them in pairs of like color.

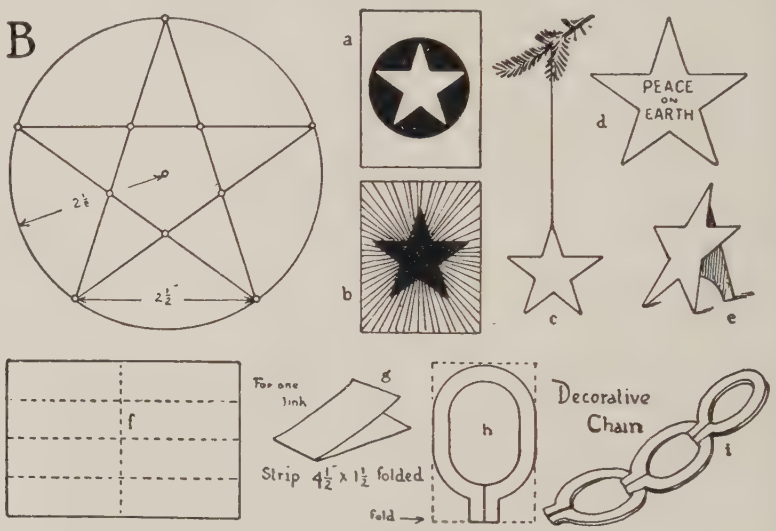
There is another way of putting the parts together, this second way giving the results shown in the garland here illustrated. The process runs through the following stages. Let us suppose that we are making a garland of red and green. First, lay a green leaf before you; second, put a bit of paste on each of the six ends; third, lay a second green leaf on the first; fourth, press the ends together; fifth, put a bit of paste in the center of the second leaf; sixth, lay on a red leaf; seventh, press down the center of this leaf; eighth, put a bit of paste in the center of the red leaf; ninth, lay on a green leaf; tenth, press down this green leaf in the center only; eleventh, put a bit of paste on the ends of the green leaf. Then lay



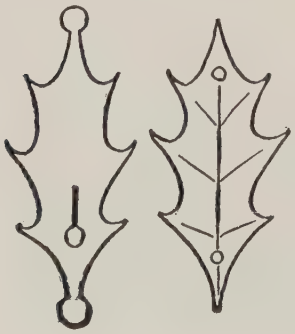
Our memory of Christmas is pleasant partly because of the presents we get, and partly because of the fine friendly feeling that everyone feels then, and partly because of the beautiful decorations which it is the good old tradition to place in profusion all about the house, to express the Christmas gladness.

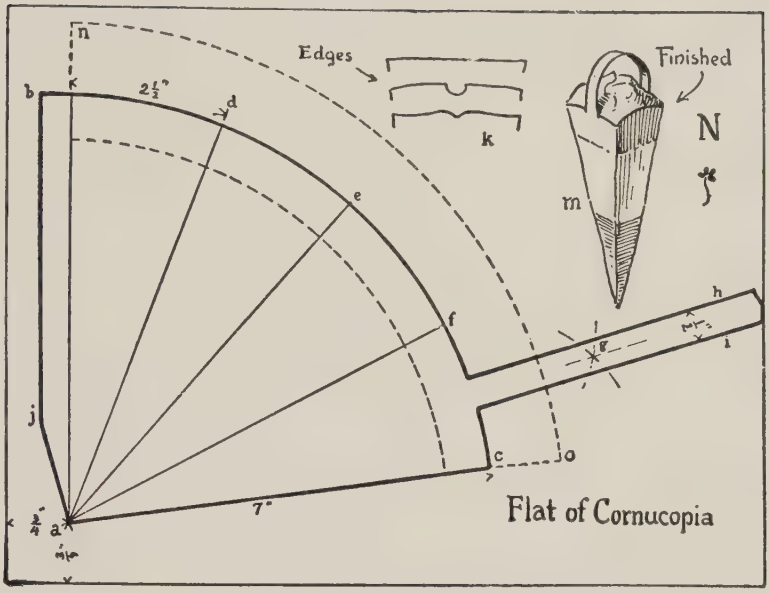
Many decidedly pretty decorations may be made of paper: and first, the five-pointed star. A square sheet is folded in the middle. With the fold up, bring the right-hand corner over to a point two-thirds of the way down the left-hand edge. Then fold the upper left-hand corner down, and then the left-hand side over upon the right. Match the appearance of your foldings with those in the plate. If you do the work correctly, a cut along the dotted line will produce an admirably regular star.

Another way of making the star is illustrated at B. If a circle is drawn with a radius of 2⅛ inches, then the points of a star within that circle will be almost exactly 2½ inches apart. If you will draw the circle on cardboard, connect the points with an intersecting line, and punch holes through with a hatpin at the points indicated, you will have a useful pattern for as many more stars as you care to make. The plate also suggests various things to do with stars, pasting them on sheets of different colored paper, or cutting them out in cardboard for the tree, or printing a motto on them and setting them up easelwise. The remaining figures in the same plate show how to make small strips out of a large sheet, and how to form these into a paper chain. And patterns are given below for making a most attractive garland chain of paper leaves. The holly leaves should be bright green, the berries bright red. The holly and its berries with the mistletoe were much in evidence during the Twelve Days that Christmas was celebrated in Merrie England, as it still is by many.

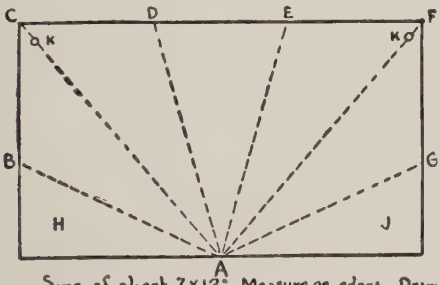


PAPER DECORATION FOR THE CHRISTMAS TREE

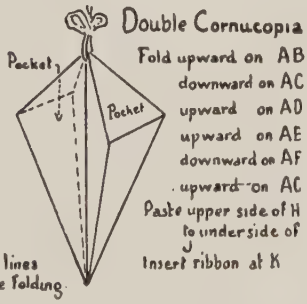




Cornucopias. You will remember that when Benjamin Franklin was a youngster he wanted to make shoes for his younger brothers and sisters; and that, to get a pattern for these shoes, he took an old pair apart. This plan may be followed with regard to all sorts of pasteboard boxes and cornucopias. Many candy boxes are shipped flat to the stores and are folded into shape by the clerk just as she is about to fill them. You could obtain some of these flats, as they are called, and use them as patterns. However, you will find on this and the following pages all the patterns that you probably will need; and you will have no trouble except that of enlarging them, which is not so great a trouble after all, if you measure and rule carefully.



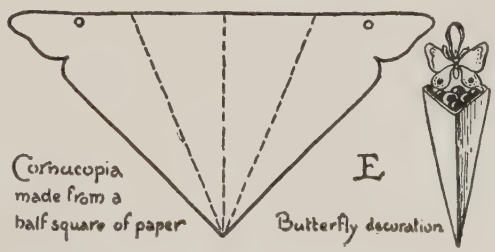
Size of sheet 7x12" Measure on edges. Draw lines before folding.

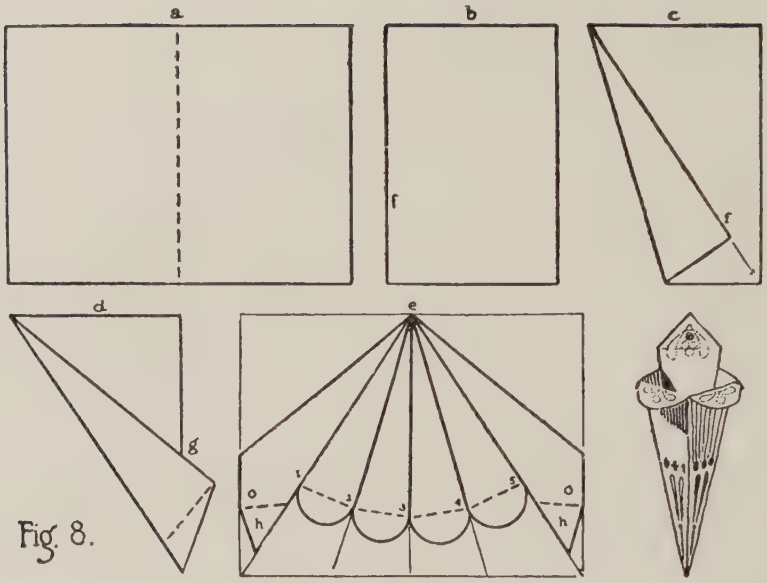


The best material for a cornucopia like that at the top of the page is what is called "oak tag," a very tough and durable kind of paper. Upon a sheet 9 by 12 inches make with ruler, pencil, and compasses a drawing like the large one in the illustration. The edges may be scalloped or notched as at *k* and the sides may be decorated as at *m*. In addition, tissue paper may be pasted on the "flat" as indicated by the dotted lines, to come on the inside of the cornucopia, and fold in over the candy.

Fold the paper over the edge of the ruler, or if the paper is too stiff, run a blunt knife-blade, like that of a table knife, along the ruler held to the folding lines, making the "score" or knife-mark on the outside of the bend. When properly scored, deeply enough yet not too deeply, even very stiff cardboard will bend evenly, and retain a good deal of its strength at the bend.

You will find it more fun to make a number of these cornucopias (and of the others for which patterns are given on this page) all at one time, doing the cutting for all, then the folding for all, and then the pasting for all at once. The painted decorations may be as gay and elaborate as you care to make them.





A CORNUCOPIA FOR CHRISTMAS CANDY

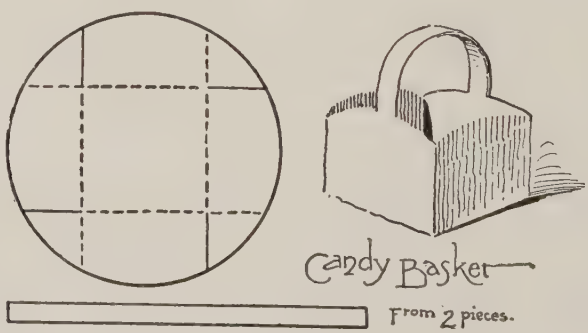
A novel and pretty form of CORNUCOPIA is here patterned. It is made from a sheet 9 by 12 inches in size, of heavy or light paper or cardboard, according to the use for which it is intended. Fold it first on dotted line *a*. Fold over the folded edge, *f*, so that it "aims for the corner" as shown in diagram *c*. Fold this part over again, on the line *f*, as in diagram *d*. Then cut off the corners of the sheet, *d*, *g*, and open it flat. On the creases radiating from *e*, mark off points 1 to 5, seven inches from *e*. Connect these points by straight lines as shown by the dotted lines in the drawing. Draw semicircles, or other curves in place of them, to make the ornamental fringe around the top. Then cut out the pattern along the heavy lines. Paste *o* and *o* together; fold over *h* and *h* and paste them securely.

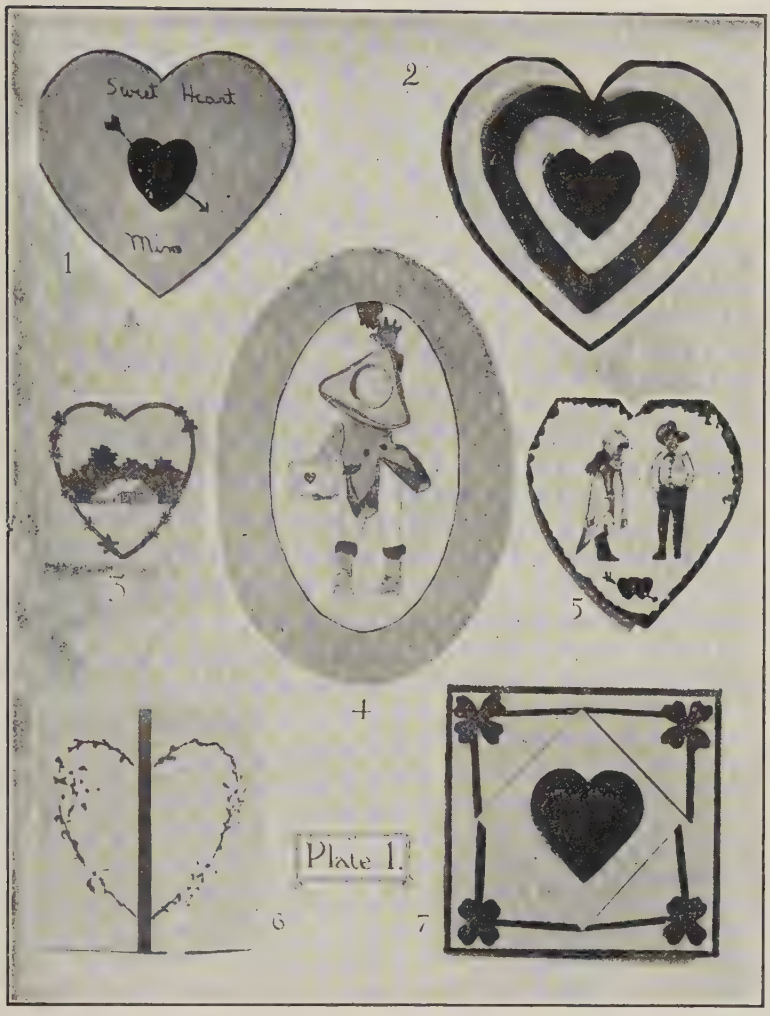
The cornucopia in the illustration was decorated in water-color, the design being based on the mistletoe. This will suggest other possible designs for water-color ornamentation. It would be possible, also, to paste small paper silhouettes upon the sides and top instead of using paints. On page after page of this volume you can find designs and ideas for designs. But apart from all ornament, most attractive cornucopias may be made by simply using cardboard of lively and pleasing colors.

The pattern and picture of a very simple paper candy basket are given below. To make the basket, fold on the dotted lines and cut on the heavy lines. Then turn in and paste the extra laps at the corners. The handle is an additional piece, of any length desired. A good way to make this handle would be to take a strip of the right length, but four times too wide, and then fold it lengthwise until it is of the right width. With a knife you can now slit the ends for about an inch and a half, and then paste them upon the sides of the basket, half outside and half inside.

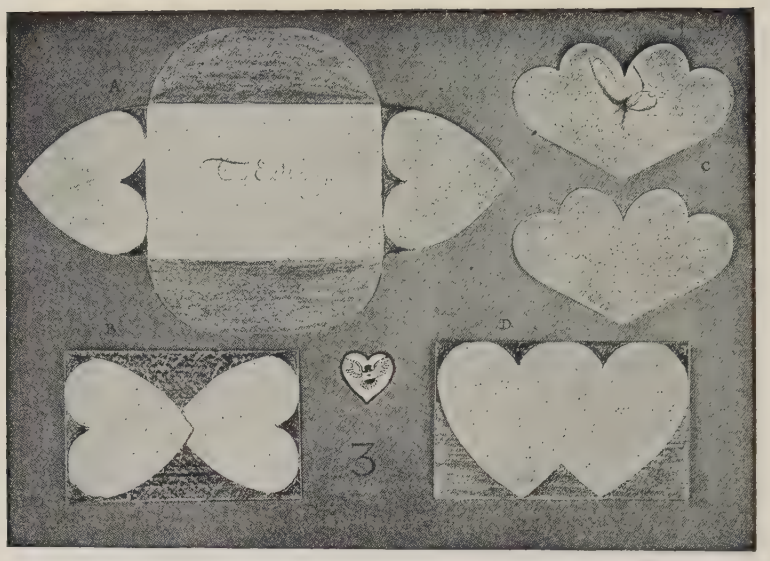
This box gives even more chances for decoration than those that have gone before. Leaves and flowers may be painted or pasted on; or geometrical designs may be used; or little gilt stars and other ornaments such as you can buy already gummed may be dotted over the surface.

When next you have an evening before you and do not know what to do, have a basket-making bee, and lay by a store of these charming little receptacles. They will be useful on every holiday; and they will be useful whenever you make a little gift of candy, for the basket ought to be just as genuinely home-made as the candy in it. When grapes are plentiful, a friend will appreciate a cluster all the more offered in such an attractive receptacle.





VALENTINES. When we hear a wise and prudent person objecting to the annual visit of St. Valentine to the schoolroom, we see again old King Canute in his royal chair on the beach talking to the German Ocean. When old Father Time omits the fourteenth of February, old St. Valentine may omit his festival. Nay, we must verily believe, in that event he would have it celebrated the next day! Valentines will continue to be. Our picture shows a few specimens of valentines of the more simple types, any one of which you can make, or, using one as a suggestive help, you can doubtless carry the idea farther, and produce something much finer. The first one is a double heart made from paper, and hand colored. The second, "A heart of gold, tremulous" (raised on paper springs), within which another heart appears, can be made by cutting out the larger of the two dark colored hearts and making the springs of paper just a little heavier, fluted or crimped, and pasted on. What a lovely combination it would make to cut out a series of these hearts, let us say five—one of the magical numbers — each one just fitting into the other, and each sitting on springs! Set the outer one, the largest one, on the longest springs, and grade the springs down in height to those for the little heart, which would thus in very truth nestle down into the actual "heart" of things. The color should be studied out carefully and each heart become a part of some lovely color harmony. The third valentine shown illustrates the pretty sentiment: "There's a home in my heart for you." The fourth needs no special comment. It is drawn on cream paper, painted in water color, and mounted on a blue-gray ground. The fifth was made by cutting various elements from paper and pasting them on a heart-shaped background. In the sixth, the two leaves unfold, revealing the harrowing statement: "My heart is broken as you see, all on account of love for thee." In the seventh a square is pierced on the diameters, the corners are folded back, and caught with four-leaf clovers for good luck, revealing the orange-colored heart within flaming with good-will. There is no more wholesome outlet for the natural romance that bubbles up in you and me than the valentine. It is nothing to be ashamed of.



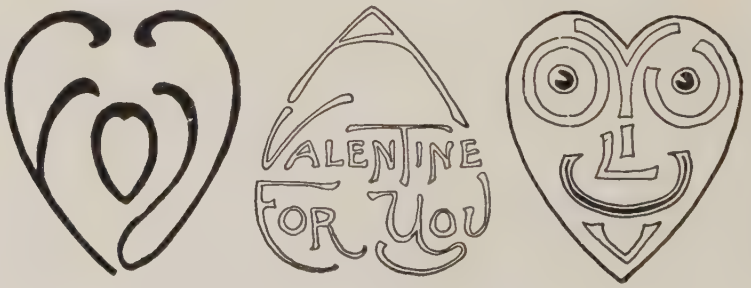
have felt. What an exquisite little thing is the captive heart fancy, with the throbbing members hopelessly caught by the circle — symbol of the endlessness of their love — and the chain and the cross, sign of that faith which should purify all love. This could be carried on into endless paths of pleasure in the designing. The materials of handicraft, leather, metal, — what beautiful things could be made of this idea by the expert craftsman!

But whether made thus or simply painted upon a foundation of a color gently contrasting with that of the hearts and chain, it is an unusually good idea. The humorous side of valentine designing appears in the illustration at the bottom of this page. The lines of the design at the left offer a hint of what can be developed from them. Note the heart-shape of the whole. The middle one explains itself. That to the right, its eyes plainly feasting on your attractions, says, in not the best English, "You I Luv." But then, language changes every year.

Heart-shaped valentines. And surely a most appropriate shape. The design shown at the upper left is an envelope, A, of white paper colored as indicated, which folds into B, opening at the end. The two hearts side by side, lower right hand, form the lap of a similar envelope, opening at the side. The little folding heart, C, contains the clever suggestion: "Two souls with but a single love, Two hearts that read as one" — arranged as a couplet. The ancient form of heart-symbol for valentines was the two hearts pierced with the arrow of Cupid. One heart usually bled a little, — just two or three scarlet drops, — to show the delicious agony that Diccon was enduring for his Janice. The flowers furnished other symbols of the day, the crocus, the daffodil, the yellow tulip, and the pussy-willow. The homing pigeon with the letter slung to him by bright ribbon was another gentle suggestion of the soft and tender passion that we all

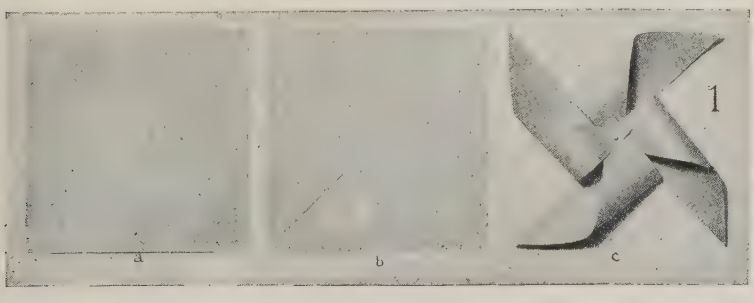
It is great fun hunting out the best kind of verses for valentines. Here is a good one:

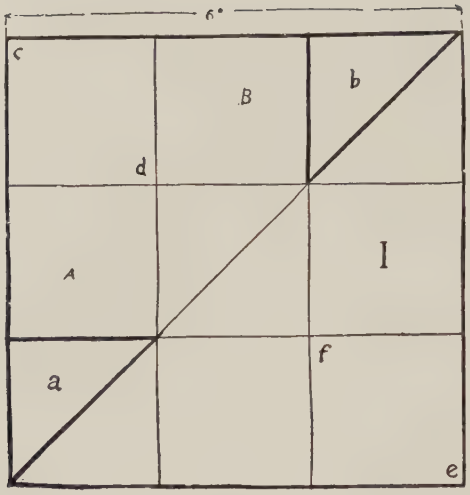
"I wish for you a life of gladness
Full of love and free from pain;
A life of goodness free from sadness,
Bright as sunshine after rain."

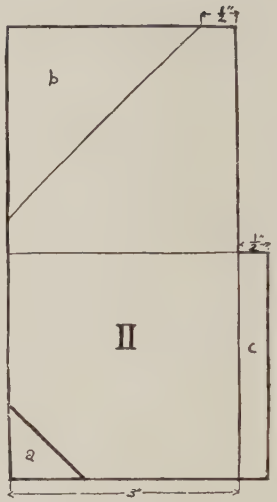


HOLIDAY SYMBOLS — ARBOR DAY. Your little people will want to have a part in everything the family do. Arbor day offers not only a good chance for those very busy folk of ages five to seven to help set out shrubs — and how they will tug at a water pail with its tremendous quart weight — but it also suggests new delights in symbolic paper-cutting. Some such figures are embodied in this page of designs. In the round badge be careful and cut the inner circle in sections, as it holds the design to the whole card. What a delight to draw, fold, and develop the little park with trees, shown at the bottom of the page! How those chubby fingers will toil with the scissors hour after hour, producing avenues of shade trees like the five just above the park pattern! The designs appeal to the older children, and some of these are beautifully simple, well suited to cover a program of school Arbor day work.

The wind is a merry playmate. He seems to say, "Where are your kites and windmills? Let me come into the game with you!" A simple WINDMILL can be made by your youngest in trousers by following the three steps shown in the lower illustration. This shape is very old, no one knows how old. Perhaps the swarthy children of Old Egypt used it along the Nile, or the little Ninevites playing by the banks of the Tigris.





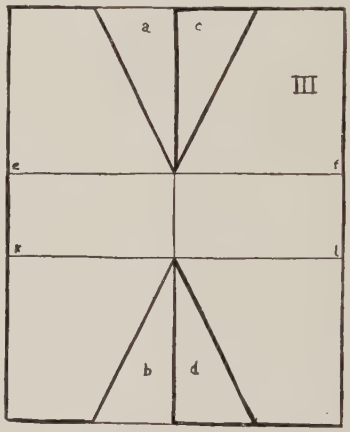


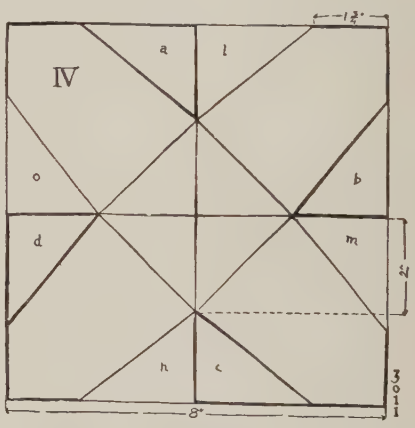
May basket time brings a return of the joy and excitement we felt at twilight, when, laden with the product of our own hands, we took the trail with stealth for the house we had picked out for attack. For little children the basket here suggested at Diagram I is easy to make. Lay out the basket on a square of paper, any size. Fold it on the diagonal. Cut out triangles *a* and *b*, and use the other triangles to fasten inside as laps under squares A and B. Fold *c* outward to *d* and *e* to *f*. Make the handle half an inch wide by folding an inch strip and cutting it through the middle. Fasten down the laps with gilt stars or other ornaments.

For Basket II, fold on the light lines. Use *c* as lap. Cut off triangle *a* and fold back *b*. Add "streamers" to the lowest and two side points by crimping up with scissors narrow strips of tissue paper. This is done by taking two strips between thumb and finger of left hand, and with scissors or knife laying it in little pleats, holding it firmly.

To make Basket III, cut out triangles *c* and *d*, use *a* and *b* as laps, and fold on the light lines. Add seals, stars, bowknots or other decorations to simulate fastenings.

In Basket IV, we arrive at something more ambitious. To make it, cut out triangles *a*, *b*, *c*, and *d*, and use the others as laps. Cut out ornamental figures from drawing paper, trace their forms upon the sides of the May basket by drawing around them and, when done, tint these decorations in water color. It will add much to the effect of such a May basket if you tint the inside with a single color.





You will soon begin to vary these simple forms and methods, and will change the size and alter the decorations. In fact, in a set of baskets made upon this one or any other model, each might be colored differently. If the inside is to be tinted, it is well to lay on the tint before drawing the pattern on the other side. May means so much to the world that May baskets, the making and giving of which is a very old custom (Shakespeare and Chaucer both mention them), are especially interesting to one who cares for the things that survive. Most of the older countries celebrate the season with festivals of some sort. The Pilgrims once forbade a Maypole festival in the Old Colony, but their act was a most worthy one, as the occasion was disorderly.

Paper baskets. Here is a group of baskets made of colored paper not too stiff for the smallest fingers to handle well, and the three shapes shown in the diagram explain the foundation idea, that of some simple unit like the square or oblong. Upon these forms as bases, the little folks can build, and it will be astonishing how fertile their little minds will often prove to be. There is nothing a child loves better about play than to cut out things, especially if they can be shaped into something like objects used by the grown-ups. To make a basket, a box, a pasted paper roll, a little house, or to cut out animals — greatest joy of all — usually keeps the small people not only busy, but in a healthy state of mind. The various paper stocks offer each a new pleasure in the manner in which it will fold, crinkle, or shine, according to its weight, pliability, or color. The basket shown at Fig. 1 is based upon the square, and in planning it you will find squared paper best for the children. Once get them started, and the rainy day in the nursery will lose its bugbears.

Any child that can count, can mark off the square in its simplicity, and then you can easily plan the harder parts, such as the sides of this Fig. 1 basket. When creased on the dotted lines, perhaps first making a light cut with a knife, you can fold up the sides to any angle you wish; it may be a box with vertical sides, with the two corner ornaments pasted tightly together, or with the corners of the straight parts caught with thread and the ornaments allowed to flare free. This last is shown in the basket on the extreme right of the pictured group. The same pattern might be brought together by the sides so that the ornaments would just lap each other, where they would be caught with thread, the result being a basket with flaring sides. Several of the baskets shown were drawn upon dotted paper, which to some children is more attractive to work on than the squared. Diagram 2 shows a basket built on a foundation of a Maltese cross, the dotted square forming the bottom, and the flare of the sides making it impossible to develop any but a tray-shaped basket. Fig. 3 may either be creased, or cut and lapped.

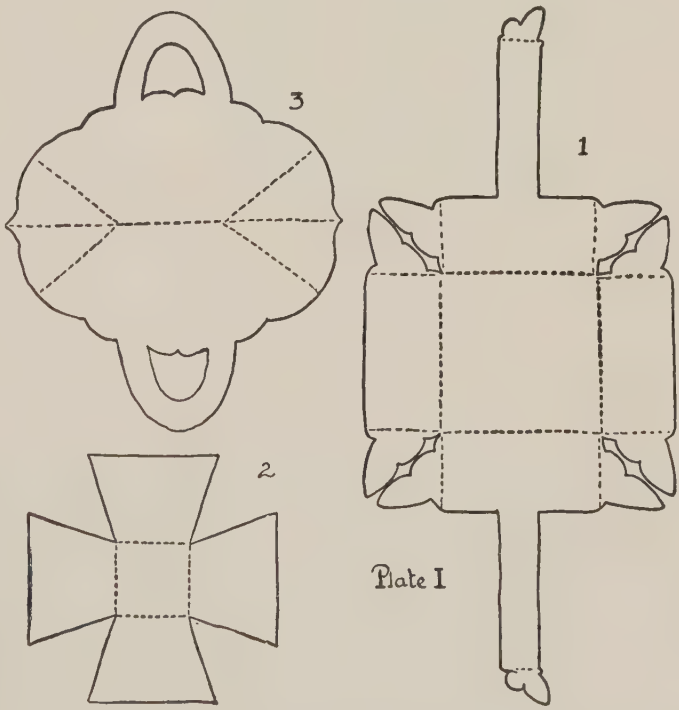
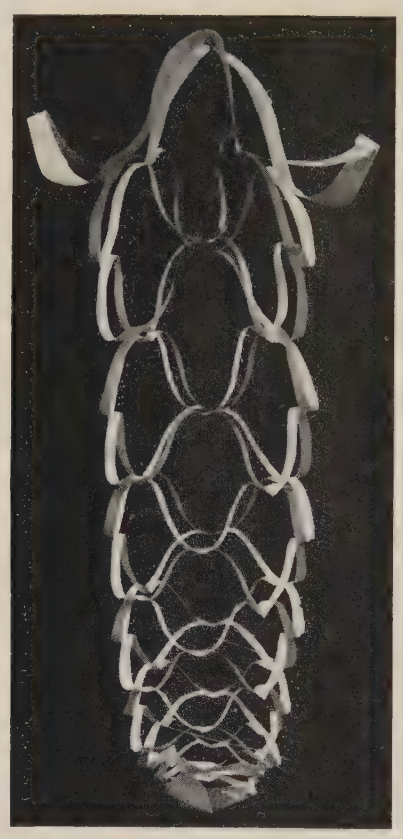


Plate I

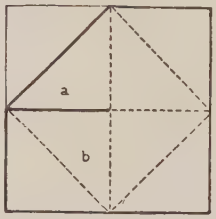
Always remember that the uses of an object must be thought about. For instance, in the case of basket No. 1, if it were to be made a real basket for carrying things, you should be certain that the corners would not spill out the contents.

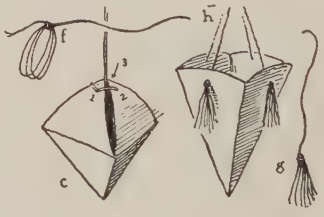


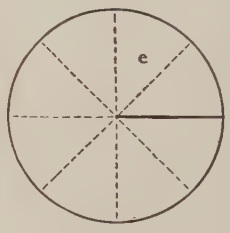
It is hard to believe that a piece of paper looking like that in the small diagram below could open out into so elaborate a basket as the above; yet this is the case. The point is that the diagram represents a sheet of paper folded once, and then again, and then once more, each time "on the bias." The paper should be circular in the first place, or else the end should be cut in a curve after the folding is done. Then curved cuts should be made with the scissors, alternately from one side and from the other. The closer these cuts are together, the more delicate and also the more fragile the resulting basket will be. When the cuts have been made, open out the sheet fully, and smooth out the creases. Then put a small weight like a marble in the center and lift the outside edges gently and gradually, — and the basket is made. When May is here and the wildflowers begin to arrive in the meadows and by lazy brooks, fill some of these paper nets with blossoms and you will have a novel and beautiful form of May basket. When the basket is filled, the top may be gathered in with a ribbon or cord.

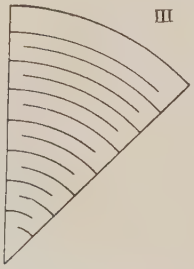
As an experiment try folding the sheet of paper as above directed, and then add one more fold, making four in all. Cut the folded sheet in the same way. When unfolded and opened out, the sheet will become a rounder and even more lace-like basket than the other. And by the way, if a marble or other weight is not easily obtainable, put a pin through the center of the sheet and on into any wood that will hold it. Then you can go ahead with the opening, gathering up the outside in one hand and helping the strands to come loose with the other.

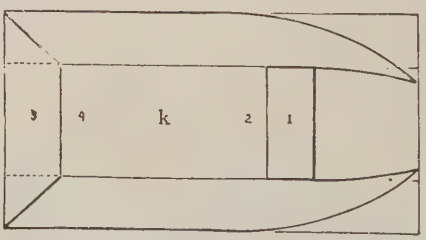
Other forms of paper basket are patterned below, and a sled, too, which might be made of cardboard, or even of wood, as a toy for your little brother or some little friend.

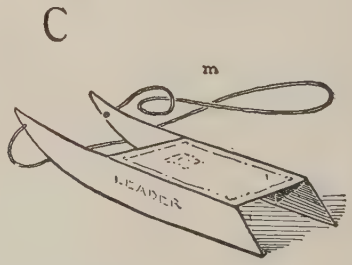








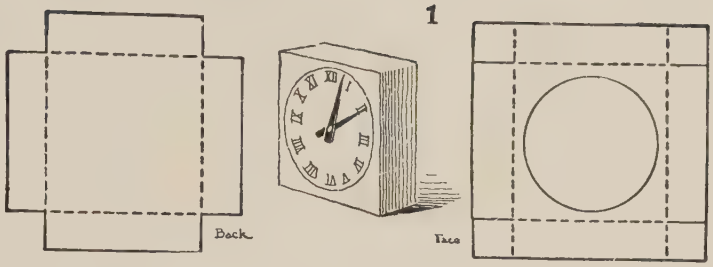


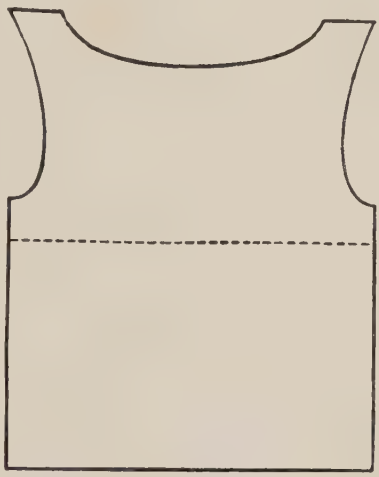


Another simple project is the EASEL, Fig. 8. The flat of it is shown above the sketch. The lines of its support may be modified at will. A link of paper, *a*, keeps the support in place. A picture may be mounted this way, or the easel may be used as a place card. Below it several other forms of easel place cards are shown. In these the ornamental device is pierced, and the "inside" of the easel is painted some rich color to shine through the openings. These place cards were made by children of about ten years of age.

Place cards of this kind designed for special occasions, a birthday party, Thanksgiving, Christmas or some other festival, are always a welcome and delightful addition to the table. Comic designs thus made are jolly for a Halloween Party.

Still another easy problem is presented at the top of the page, a TOY CLOCK. Such a device is useful in teaching little boys and girls to tell time, and also for indicating the hours when certain tasks should be done, or when medicine should be taken. A pin thrust through the paper hands into a bit of cork behind will serve to keep the hands in place. If the friction should not be sufficient put a thin slice of cork beneath the pin head. Cardboard is better than paper in this case. If it is too stiff to fold easily, score the lines to be folded *on the outside;* that is, cut the cardboard part way through with the point of a knife. You will need your compasses for drawing the face and its figures. Draw first the circle to define the face. Next a light circle to locate the outside ends of the figures, then another light circle to locate the inner ends. Locate next the position of each hour dot. Then draw the figures, the axis of each group corresponding with a radius of the circle.





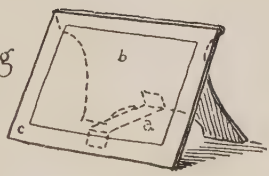
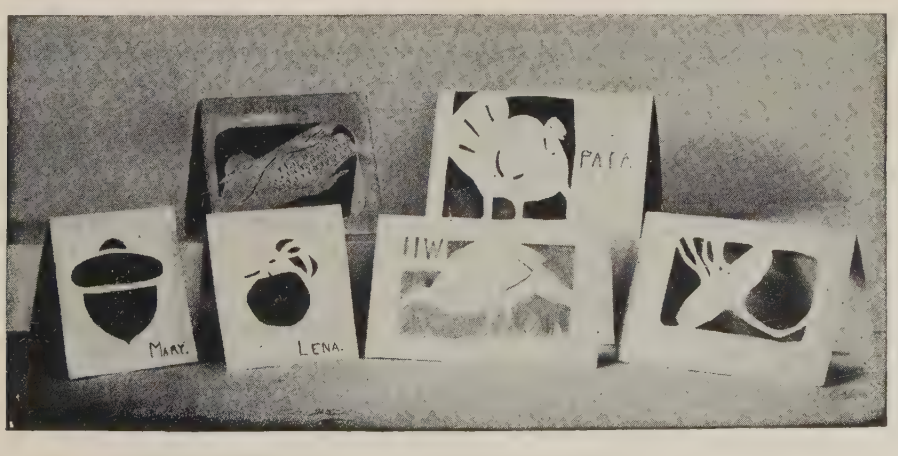
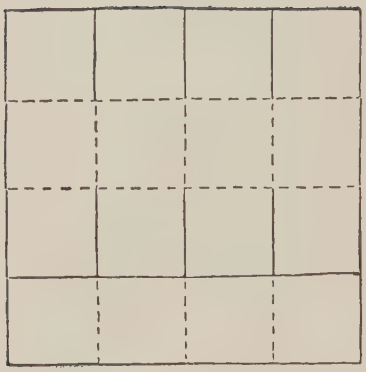


Fig. 8.
A Standing Card.
6" x 3¾"





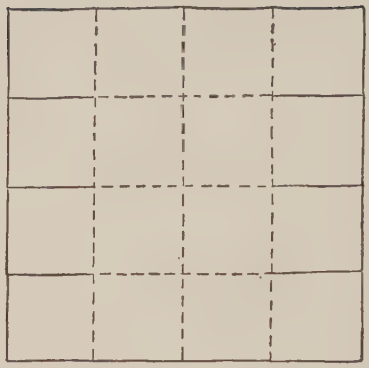
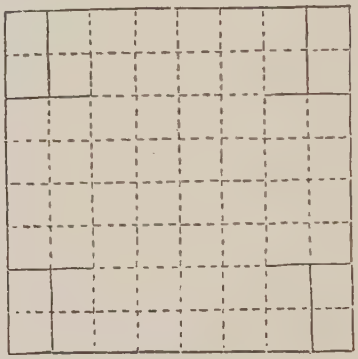


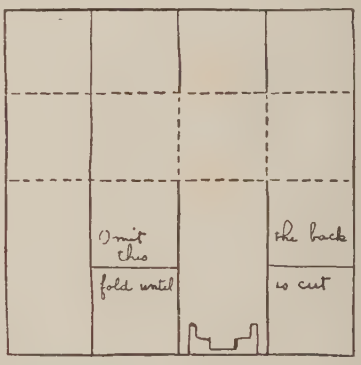
Fig. C.

Fig. D.

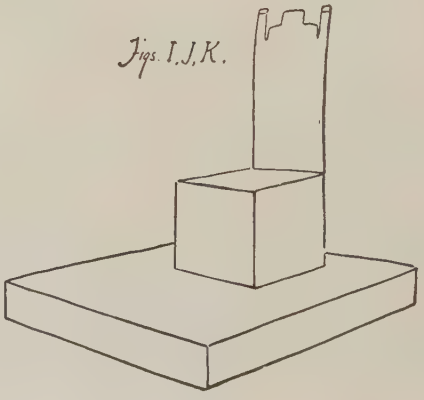
and your story begins. The whole thing can be worked out, scene after scene. Think of the Wolf peeking into the doorway to see if the coast is clear, while Red Riding Hood is seen coming through the forest at the back! The houses shown here are cut from the flats above them and folded. Windows and doorways should be marked on or cut out before making. Fig. D, the more elaborate, folds by lapping the two middle squares of each vertical outside row for the gables, and bringing the ends of the house to lap below them. Cut always on the full lines. Fold on the dotted lines. You will thus have a reliable rule to follow.

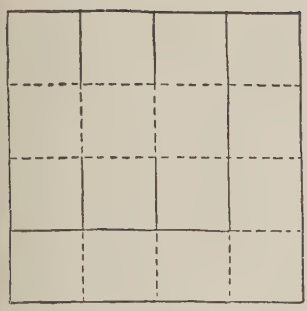
Cut paper houses and scenes. When you had read your first Fairy Stories, a new world was opened, and it is to be hoped that you will never tire of its beautiful imagery. To help you remember it, you can make up in cut paper forms your old friends Red Riding Hood, Goldilocks, who had such a thrilling escape from the house of the Three Bears who lived in the Wood, and the Ugly Duckling; yes, and a host of others, in fact all your dear friends of Make-believe Land. Make a little inclosure like the back and sides of a theater stage, which any big brother will show you how to build, and within it you can place your houses, trees, people and animals. You can make little table dishes out of clay, and presto! your stage is set,





Figs. I, J, K.





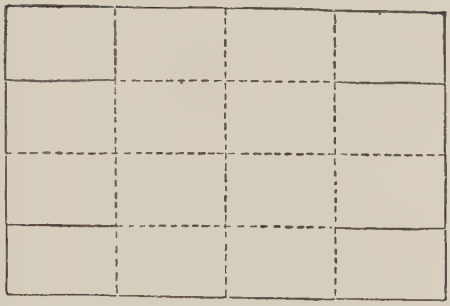
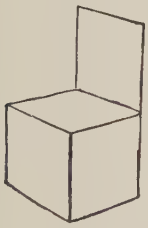
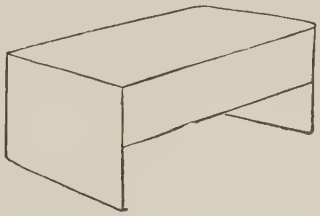
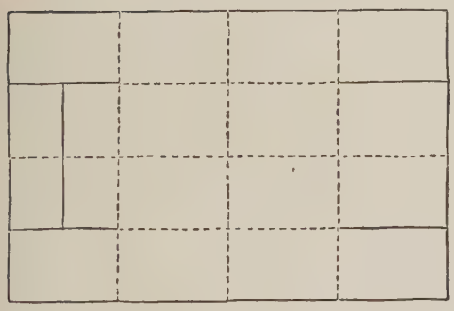


Fig. F

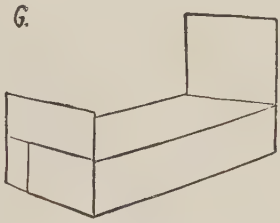
Fig. E





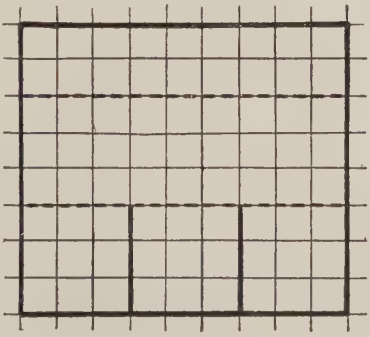


G.



Cut paper furniture. You will remember that when Red Riding Hood left her mother's house to go and visit Grannie, carrying some nice things to eat, there had to be a fireplace and a table, and of course some chairs; so there had to be in Grannie's house, too, perhaps like that on the opposite page. Let us begin with a chair. This is to be cut from a flat like Fig. E, which folds up nicely into the chair shown below it. The table is made from flat Fig. F, and what a broad, solid-looking thing it makes, to be sure! Lastly comes the bed, shown both in flat and completed at the bottom of this diagram. You can cut out the center of the chair-back so as to make it more natural if you like, but as the bed cannot be cut out very much, nor the table, it is better to have them all as near alike as you can. This is one of the first things we have to learn in good design. We call it unity. It means, things alike in style.

A paper cap. This is such a covering as the little girls of Puritan days wore on their heads, and it is easily made by following the lines of the diagram for the flat shown at the left of the little girl. First fold down on the upper dotted line. Next cut on the full lines and bring together and lap the two outside lower squares, pasting them securely. But this is useful in a more practical way, for it may be made large enough to be the pattern for such a cap to be worn by yourself. It can be made as described in a very small size and used on a doll. Or it may be made for a paper doll without the square cut in for the back; simply fold it for the front "frill" and crease once the other way to slip down over the head of one of the paper folk to appear on the mimic stage.



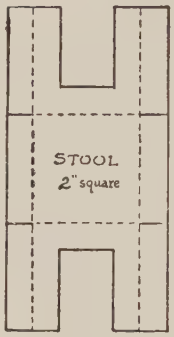
A

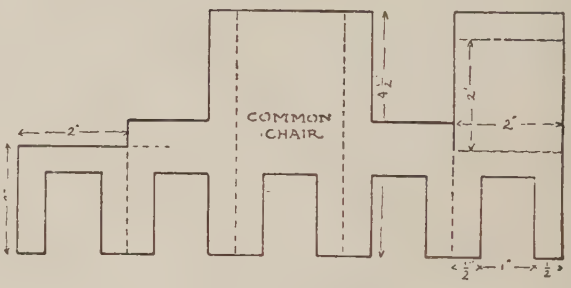
STRONG PAPER FURNITURE.

Here we have a cozy, inviting tea table (or is it set for breakfast?). In any event, it must seem very attractive to the great tribe of doll-boys and doll-girls. In one of the oldest houses in America, the John Ward house, in the yard of the Essex Institute at Salem, Mass., there is set a table for breakfast of which this little group would remind you, if you had seen the real table in that famous old house. That table is set for a family supposed to have lived in the years about 1690, and the simple furnishings and sturdy furniture are very like these small ones in the spirit of their design.

The flat shown here illustrates the way to plan and build this furniture. The common chair has the seat cut in one piece with the legs at the right, which come on the front when the chair is cut and pasted. This seat piece is dotted to fold downward a short way down from the top (upper right hand), and paste against the back of the chair. The front is planned to come out double, making it stronger.

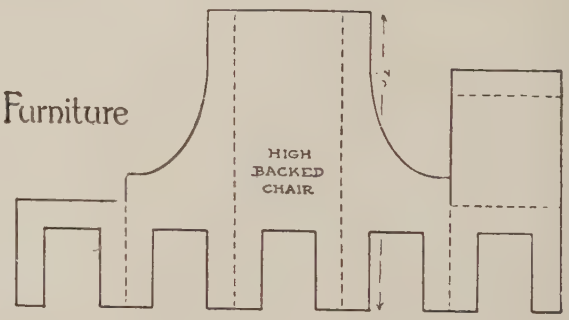
Extra paper is allowed for arms. In the high-backed chair, these arms curve gradually outward from the back. The little stool without a back is very like those on which children sat in our colonial days. The table flat shows a top that is entire. On this paste another, which will overhang properly. The dishes for the meal can be made from clay, and so can the fowl and the Indian bannocks, and other old-time food.

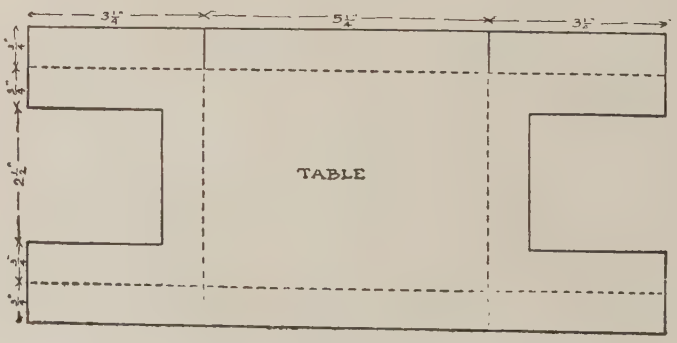




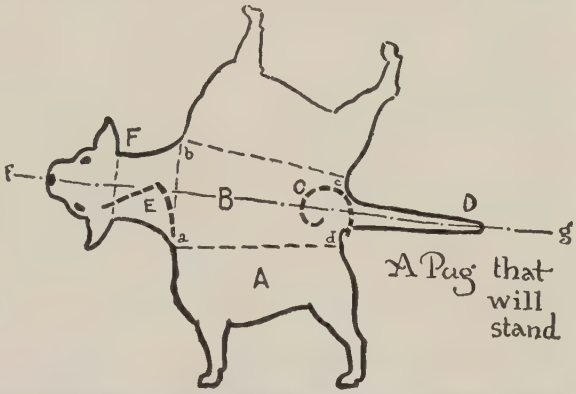
Strong Paper Furniture

Table top, 5½"x7", not shown. See photograph.

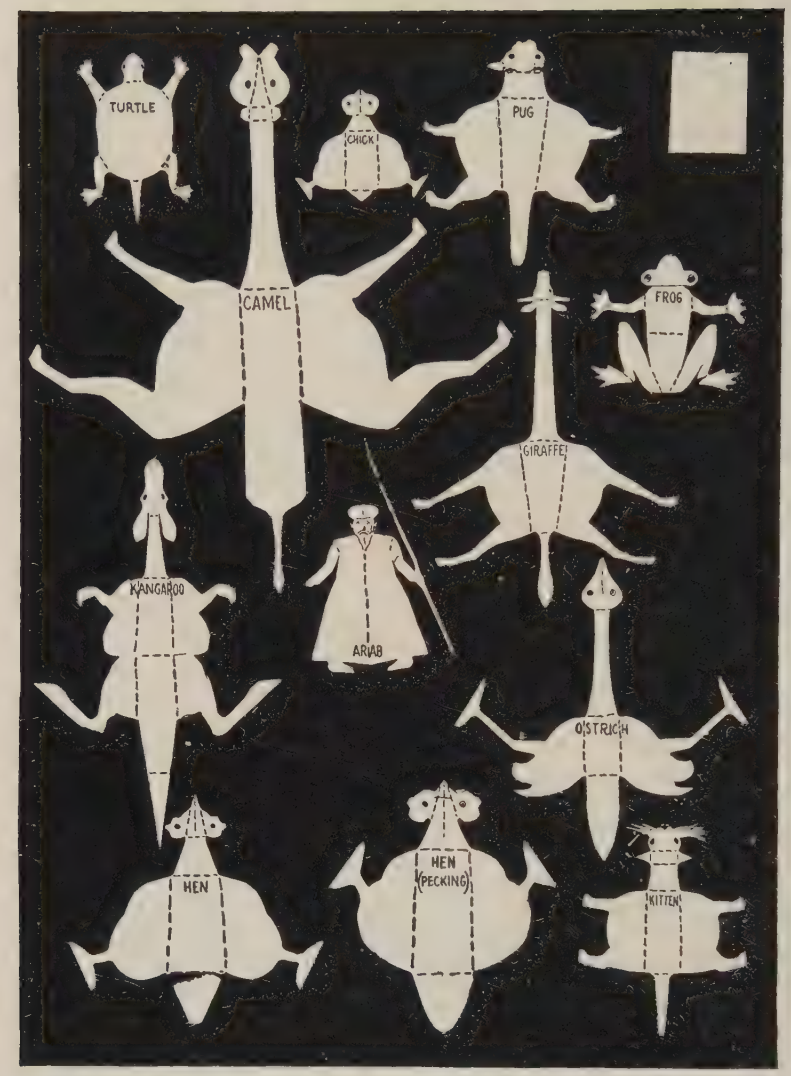




PAPER ANIMALS THAT ARE COMICALLY LIFE-LIKE. These are at once an instructive joke and a lesson in anatomy; very real to Little Brother and Sister, both realistic and educative to you who are older. This way of making animals results in postures that now and then are startling in their fidelity to nature. And one may think of that rather expressive bit of slang, "they're more fun than a goat"; why not include the goat among them? Well, try him. On this page are shown at the top, an ostrich, a pug dog, a kitten, and a hound. Each one shows some lifelike characteristic or "point," as they say at the dog-shows. Below the diagram for the flat of the pug dog (which we will consider later on) is a jolly barnyard in miniature. Here is a biddy pecking away in her demure yet important fashion; a turkey cock swelling with gobbling pride; another sedate hen, a pullet, a shanghai rooster, and a duck. Below is a turtle, apparently jumping for joy, and a frog humped up ready to leap. All are simple to make, only you have to think of the thickness as well as the height and width. But let's to our pug dog. He is thicker at the shoulders than at the hind quarters, the opposite of a horse. We will draw one side, as A, and think out the top, like B. Then establish a center line, *f–g*, and next think of where the tail is to come, for it must grow out

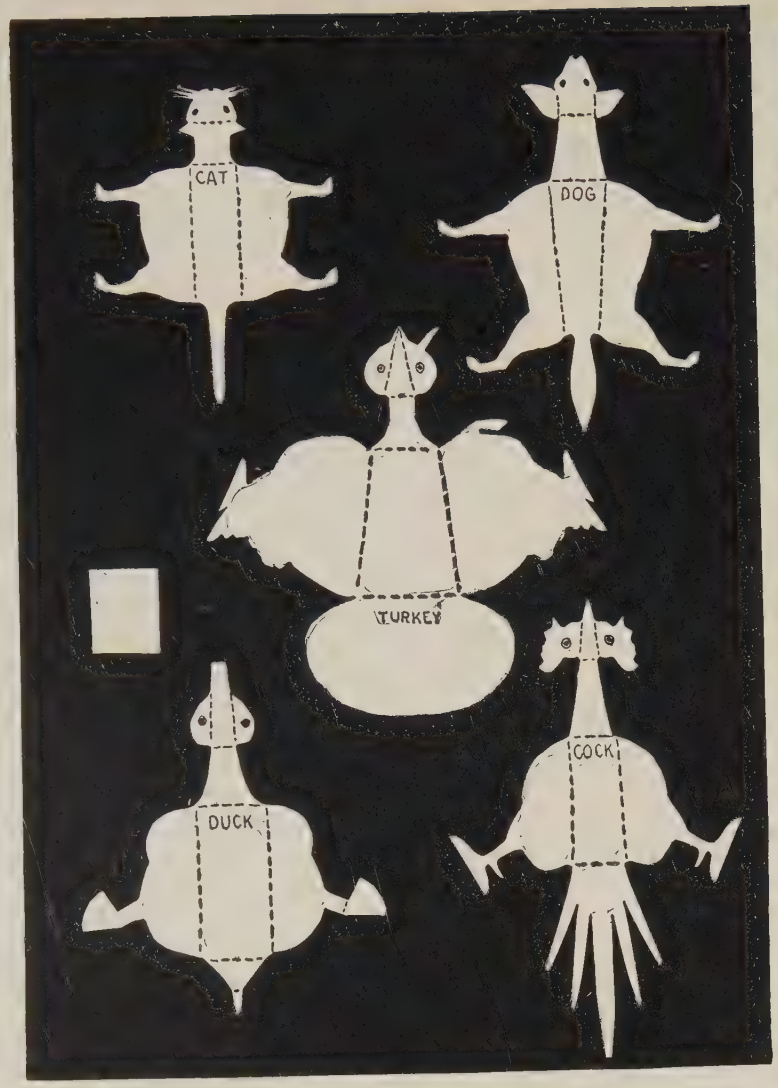


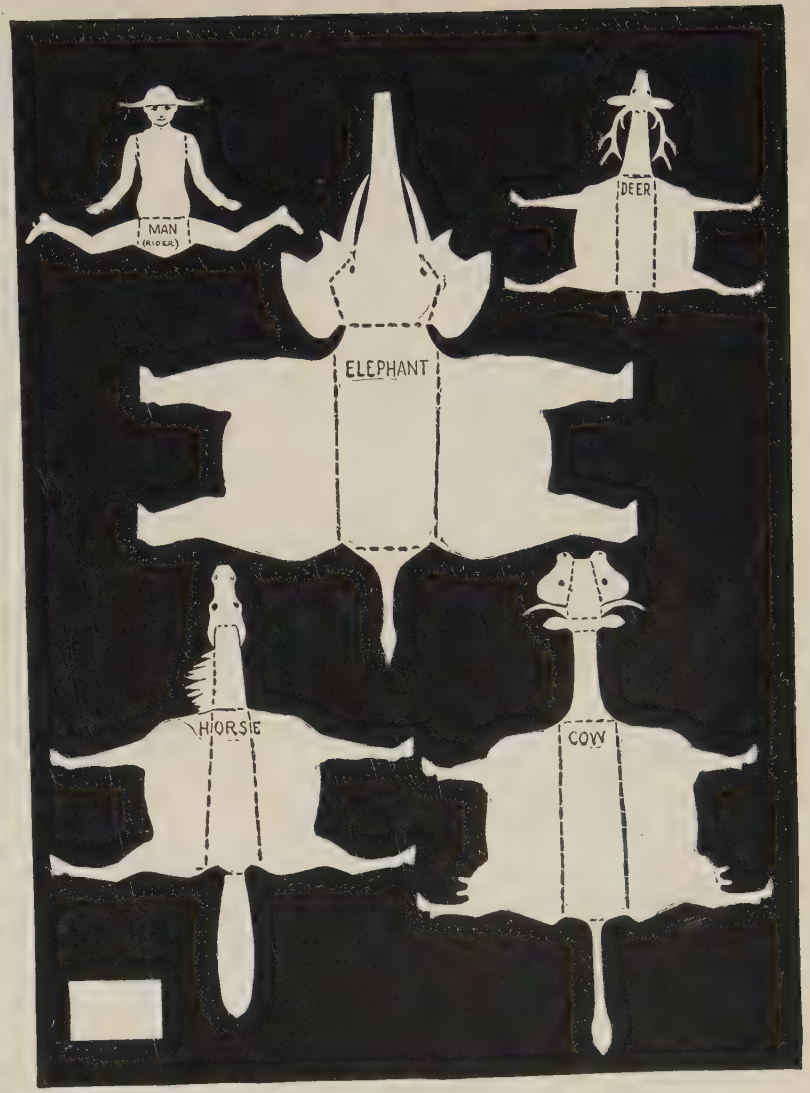
of that center line. How must it look when the beast is folded into shape? Well, it must curl, as at C, and so we must lay it off straight at D, and when we have him cut out we can curl that tail by "scraping" it, that is, drawing it over a thumb with the scissors. The head and neck will need to stand up somewhat, for a healthy dog never hangs his head; so, as drawn in dotted line at E, we must allow for their



cutting is the cleanest and least objectionable from a sanitary point of view. In the views shown, the animals are not cut to scale, but that will only make the problems all the more fascinating, as you will have to use your own judgment as to the relative sizes of, say, a calf and a horse. As to the sizes of the elephant and the hen, there should be no special difficulty. You have here two full pages of the flats from which these animals are folded, and comical enough many of them appear. Both the giraffe and the pug dog, when seen in the white silhouette form, suggest the gentleman dressed in evening clothes, ready for the opera; or at least as some of the clever caricaturists might draw him. Be sure and get that bend of the back into the frog. The kangaroo likewise is a creature that scorns a straight backbone. A study of zoölogy, which is just the life history of animals, will be of great help to you in this work. And when you realize how many animals there are in the great and ancient aristocracy of the jungle and the desert, your power of classification will develop afresh. You will be proud of how many of them you can name the next time you visit the circus or the "zoo." How many of the great cats can you tell at sight — the lion, lioness, tiger, jaguar, leopard, ocelot or cheetah; the "tiger-cats," the cougar, puma, catamount and other panthers, the lynx or the bob-cat? And how about the great pachyderms — the elephant, hippopotamus, rhinoceros, tapir and the wild hogs? Or the numerous antelope family — the eland, koodoo, gnu, chamois or gazelle; or

curve and lay them out as at F. The ears must be thought of as in side view, but laid off in plan in such a way that they will fold up at the right angle and bend over at the tips, to make the face look natural in front view. A new problem lies in wait at every turn. The planning of the flat, as the one well says who first conceived of this breed of animals, "calls for every watt of imagining power one possesses, and the cutting of it calls for the sharpest possible visualizing of every detail of the animal." Use a paper quite stiff, but not too thick. The tails and feathers can all be curled by the scraping process. Inasmuch as no paste is required, this kind of paper


CAT
DOG
TURKEY
DUCK
COCK


MAN
(RIDER)
DEER
ELEPHANT
HORSIE
COW

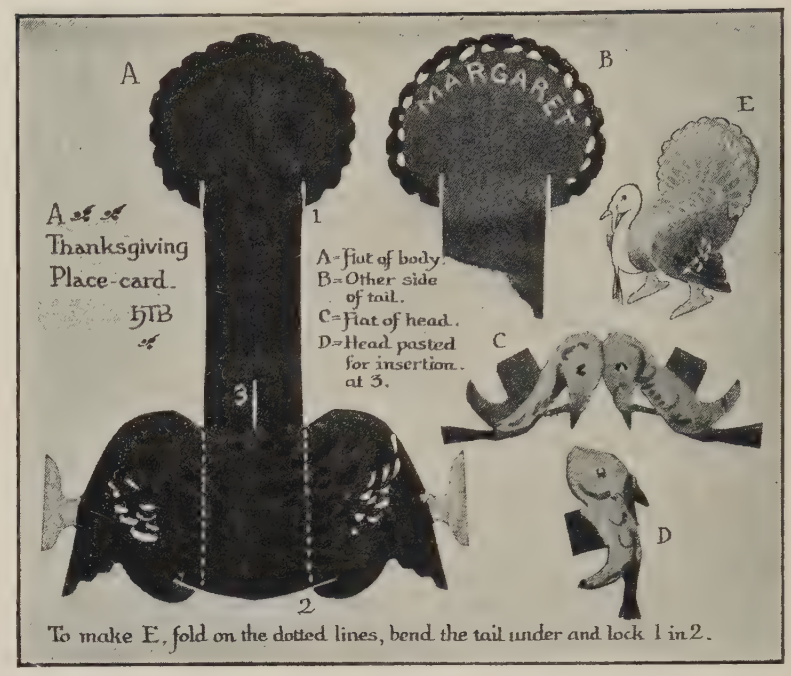
same royal colors as expressed in the ringed spots of the jaguar! How these colors would contrast with the sober gray of the elephant, or the shiny black of the hippopotamus! A family of dogs would be very instructive; consider the commoner breeds: the great Dane, the St. Bernard, the mastiff, Russian wolf-hound, Scottish deer-hound, the collies, the shepherd dogs, and the Old English sheep-dog; the family of hunters, including the bloodhound, pointer, setter, retriever, foxhound, beagle, basset and greyhound. The spaniels, the bull-dogs, and those faithful and amusing fellows, the numerous terriers, such as the fox-terrier, the Skye or the Lancashire, the Irish terrier, short-haired or long-haired, the larger Airedale, the big and valiant bull-terrier; or the numerous family of poodles — how interesting to snip out their long hair. Each, by reason of difference in either size or shape, distinct enough to be interesting and to offer a new problem in this new animal-cutting game, so deliciously whimsical in its results. How many can you make?

the other ruminants, such as the great moose as distinguished from the so-called elk; the caribou, yak, aurochs and musk-ox? Is the llama a true cousin of the camel and dromedary? And why does his neighbor the alpaca, so like him, belong to the sheep tribe? What a menagerie you can make, once you get started! In what family does the queer and fascinating giraffe belong? And do you know how many near cousins the good horse has, such as the mule, ass, onager, okapi and zebra? Or our friend the dog, who is a relative of the wolf, dingo, jackal and bear? And suppose, in addition to making these paper treasures, you color them! What a chance to study those wondrous bars of sable upon the tiger's cloth-of-gold, or the

THE BUNNY, which may be yours for the making, is an animal made somewhat like those shown in the preceding pages, but with the art of cutting carried further. This produces a different, and, needless to say, a more interesting animal, for he seems to be really and truly solid. Here we advance a step and try for more exact form, for better modeling, as the term is. Indeed, by continued practice and careful study of animal shapes it is possible to make quite an elaborate form, which will express with considerable fidelity each detail of our four-footed friends. How to make this rabbit is very plain to be seen from the flat here pictured. And it will come out so "cutely," and with so little trouble to you if you follow the lines, as to justify the elation of the designer where he ends with the French word which means "There now!"

The ears, threaded through their proper slits, likewise the tail, act as keys to hold the back curved in the proper sweep from head to tail.

See if you can design another rabbit, not crouched in this position, but sitting erect on his hind legs as only a rabbit knows how to do. Can you design one that will hop? No directions are given here for such a bunny, but someone had to think out every such idea, and you may prove to be such a person. Good, tough paper can be made to do many things and is elastic and "springy." Remember that there are rabbits of many colors —white, black, brown and gray, spotted in all sorts of combinations. Here your paint box will come in handy. THE LITTLE BUTTERFLY is cut from paper, mounted upon a heart-shaped card as if he had just alighted there, and is painted true to the life on both sides of his wings. The body may either be included in the cut-out form or it may be painted on the card where the wings join, allowing a narrow strip between when cutting out the wings. You will find these wing-forms rather hard to shape, but in the painting of them there will be great reward, for nothing in all animal form offers such gorgeous contrasts and harmonies of color.



A TURKEY GOBBLER. Another one of those amusing "hollow-solid" creatures made of paper, but how lifelike! Probably the most so of any of the whole group. This may be because it expresses so accurately two features peculiar to the gobbler, namely, the erect and curved tail and the curiously lowered wings. There is only one other North American fowl that assumes anything like this attitude, and that is the partridge. But he cannot boast the size nor the splendid equipment of tail feathers with which Nature has endowed the turkey. Next to the regal peacock in wealth of feathers, there is no fowl approaching him among the domesticated breeds, for the larger roosters must be ruled out for lack of beauty. But whether "spread" or in ordinary form, the turkey gobbler offers lines that are very pleasing to the eye. In quiet, he and his mate are long bodied, sleek and rather graceful. When roused he exhibits in his every line opposition, defiance, contrast. In making this creature, you should pay special attention to his head, for in this he is unlike any of the other barnyard fowl, or for that matter any wild fowl except the vultures, and his "poor-white" cousin, the turkey buzzard. There is little but a queer, wrinkled, ridged skin without feathers upon the entire head and neck. This skin is very red, so if you paint the turkey, as of course you will try to do, have the neck of the right color. It is a medium light tint of red, with an occasional hint of violet in some of the more livid folds. On the lower part of the neck-piece allow extra paper, as shown in the black, chisel-shaped pieces before the two parts are pasted. This will form the "brush," that odd tuft of coarse hair which hangs below the gobbler's neck and looks precisely as if it were a bunch taken from the dust-pan brush. His comb, too, or what answers for a comb in the rooster, is simply a long, pendent affair which seems like all the skin of the head stretched forward and rolled into this curious appendix. It hangs over one side of the bill, and the gobbler resents any attempt to touch or stroke it. In fact, he is seldom a pleasant-tempered animal, possibly because he has a long-standing grudge against mankind in general, and against New England mankind in particular. Perhaps you do not know that some gobblers dislike the color of red. It is even said that they will chase the smaller people who wear it. Perhaps the gobbler has tried in this way to imitate the bull, his big associate of the barnyard.

But our gobbler has a further use than that of merely amusing us or occupying our idle moments. He is a place card. And for what season, to be sure, but Thanksgiving? Nothing could be more appropriate than a flock of these sturdy fowl, greeting the eyes of family and guests as they reach the dining room. Each member of the dinner circle should find his or her name printed upon the spreading fan of the turkey, and you could even tuck inside each bird some little bit of confection or a little folded bit of written sentiment. Of course if you like you can try a hen turkey,

Cut on the full lines.

Fold on the dotted lines.

E G H B C K D F A

Fold A under on BC Slip D into E, and F into G.

Fold H to H, and insert at K

H

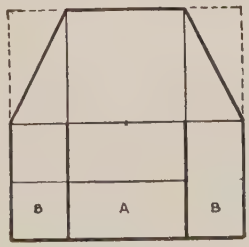
A Christmas Goose that can stand alone

Made from paper; two pieces, paste not required.

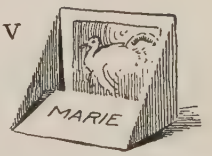
Color of dotted parts orange

or perhaps a CHRISTMAS GOOSE would appeal to you. The paper flat of this bird must be made accurately if the goose is to be able to stand. If you are not sure of copying the diagram correctly, trace it. Follow the directions given with the diagram.

If the foregoing projects have seemed too difficult, the PLACE CARD, shown as Fig. V, is simple enough. Begin with a square of rather stiff paper and cut it, as shown in the diagram, following the heavy lines. Fold it upon the light lines. B and B tuck in behind A, which in the sketch has "Marie" printed upon it, and thus weight the base enough to make the card stand. Any decoration you desire may be substituted for the turkey.

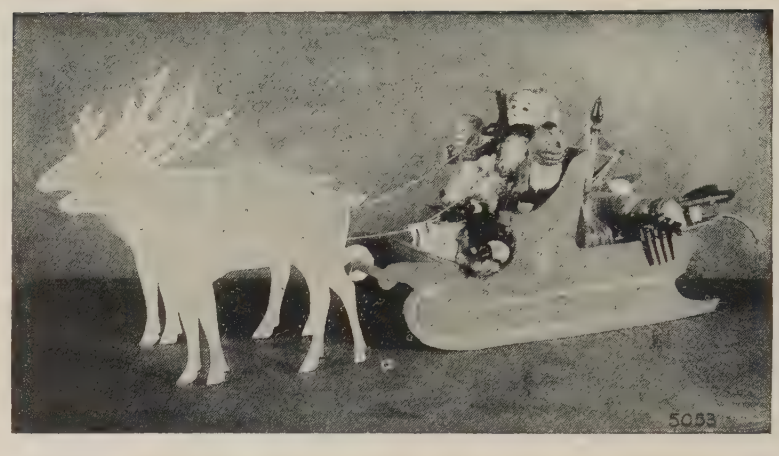


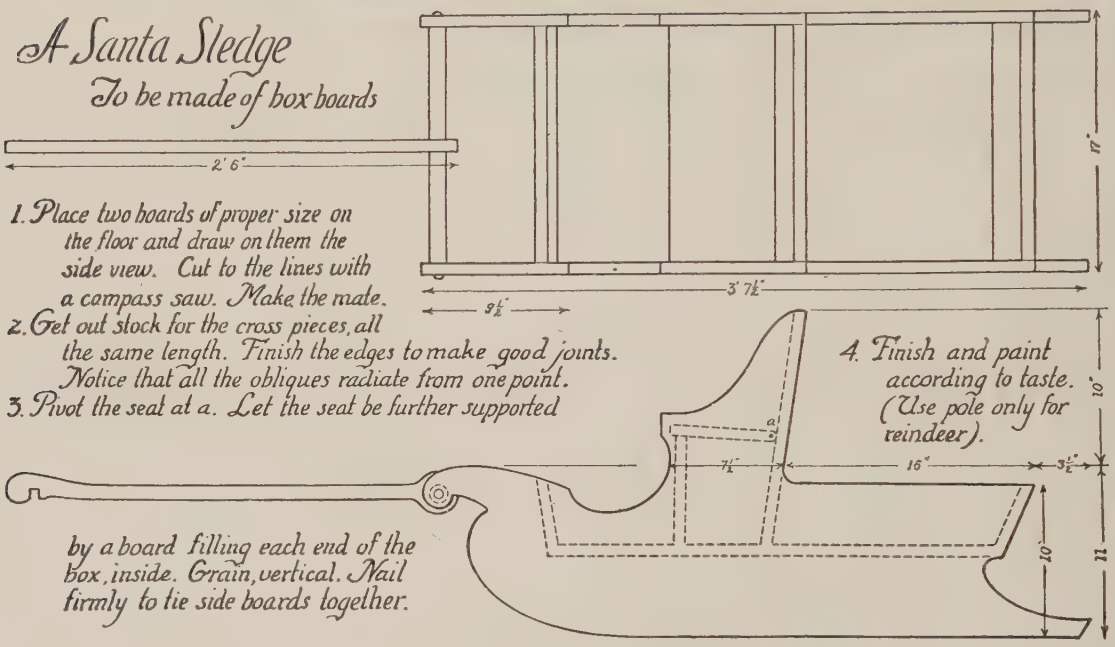
V

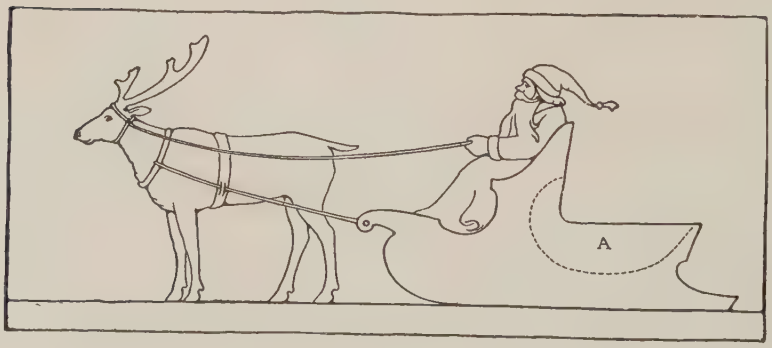


A decorated Place Card that will stand. No pasting required.

While the SANTA SLEDGE is self-explanatory, a few words about making the reindeer will be helpful. The pattern given in the lower picture may be taken as a unit, and enlarged by squaring up to the size needed to suit the sledge. This sledge, although given with a dimension for a length of about three feet, may of course be made of any size, and of cigar-box







cedar or even thick cardboard. A very little one could be made of thick paper. One of cardboard might be utilized as a Christmas candy box. In the case of a large sledge, the deer, after being carefully squared up, could be sawed out the long way of the grain, the horns separately.

THE BOY CHRIST, BY HOFMANN

BIBLE STORIES

"Our first duty to a Bible story is to love it; its effect we may leave to the divine artist."

Richard G. Moulton.

OF all the stories in the world, Bible stories told in Bible language are the best to read aloud. From a literary standpoint they are well-nigh perfect. The Bible has come to be recognized by literary critics as one of the greatest classics of all times. Practically without exception, all our masters of English speech, both writers and orators, have been trained by it. The children who cannot remember a time when they were not familiar with its simple, stately language, have been given a start on the road to good speech and writing, and appreciation of good literature, which can never be overestimated.

Therefore, we have kept our Bible stories in the Bible words, only editing, condensing, and grouping till the real stories stand out clear and strong, free from the history and genealogy in which they are often imbedded. Do not fear that your children may not understand every word or custom. They will love the sound of the words. There is nothing that children like better than the rhythm and roll of musical, half-familiar words and phrases. They will make comments and want explanations, but these the father and mother can give as they read. It may be well to retell the story in younger form, but never allow yourself to get far from the beautiful simplicity of the original.

A SOURCE-BOOK

The Bible is one of the greatest source-books in the world for good stories. Children love the action and life in them. They enjoy the setting in the ancient, simple Jewish life. The qualities of the heroes, the directness of right and wrong, and the frank, open, familiar dealings of one man after another with the Lord his God — all these will find an instant response in the hearts of your boys and girls. They may ask, "Are these stories true?" and parents will answer variously. But a safe answer is, "True? Yes, in the very best sense, true to life, whether in every case true as facts or not."

THE STORIES CHOSEN

Out of the wealth of stories it is hard to make a choice. A few notes on the selection made may be helpful. The story of Noah and the Flood is one of protection, with details in which every child delights. The Tower of Babel has its moral of pride. Boys and girls always enjoy the romance of the finding of Rebekah by Abraham's servant, and of Jacob's long service for Rachel. The story of Jacob's ladder is an accepted children's possession, as are the accounts of the finding of Moses among the bulrushes and the dedication of the boy Samuel. Every child should know as if by heart the story of the beautiful friendship between David and Jonathan. The stories of Naaman and of Daniel close our Old Testament group. But they should only start the reader on a quest for other favorites given in the later list of twenty more good Bible stories and where to find them.

NOAH AND THE FLOOD

AND God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually.

And God said unto Noah, The end of all flesh is come before me; for the earth is filled with violence through them; and, behold, I will destroy them with the earth. Make thee an ark of gopher wood; rooms shalt thou make in the ark, and shalt pitch it within and without with pitch. And this is the fashion which thou shalt make of it: The length of the ark shall be three hundred cubits, the breadth of it fifty cubits, and the height of it thirty cubits. A window shalt thou make to the ark, and in a cubit shalt thou finish it above; and the door of the ark shalt thou set in the side thereof; with lower, second, and third stories shalt thou make it. And, behold, I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth, to destroy all flesh, wherein is the breath of life, from under heaven; and everything that is in the earth shall die. But with thee will I establish my covenant; and thou shalt come into the ark, thou, and thy sons, and thy wife, and thy son's wives with thee. And of every living thing of all flesh, two of every sort shalt thou bring into the ark, to keep them alive with thee; they shall be male and female. Of fowls after their kind, and of cattle after their kind, of every creeping thing of the earth after his kind, two of every sort shall come unto thee, to keep them alive. And take thou unto thee of all food that is eaten, and thou shalt gather it to thee; and it shall be for food for thee, and for them. Thus did Noah; according to all that God commanded him, so did he.

And the Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation. For yet seven days, and I will cause it to rain upon the earth forty days and forty nights; and every living substance that I have made will I destroy from off the face of the earth. And Noah did according unto all that the Lord commanded him.

In the six hundredth year of Noah's life, in the second month, the seventeenth day of the month, the same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened.

And the flood was forty days upon the earth; and the waters increased, and bare up the ark, and it was lift up above the earth. And the waters prevailed, and were increased greatly upon the earth; and the ark went upon the face of the waters. And the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth; and all the high hills, that were under the whole heaven, were covered. Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail; and the mountains were covered.

And all flesh died that moved upon the earth, both of fowl, and of cattle, and of beast, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, and every man: all in whose nostrils was the breath of life, of all that was in the dry land, died. And every living substance was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground, both man, and cattle, and the creeping things, and the fowl of the heaven; and they were destroyed from the earth: and Noah only remained alive, and they that were with him in the ark. And the waters prevailed upon the earth an hundred and fifty days.

And God remembered Noah, and every living thing, and all the cattle that were with him in the ark: and God made a wind to pass over the earth, and the waters assuaged. The foun-

The Deluge, and Going into the Ark

tains also of the deep and the windows of heaven were stopped, and the rain from heaven was restrained; and the waters returned from off the earth continually: and after the end of the hundred and fifty days the waters were abated.

And the ark rested in the seventh month, on the seventeenth day of the month, upon the mountains of Ararat. And the waters decreased continually until the tenth month: in the tenth month, on the first day of the month, were the tops of the mountains seen.

And it came to pass at the end of forty days, that Noah opened the window of the ark which he had made: and he sent forth a raven, which went forth to and fro, until the waters were dried up from off the earth. Also he sent forth a dove from him, to see if the waters were abated from off the face of the ground; but the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him into the ark, for the waters were on the face of the whole earth: then he put forth his hand, and took her, and pulled her in unto him into the ark. And he stayed yet other seven days; and again he sent forth the dove out of the ark; and the dove came in to him in the evening; and, lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf plucked off: so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth. And he stayed yet other seven days; and sent forth the dove; which returned not again unto him any more.

And it came to pass in the six hundredth and first year, in the first month, the first day of the month, the waters were dried up from off the earth: and Noah removed the covering of the ark, and looked, and, behold, the face of the ground was dry. And in the second month, on the seven and twentieth day of the month, was the earth dried.

And God spake unto Noah, saying, Go forth of the ark, thou, and thy wife, and thy sons, and thy sons' wives with thee. Bring forth with thee every living thing that is with thee, of all flesh, both of fowl, and of cattle, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth; that they may breed abundantly in the earth, and be fruitful, and multiply upon the earth. And Noah went forth, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him: every beast, every creeping thing, and every fowl, and whatsoever creepeth upon the earth, after their kinds, went forth out of the ark.

And Noah builded an altar unto the Lord; and took of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt offerings on the altar. And the Lord smelled a sweet savour; and the Lord said in his heart, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake; neither will I again smite everything living, as I have done. While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.

And God blessed Noah and his sons, and said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth.

And God spake unto Noah, and to his sons with him, saying, And I, behold, I establish my covenant with you, and with your seed after you; and with every living creature that is with you, of the fowl, of the cattle, and of every beast of the earth with you; from all that go out of the ark, to every beast of the earth. And I will establish my covenant with you; neither shall all flesh be cut off any more by the waters of a flood; neither shall there any more be a flood to destroy the earth. And God said, This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you and every living creature that is with you, for perpetual generations: I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and

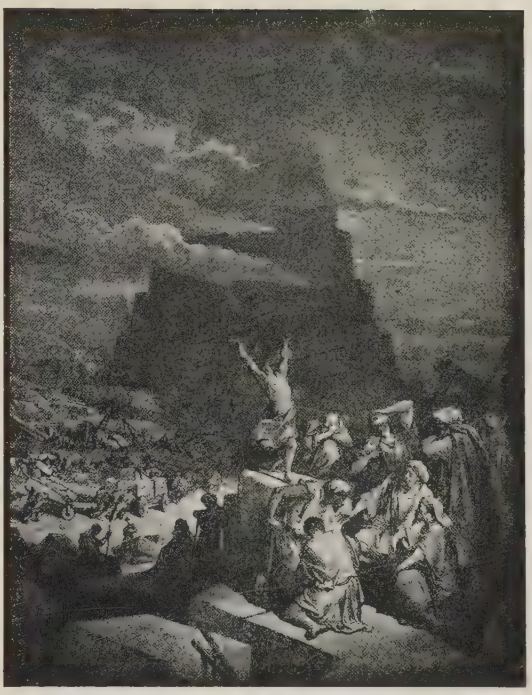
the earth. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud; and I will remember my covenant, which is between me and you and every living creature of all flesh; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh. And the bow shall be in the cloud; and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth. And God said unto Noah, This is the token of the covenant, which I have established between me and all flesh that is upon the earth.

And the sons of Noah, that went forth of the ark, were Shem, and Ham, and Japheth: and Ham is the father of Canaan. These are the three sons of Noah: and of them was the whole earth overspread.

THE TOWER OF BABEL

AND the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech. And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the east, that they found a plain in the land of Shinar; and they dwelt there.

And they said one to another, Go to, let us make brick, and burn them. And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar. And they said, Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth. And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower, which the children of men builded. And the Lord said, Behold, the people is one, and they have all one language; and this they begin to do: and now nothing will be restrained from them, which they have imagined to do. Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech. So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth; and they left off to build the city. Therefore is the name of it called Babel; because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth: and from thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth.



THE TOWER OF BABEL

THE STORY OF ISAAC AND REBEKAH

HOW ABRAHAM SENT HIS SERVANT TO FIND A WIFE FOR HIS SON

WHILE Abraham was old, he said unto the eldest servant of his house, Promise me now that thou shalt not take as a wife for my son one of the daughters of the people of Canaan. But thou shalt go unto my own country and my own people, and choose from amongst them a wife for my son Isaac.

And the servant said unto him, If now the woman whom I choose will not be willing to follow me unto this land, must I then bring thy son again into the land from whence thou camest?

Abraham said unto him, Thou shalt not take my son thither. But the Lord God of heaven who led me to this land, and has promised to give this land to my children, he shall send his angel with thee. And if the woman will not be willing to follow thee, thou canst do no more: thou hast kept thy promise. Only bring not my son thither. Then the servant promised.

And the servant took ten camels, and set out and came to the city of Nahor in Mesopotamia. And he made his camels to kneel down without the city by a well of water at the time of the evening. And at that time the women go to the well to draw water.

And the servant said, O Lord God, I pray thee help me this day, and shew kindness unto my master Abraham! Behold, I stand here by the well of water, and the daughters of the men of the city come out to draw water. Let it now come to pass that the damsel who shall say unto me, 'Drink, and I will give thy camels drink also'; when I shall say to her, 'Let down thy pitcher, I pray thee, that I may drink': let this be she whom thou hast chosen as a wife for thy servant Isaac.

REBEKAH AT THE WELL

And it came to pass before he had done speaking that, behold, Rebekah came out with her pitcher upon her shoulder. And she was the daughter of Bethuel, and Bethuel was the son of Abraham's brother Nahor. Rebekah was very fair to look upon: and she went down to the well and filled her pitcher, and came up. And the servant ran to meet her and said, Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water from thy pitcher.

And Rebekah said, Drink, my lord: and she hasted, and set down her pitcher upon her hand, and gave him drink. And when she had done giving him drink, she said, I will draw water for thy camels also, until they have done drinking. Then she emptied her pitcher into the trough for the camels, and ran again unto the well to draw water, and drew for all his camels.

When the camels had done drinking, the man took a gold ear-ring and two bracelets and gave them to Rebekah, and said, Whose daughter art thou? Tell me, I pray thee, is there room in thy father's house for us to lodge in?

And Rebekah said, I am the daughter of Bethuel the son of Nahor, and we have food enough, and room for you to lodge in.

Then the man said, Blessed be God, who is good to my master Abraham, and has led me to the house of my master's brethren.

Then Rebekah ran, and told her mother and her brother Laban these things; and Laban ran out unto the man unto the well, and said, Come in, for I have prepared the house, and room for the camels. And the man came into the house, and Laban gave him straw and food for the camels, and water to wash his feet and the men's feet that were with him. And food was set before him.

HOW THE SERVANT ASKED FOR REBEKAH

But the man said, I will not eat until I have told thee what I have come for. I am Abraham's servant. The Lord hath made my master great, and hath given him flocks and herds, and silver and gold, and man-servants and maid-servants, and camels and asses. And Abraham my master hath given all that he hath to his son Isaac. My master made me promise, saying, Thou shalt not take a wife for my son out of the land of Canaan in which I dwell, but thou shalt go into the land from whence I came, and unto my father's house, and take a wife unto my son. Then I said unto my master, But if the woman will not follow me? And he said unto me, The Lord who has been with me, will send his angel to direct thee. So I came this day unto the well, and said, O Lord God of my master Abraham, behold I stand at the well of water. Let it be that when a damsel cometh forth to draw water, and I say to her, Give me, I pray thee, a little water out of thy pitcher to drink, and she say, Drink, and I will also draw for thy camels; let that be the woman whom the Lord has chosen for my master's son. And before I had done speaking in mine heart, behold, Rebekah came forth with her pitcher on her shoulder, and she went down to the well and drew water. And I said unto her, Let me drink, I pray thee. And she made haste, and let down her pitcher from her shoulder, and said, Drink, and I will give thy camels drink also: so I drank, and she made the camels drink also. Then I asked her, Whose daughter art thou? and she said, The daughter of Bethuel the son of Nahor. Therefore I bowed my head and worshipped the Lord, and thanked the Lord God of my master Abraham, who had led me in the right way, to take Rebekah unto his son. Now tell me if ye will deal kindly and truly with my master: and if not, tell me.

Then Laban and Bethuel answered and said, We can say nothing; this is the Lord's doing. Behold, Rebekah is before thee; take her and go, and let her be thy master's son's wife.

And it came to pass that when Abraham's servant heard their words, he worshipped the Lord, and bowed himself to the earth. Then he brought forth jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment, and gave them to Rebekah: he also gave to her brother and to her mother precious things.

HOW HE BROUGHT REBEKAH TO ISAAC

And they did eat and drink, he and the men that were with him, and tarried all night. And they rose up in the morning, and the servant said, Send me away unto my master.

But Rebekah's brother and her mother said, Let the damsel abide with us a few days, at the least ten: after that she shall go.

But he said unto them, Hinder me not, seeing the Lord hath given me what I sought: send me away, that I may go to my master.

So they said, We will call the damsel and ask her. And they called Rebekah, and said unto her, Wilt thou go with this man? And she said, I will go.

And they sent away Rebekah their sister, and her nurse, and Abraham's servant and his men. And the servant took Rebekah and went his way. And Rebekah and her damsels rode upon camels, and followed the man.

ISAAC AND REBEKAH BEFORE ABRAHAM

Now Isaac went out to pray in the field at eventide. And he lifted up his eyes, and behold, the camels were coming.

And Rebekah lifted up her eyes, and when she saw Isaac she alighted from off the camel, for she had said unto the servant, What man is this that walketh in the field to meet us? And the servant had said, This is my master. And she took her veil, and covered herself.

Then the servant told Isaac all things that he had done. And Isaac brought Rebekah into his mother's tent, and she became his wife, and he loved her.

And Isaac was comforted after his mother's death.

TWO STORIES OF JACOB, ISAAC'S SON

JACOB'S LADDER

NOW it came to pass that Isaac and Rebekah sent their younger son Jacob away to the land of Padan-aram, that he might find for himself a wife from among the daughters of Laban, his mother's brother.

And Jacob went on till he lighted upon a certain place, and there he tarried all night, because the sun was set. He took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillow, and lay down in that place to sleep.

And he dreamed, and behold there was a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. And behold, the Lord stood above it, and said, I am the Lord God of thy father Isaac; the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy children. Behold I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and I will bring thee back again to this land, for I will not leave thee, till I have done all that which I have promised thee.

Then Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and said, Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.

And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stones that he had put for his pillow, and set them up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it. And he called the name of that place Bethel, that is, the house of God.

Then Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God. And this stone which I have set for a pillar, shall be God's house: and of all that God gives me, I will surely give again to God the tenth part.

Then Jacob went on his journey, and came into the land of the people of the east.

And he looked, and behold a well in the field, and lo, there were three flocks of sheep lying by it; for out of that well they watered the flocks; and a great stone was upon the well's mouth. Thither were all the flocks gathered. And the shepherds rolled the stone from the well's mouth, and watered the sheep, and put the stone again upon the well's mouth in its place.

HOW JACOB WON RACHEL FOR HIS WIFE

And Jacob said to the shepherds, Know ye Laban?

And they said, We know him.

Jacob said to them, Is he well?

And they said, He is well; and behold, Rachel his daughter cometh with the sheep.

And while he yet spake with them, Rachel came with her father's sheep, for she kept them.

And it came to pass, when Jacob saw Rachel, the daughter of Laban his mother's brother, and the sheep of Laban his mother's brother, that Jacob went near and rolled the stone from the well's mouth, and watered the flock of Laban his mother's brother.

And Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice, and wept.

Then Jacob told Rachel that he was Rebekah's son, and she ran and told her father.

And it came to pass when Laban heard that Jacob his sister's son had come, that he ran to meet him, and embraced him and kissed him, and brought him to his house. And Jacob abode with him a month.

And Laban said, Because thou art my sister's son, shouldest thou therefore serve me for nought? Tell me what shall thy wages be?

Now Laban had two daughters; the name of the elder was Leah, and the name of the younger was Rachel. Leah was tender-eyed, but Rachel was beautiful; and Jacob loved Rachel. And he said, I will serve thee seven years for Rachel, that she may be my wife.

And Laban said, It is better that I give her to thee, than that I should give her to another man. Abide with me.

And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed to him but a few days, for the love he had to her.

And when the seven years were passed, Jacob said to Laban, Give me my wife.

And Laban made a feast, and brought Leah to Jacob.

But Jacob said to Laban, What is this thou hast done? Did not I serve with thee for Rachel?

And Laban said, It must not be so done in our country to give the younger before the first-born.

Then Laban said, Serve me yet other seven years, and thou shalt also have Rachel. And Jacob did so, and fulfilled seven other years.

And it came to pass after many years, that Jacob said unto Laban, Send me away, that I may go to my own country. Give me my wives and my children, for whom I have served thee, and let me go.

But Laban said, I pray thee tarry, for I have learned that the Lord hath blessed me for thy sake. And Jacob served Laban, and Laban gave him wages, cattle from among his flocks.

And Jacob increased exceedingly, and had much cattle, and maid-servants, and men-servants, and camels, and asses.

And Jacob heard the words of Laban's sons, saying, Jacob hath taken away all that was our father's.

And Jacob beheld the countenance of Laban, and behold, it was not friendly towards him as before.

HOW JACOB RETURNED TO HIS OWN LAND

Then the Lord said to Jacob, Return unto the land of thy father, and I will be with thee.

And Jacob sent and called Rachel and Leah to the field unto his flock and said unto them, I see your father's countenance, that it is not towards me as before, but the God of my father hath been with me: and ye know that with all my power I have served your father. And behold now the countenance of your father is no longer friendly towards me, but God has not suffered him to hurt me. And now the angel of God spake unto me in a dream, saying, Jacob, arise, get thee out from this land, and return unto the land of thy fathers.

And Rachel and Leah answered and said unto him, Now, then, whatsoever God hath said unto thee, do.

Then Jacob rose up and set his sons and his wives upon camels; and he carried away all his cattle, and all his goods which he had gotten, to go to the land of Canaan.

THE FINDING OF MOSES

NOW there arose up a new king over Egypt. And he said, Behold, the people of the children of Israel are more and mightier than we. Come on, and let us deal wisely with them, lest they become too many, and it come to pass that, when there falleth out any war, they join also unto our enemies, and fight against us.

Therefore they did set over the children of Israel taskmasters to afflict them.

And the Egyptians made the lives of the children of Israel bitter with hard bondage, in mortar, and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field. And the king of Egypt charged all his people, saying, Every son that is born to the Hebrews ye shall cast into the river, and every daughter ye shall save alive.

And there was a woman of the house of Levi who had a son, and when she saw that he was a goodly child, she hid him three months. And when she could no longer hide him, she took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and with pitch, and put the child therein, and she laid it in the flags by the river's brink. And his sister stood afar off to know what would be done to him.

Now the daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river. And her maidens walked along by the river side. And when the daughter of Pharaoh saw the ark among the flags, she sent her maid to fetch it. And when she had opened it, she saw the child, and behold, the babe wept. And she had compassion on him and said, This is one of the Hebrews' children.

Then said his sister to Pharaoh's daughter, Shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee?

And Pharaoh's daughter said to her, Go. And the maid went and called the child's mother. And Pharaoh's daughter said unto her, Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages.

And the woman took the child and nursed it. And the child grew, and she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son. And she called his name Moses, and she said, Because I drew him out of the water.

When Moses was grown, he became a great leader and delivered his people out of the hands of the Egyptians.

JOSHUA AND THE WALLS OF JERICHO

AND it came to pass, when Joshua was by Jericho, that he lifted up his eyes and looked, and, behold, there stood a man over against him with his sword drawn in his hand: and Joshua went unto him, and said unto him, Art thou for us, or for our adversaries? And he said, Nay; but as captain of the host of the Lord am I now come. And Joshua fell on his face to the earth, and did worship, and said unto him, What saith my lord unto his servant? And the captain of the Lord's host said unto Joshua, Loose thy shoe from off thy foot; for the place whereon thou standest is holy.

THE WALLS OF JERICHO FALLING

And Joshua did so. (Now Jericho was straitly shut up because of the children of Israel: none went out, and none came in.) And the Lord said unto Joshua, See, I have given into thine hand Jericho, and the king thereof, and the mighty men of valor. And ye shall compass the city, all ye men of war, and go round about the city once. Thus shalt thou do six days. And seven priests shall bear before the ark seven trumpets of rams' horns: and the seventh day ye shall compass the city seven times, and the priests shall blow with the trumpets. And it shall come to pass, that when they make a long blast with the ram's horn, and when ye hear the sound of the trumpet, all the people shall shout with a great shout; and the wall of the city shall fall down flat, and the people shall ascend up every man straight before him.

And Joshua the son of Nun called the priests, and said unto them, Take up the ark of the covenant, and let seven priests bear seven trumpets of rams' horns before the ark of the Lord. And he said unto the people, Pass on, and compass the city, and let him that is armed pass on before the ark of the Lord.

And it came to pass, when Joshua had spoken unto the people, that the seven priests bearing the seven trumpets of rams' horns passed on before the Lord, and blew with the trumpets: and the ark of the covenant of the Lord followed them. And the armed men went before the priests that blew with the trumpets, and the rereward came after the ark, the priests going on, and blowing with the trumpets. And Joshua had commanded the people, saying, Ye shall not shout, nor make any noise with your voice, neither shall any word proceed out of your mouth, until the day I bid you shout; then shall ye shout. So the ark of the Lord compassed the city, going about it once: and they came into the camp, and lodged in the camp.

And Joshua rose early in the morning, and the priests took up the ark of the Lord. And seven priests bearing seven trumpets of rams' horns before the ark of the Lord went on continually, and blew with the trumpets: and the armed men went before them; but the rereward came after the ark of the Lord, the priests going on, and blowing with the trumpets. And the second day they compassed the city once, and returned into the camp: so they did six days.

And it came to pass on the seventh day, that they rose early about the dawning of the day, and compassed the city after the same manner seven times: only on that day they compassed the city seven times. And it came to pass at the seventh time, when the priests blew with

the trumpets, Joshua said unto the people, Shout; for the Lord hath given you the city.

So the people shouted when the priests blew with the trumpets: and it came to pass, when the people heard the sound of the trumpet, and the people shouted with a great shout, that the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city.

THE BOY SAMUEL

HOW HIS MOTHER LONGED AND PRAYED FOR HIM

NOW there was a certain man of the hill country whose name was Elkanah, and the name of his wife was Hannah. Elkanah loved Hannah, but she wept because she had no son. And Elkanah said unto her, Hannah, why weepest thou? And why eatest thou not? And why is thy heart grieved? Am I not better to thee than ten sons?

Now Hannah went up to the temple of the Lord. And she was in bitterness of soul, and prayed unto the Lord and wept sore. And she vowed a vow, and said, O Lord of hosts, if thou wilt indeed look on the affliction of thine handmaid, and remember me, and wilt give unto thine handmaid a man child, then will I give him unto the Lord all the days of his life.

And it came to pass, as she prayed, Eli, the priest of the Lord, marked her prayer and spake with her. As she departed he said unto her, Go in peace: and the God of Israel grant thy petition that thou hast asked of him.

So the woman went her way, and did eat, and her face was no more sad. And the Lord remembered Hannah, and she had a son: and she called his name Samuel.

HOW HANNAH GAVE HIM TO THE LORD

When he was yet a child, she took him up with her unto the house of the Lord, and brought him to Eli. And she said, O my lord, I am the woman that stood by thee here, praying unto the Lord. For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him: therefore I also have granted him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he is granted to the Lord.

Hannah went unto her own home. But Samuel, being yet a child, did minister unto the Lord before Eli the priest. His mother made him a little robe, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice.

HOW THE LORD SPOKE TO SAMUEL

And the child Samuel ministered unto the Lord before Eli. And the word of the Lord was precious in those days; there was no open vision. And it came to pass at that time, when

THE CHILD SAMUEL

Eli was laid down in his place, and his eyes began to wax dim, that he could not see; and ere the lamp of God went out in the temple of the Lord, where the ark of God was, and Samuel was laid down to sleep; that the Lord called Samuel: and he answered, Here am I. And he ran unto Eli, and said, Here am I; for thou calledst me. And he said, I called not; lie down again.

And he went and lay down. And the Lord called yet again, Samuel. And Samuel arose and went to Eli, and said, Here am I; for thou didst call me. And he answered, I called not, my son; lie down again. Now Samuel did not yet know the Lord, neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed unto him. And the Lord called Samuel again the third time. And he arose and went to Eli, and said, Here am I; for thou didst call me. And Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child. Therefore Eli said unto Samuel, Go, lie down: and it shall be, if he call thee, that thou shalt say, Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth. So Samuel went and lay down in his place. And the Lord came, and stood, and called as at other times, Samuel, Samuel. Then Samuel answered, Speak; for thy servant heareth.

THE MESSAGE WHICH THE LORD GAVE TO SAMUEL

And the Lord said to Samuel, Behold, I will do a thing in Israel, at which both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle. In that day I will perform against Eli all things which I have spoken concerning his house: when I begin, I will also make an end. For I have told him that I will judge his house for ever for the iniquity which he knoweth; because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not. And therefore I have sworn unto the house of Eli, that the iniquity of Eli's house shall not be purged with sacrifice nor offering for ever.

And Samuel lay until the morning, and opened the doors of the house of the Lord. And Samuel feared to show Eli the vision. Then Eli called Samuel, and said, Samuel, my son. And he answered, Here am I. And he said, What is the thing that the Lord hath said unto thee? I pray thee hide it not from me: God do so to thee, and more also, if thou hide any thing from me of all the things that he said unto thee. And Samuel told him every whit, and hid nothing from him. And he said, It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good.

And Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground. And all Israel from Dan even to Beersheba knew that Samuel was established to be a prophet of the Lord.

A BOYS' FRIENDSHIP

AND when Saul saw David go forth against the Philistine, he said unto Abner, the captain of the host, Abner, whose son is this youth? And Abner said, As thy soul liveth, O king, I cannot tell. And the king said, Inquire thou whose son the stripling is. And as David returned from the slaughter of the Philistine, Abner took him, and brought him before Saul with the head of the Philistine in his hand. And Saul said to him, Whose son art thou, thou young man? And David answered, I am the son of thy servant Jesse the Bethlehemite.

And it came to pass, when he had made an end of speaking unto Saul, that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul. And Saul took him that day, and would let him go no more home to his father's house. Then Jonathan and David made a covenant, because he loved him as his own soul. And Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David, and his garments, even to his sword, and to his bow, and to his girdle.

And David went out whithersoever Saul sent him, and behaved himself wisely: and Saul set him over the men of war, and he was accepted in the sight of all the people, and also in the sight of Saul's servants.

SAUL'S JEALOUSY

And it came to pass as they came, when David was returned from the slaughter of the Philistine, that the women came out of all cities of Israel, singing and dancing, to meet King Saul, with tabrets, with joy, and with instruments of music. And the women answered one another as they played, and said, Saul hath slain his thousands, And David his ten thousands. And Saul was very wroth, and the saying displeased him; and he said, They have ascribed unto David ten thousands, and to me they have ascribed but thousands: and what can he have more but the kingdom? And Saul eyed David from that day and forward.

And it came to pass on the morrow, that the evil spirit from God came upon Saul, and he prophesied in the midst of the house: and David played with his hand, as at other times: and

RUTH GLEANING

The beautiful story of Ruth is to be found in the book of the Bible bearing her name.

there was a javelin in Saul's hand. And Saul cast the javelin; for he said, I will smite David even to the wall with it. And David avoided out of his presence twice.

And Saul was afraid of David, because the Lord was with him, and was departed from Saul. Therefore Saul removed him from him, and made him his captain over a thousand; and he went out and came in before the people. And David behaved himself wisely in all his ways; and the Lord was with him. Wherefore when Saul saw that he behaved himself very wisely, he was afraid of him. But all Israel and Judah loved David, because he went out and came in before them.

THE ESCAPE

And Saul spake to Jonathan his son, and to all his servants, that they should kill David. But Jonathan, Saul's son, delighted much in David: and Jonathan told David, saying, Saul, my father seeketh to kill thee: now therefore, I pray thee, take heed to thyself until the morning, and abide in a secret place, and hide thyself: and I will go out and stand beside my father in the field where thou art, and I will commune with my father of thee; and what I see, that I will tell thee. And Jonathan spake good of David unto Saul his father, and said unto him, Let not the king sin against his servant, against David; because he hath not sinned against thee, and because his works have been to thee-ward very good: for he did put his life in his hand, and slew the Philistine, and the Lord wrought a great salvation for all Israel: thou sawest it, and didst rejoice: wherefore then wilt thou sin against innocent blood, to slay David without a cause? And Saul hearkened unto the voice of Jonathan: and Saul sware, As the Lord liveth, he shall not be slain. And Jonathan called David, and Jonathan showed him all those things. And Jonathan brought David to Saul, and he was in his presence, as in times past.

And there was war again: and David went out, and fought with the Philistines, and slew them with a great slaughter; and they fled from him. And the evil spirit from the Lord was upon Saul, as he sat in his house with his javelin in his hand: and David played with his hand. And Saul sought to smite David even to the wall with the javelin; but he slipped away out of Saul's presence, and he smote the javelin into the wall: and David fled, and escaped that night. Saul also sent messengers unto David's house, to watch him, and to slay him in the morning: and Michal, David's wife, told him, saying, If thou save not thy life to-night, to-morrow thou shalt be slain. So Michal let David down through a window: and he went, and fled, and escaped. And Michal took an image, and laid it in the bed, and put a pillow of goat's hair for his bolster, and covered it with a cloth. And when Saul sent messengers to take David, she said, He is sick. And Saul sent the messengers again to see David, saying, Bring him up to me in the bed, that I may slay him. And when the messengers were come in, behold, there was an image in the bed, with a pillow of goat's hair for his bolster. And Saul said unto Michal, Why hast thou deceived me so, and sent away mine enemy, that he is escaped? And Michal answered Saul, He said unto me, Let me go; why should I kill thee?

THE COVENANT BETWEEN DAVID AND JONATHAN

And David fled from Naioth in Ramah, and came and said before Jonathan, What have I done? what is mine iniquity? and what is my sin before thy father, that he seeketh my life? And he said unto him, God forbid; thou shalt not die: behold, my father will do nothing either great or small, but that he will show it me: and why should my father hide this thing from me? it is not so. And David sware moreover, and said, Thy father certainly knoweth that I have found grace in thine eyes; and he saith, Let not Jonathan know this, lest he be grieved: but truly as the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death. Then said Jonathan unto David, Whatsoever thy soul desireth, I will even do it for thee.

And David said unto Jonathan, Behold, to-morrow is the new moon, and I should not fail to sit with the king at meat; but let me go, that I may hide myself in the field unto the third day at even. If thy father at all miss me, then say, David earnestly asked leave of me

that he might run to Bethlehem his city: for there is a yearly sacrifice there for all the family. If he say thus, It is well; thy servant shall have peace: but if he be very wroth, then be sure that evil is determined by him. Therefore thou shalt deal kindly with thy servant; for thou hast brought thy servant into a covenant of the Lord with thee: notwithstanding, if there be in me iniquity, slay me thyself; for why shouldest thou bring me to thy father?

And Jonathan said, Far be it from thee: for if I knew certainly that evil were determined by my father to come upon thee, then would not I tell it thee?

Then said David to Jonathan, Who shall tell me? or what if thy father answer thee roughly? And Jonathan said unto David, Come, and let us go out into the field. And they went out both of them into the field. And Jonathan said unto David, O Lord God of Israel, when I have sounded my father about to-morrow any time, or the third day, and, behold, if there be good toward David, and I then send not unto thee, and show it thee; the Lord do so and much more to Jonathan: but if it please my father to do thee evil, then I will show it thee, and send thee away, that thou mayest go in peace: and the Lord be with thee, as he hath been with my father. And thou shalt not only while yet I live show me the kindness of the Lord, that I die not: but also thou shalt not cut off thy kindness from my house for ever: no, not when the Lord hath cut off the enemies of David every one from the face of the earth. So Jonathan made a covenant with the house of David, saying, Let the Lord even require it at the hand of David's enemies. And Jonathan caused David to swear again, because he loved him: for he loved him as he loved his own soul.

THE LAD WITH THE ARROWS

Then Jonathan said to David, To-morrow is the new moon: and thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty. And when thou hast stayed three days, then thou shalt go down quickly, and come to the place where thou didst hide thyself when the business was in hand, and shalt remain by the stone Ezel. And I will shoot three arrows on the side thereof, as though I shot at a mark. And, behold, I will send a lad, saying, Go, find out the arrows. If I expressly say unto the lad, Behold, the arrows are on this side of thee, take them; then come thou: for there is peace to thee, and no hurt: as the Lord liveth. But if I say thus unto the young man, Behold, the arrows are beyond thee; go thy way: for the Lord hath sent thee away. And as touching the matter which thou and I have spoken of, behold, the Lord be between thee and me for ever.

So David hid himself in the field: and when the new moon was come, the king sat him down to eat meat. And the king sat upon his seat, as at other times, even upon a seat by the wall: and Jonathan arose, and Abner sat by Saul's side, and David's place was empty. Nevertheless Saul spake not any thing that day: for he thought, Something hath befallen him, he is not clean; surely he is not clean. And it came to pass on the morrow, which was the second day of the month, that David's place was empty: and Saul said unto Jonathan his son, Wherefore cometh not the son of Jesse to meat, neither yesterday, nor to-day? And Jonathan answered Saul, David earnestly asked leave of me to go to Bethlehem: and he said, Let me go, I pray thee; for our family hath a sacrifice in the city; and my brother, he hath commanded me to be there: and now, if I have found favor in thine eyes, let me get away, I pray thee, and see my brethren. Therefore he cometh not unto the king's table.

Then Saul's anger was kindled against Jonathan, and he said unto him, Thou son of the perverse rebellious woman, do not I know that thou hast chosen the son of Jesse to thine own confusion? For as long as the son of Jesse liveth upon the ground, thou shalt not be established, nor thy kingdom. Wherefore now send and fetch him unto me, for he shall surely die. And Jonathan answered Saul his father, and said unto him, Wherefore shall he be slain? what hath he done? And Saul cast a javelin at him to smite him: whereby Jonathan knew that it was determined of his father to slay David. So Jonathan arose from the table in fierce anger, and did eat no meat the second day of the month: for he was grieved for David, because his father had done him shame.

And it came to pass in the morning, that

AN OLD PLAN OF THE CITY OF JERUSALEM

Jonathan went out into the field at the time appointed with David, and a little lad with him. And he said unto his lad, Run, find out now the arrows which I shoot. And as the lad ran, he shot an arrow beyond him. And when the lad was come to the place of the arrow which Jonathan had shot, Jonathan cried after the lad, and said, Is not the arrow beyond thee? And Jonathan cried after the lad, Make speed, haste, stay not. And Jonathan's lad gathered up the arrows, and came to his master. But the lad knew not any thing: only Jonathan and David knew the matter. And Jonathan gave his weapons unto his lad, and said unto him, Go, carry them to the city.

And as soon as the lad was gone, David arose out of a place toward the south, and fell on his face to the ground, and bowed himself three times: and they kissed one another, and wept one with another, until David exceeded. And Jonathan said to David, Go in peace, forasmuch as we have sworn both of us in the name of the Lord, saying, The Lord be between me and thee, and between my seed and thy seed for ever. And he arose and departed: and Jonathan went into the city.

THE STORY OF NAAMAN

NOW Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a great man with his master, and honorable, because by him the Lord had given deliverance unto Syria: he was also a mighty man in valor, but he was a leper. And the Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid; and she waited on Naaman's wife. And she said unto her mistress, Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy. And one went in, and told his lord, saying, Thus and thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel. And the king

of Syria said, Go to, go, and I will send a letter unto the king of Israel. And he departed, and took with him ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment. And he brought the letter to the king of Israel, saying, Now when this letter is come unto thee, behold, I have therewith sent Naaman my servant to thee, that thou mayest recover him of his leprosy. And it came to pass, when the king of Israel had read the letter, that he rent his clothes, and said, Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? wherefore consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me.

And it was so, when Elisha the man of God had heard that the king of Israel had rent his clothes, that he sent to the king, saying, Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel. So Naaman came with his horses and with his chariot, and stood at the door of the house of Elisha. And Elisha sent a messenger unto him, saying, Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean. But Naaman was wroth, and went away, and said, Behold, I thought, He will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them, and be clean? So he turned and went away in a rage. And his servants came near, and spake unto him, and said, My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he saith to thee, Wash, and be clean? Then went he down, and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God: and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean.

And he returned to the man of God, he and all his company, and came, and stood before him: and he said, Behold, now I know that there is no God in all the earth, but in Israel: now therefore, I pray thee, take a blessing of thy servant. But he said, As the Lord liveth, before whom I stand, I will receive none. And he urged him to take it; but he refused. And Naaman said, Shall there not then, I pray thee, be given to thy servant two mules' burden of earth? For thy servant will henceforth offer neither burnt offering nor sacrifice unto other gods, but unto the Lord. In this thing the Lord pardon thy servant, that when my master goeth into the house of Rimmon to worship there, and he leaneth on my hand, and I bow myself in the house of Rimmon: when I bow down myself in the house of Rimmon, the Lord pardon thy servant in this thing. And he said unto him, Go in peace. So he departed from him a little way.

But Gehazi, the servant of Elisha the man of God, said, Behold, my master hath spared Naaman this Syrian, in not receiving at his hands that which he brought: but, as the Lord liveth, I will run after him, and take somewhat of him. So Gehazi followed after Naaman. And when Naaman saw him running after him, he lighted down from the chariot to meet him, and said, Is all well? And he said, All is well. My master hath sent me, saying, Behold, even now there be come to me from mount Ephraim two young men of the sons of the prophets: give them, I pray thee, a talent of silver, and two changes of garments. And Naaman said, Be content, take two talents. And he urged him, and bound two talents of silver in two bags, with two changes of garments, and laid them upon two of his servants; and they bare them before him. And when he came to the tower, he took them from their hand, and bestowed them in the house: and he let the men go, and they departed. But he went in, and stood before his master. And Elisha said unto him, Whence comest thou, Gehazi? And he said, Thy servant went no whither. And he said unto him, Went not mine heart with thee, when the man turned again from his chariot to meet thee? Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and oliveyards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and men-servants, and maid-servants? The leprosy therefore of Naaman shall cleave unto thee, and unto thy seed for ever. And he went out from his presence a leper as white as snow.

Now the rest of the acts of Elisha and the wonders which he did are written in the book of the chronicles of the kings of Israel.

SOLOMON IN ALL HIS GLORY

The story of Solomon, his building of the temple and visit from the Queen of Sheba, is in I Kings.

DANIEL

IN the third year of the reign of Jehoiakim king of Judah came Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon unto Jerusalem, and besieged it. And the Lord gave Jehoiakim king of Judah into his hand, with part of the vessels of the house of God: which he carried into the land of Shinar to the house of his god; and he brought the vessels into the treasure house of his god.

And the king spake unto Ashpenaz the master of his eunuchs, that he should bring certain of the children of Israel, and of the king's seed, and of the princes; children in whom was no blemish, but well favored, and skilful in all wisdom, and cunning in knowledge, and understanding science, and such as had ability in them to stand in the king's palace, and whom they might teach the learning and the tongue of the Chaldeans. And the king appointed them a daily provision of the king's meat, and of the wine which he drank: so nourishing them three years, that at the end thereof they might stand before the king.— Now among these were of the children of Judah, Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah: unto whom the prince of the eunuchs gave names: for he gave unto Daniel the name of Belteshazzar; and to Hananiah, of Shadrach; and to Mishael, of Meshach; and to Azariah, of Abed-nego.

But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank: therefore he requested of the prince of the eunuchs that he might not defile himself. Now God had brought Daniel into favor and tender love with the prince of the eunuchs. And the prince of the eunuchs said unto Daniel, I fear my lord the king, who hath appointed your meat and your drink: for why should he see your faces worse liking than the children which are of your sort? then shall ye make me endanger my head to the king. Then said Daniel to Melzar, whom the prince of the eunuchs had set over Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah, Prove thy servants, I beseech thee, ten days; and let them give us pulse to eat, and water to drink. Then let our countenances be looked upon before thee, and the countenance of the children that eat of the portion of the king's meat: and as thou seest, deal with thy servants. So he consented to them in this matter, and proved them ten days. And at the end of ten days their countenances appeared fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat. Thus Melzar took away the portion of their meat, and the wine that they should drink; and gave them pulse.

As for these four children, God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom: and Daniel had understanding in all visions and dreams. Now at the end of the days that the king had said he should bring them in, then the prince of the eunuchs brought them in before Nebuchadnezzar. And the king communed with them; and among them all was found none like Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah: therefore stood they before the king. And in all matters of wisdom and understanding, that the king inquired of them, he found

them ten times better than all the magicians and astrologers that were in all his realm. And Daniel continued even unto the first year of king Cyrus.

THE IMAGE OF GOLD

Nebuchadnezzar the king made Daniel a great man, and gave him many great gifts, and made him ruler over the whole province of Babylon, and chief of the governors over all the wise men of Babylon. Then Daniel requested of the king, and he set Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, over the affairs of the province of Babylon: but Daniel sat in the gate of the king.

The king made an image of gold, whose height was three score cubits, and the breadth thereof six cubits: he set it up in the plain of Dura, in the province of Babylon. Then Nebuchadnezzar the king sent to gather together the princes, the governors, and the captains, the judges, the treasurers, the counsellors, the sheriffs, and all the rulers of the provinces, to come to the dedication of the image which Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up. Then the princes, the governors, and captains, the judges, the treasurers, the counsellors, the sheriffs, and all the rulers of the provinces, were gathered together unto the dedication of the image that Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up; and they stood before the image that Nebuchadnezzar had set up.

Then a herald cried aloud, To you it is commanded, O people, nations, and languages, that at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the king hath set up: and whoso falleth not down and worshippeth shall the same hour be cast into the midst of a burning fiery furnace. Therefore at that time, when all the people heard the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music, all the people, the nations, and the languages, fell down and worshipped the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up.

Wherefore at that time certain Chaldeans came near, and accused the Jews. They spake and said to the king Nebuchadnezzar, O king, live for ever. Thou, O king, hast made a decree, that every man that shall hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of music, shall fall down and worship the golden image: and whoso falleth not down and worshippeth, that he should be cast into the midst of a burning fiery furnace. There are certain Jews whom thou hast set over the affairs of the province of Babylon, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego; these men, O king, have not regarded thee: they serve not thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.

Then Nebuchadnezzar in his rage and fury commanded to bring Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego. Then they brought these men before the king. Nebuchadnezzar spake and said unto them, Is it true, O Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, do not ye serve my gods, nor worship the golden image which I have set up? Now if ye be ready that at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the image which I have made; well: but if ye worship not, ye shall be cast the same hour into the midst of a burning fiery furnace; — and who is that God that shall deliver you out of my hands?

Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, answered and said to the king, O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.

IN THE FIERY FURNACE

Then was Nebuchadnezzar full of fury, and the form of his visage was changed against Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego: therefore he spake, and commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be heated. And he commanded the most mighty men that were in his army to bind Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, and to cast them into the burning fiery furnace. Then these men were bound in their coats, their

THEY BROUGHT DANIEL AND CAST HIM INTO THE DEN OF LIONS

hosen, and their hats, and their other garments, and were cast into the midst of the burning fiery furnace. Therefore because the king's commandment was urgent, and the furnace exceeding hot, the flame of the fire slew those men that took up Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego. And these three men, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, fell down bound into the midst of the burning fiery furnace.

Then Nebuchadnezzar the king was astonished, and rose up in haste, and spake, and said unto his counsellors, Did not we cast three men bound into the midst of the fire? They answered and said unto the king, True, O king. He answered and said, Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God. Then Nebuchadnezzar came near to the mouth of the burning fiery furnace, and spake, and said, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, ye servants of the most high God, come forth, and come hither. Then Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, came forth from the midst of the fire. And the princes, governors, and captains, and the king's counsellors, being gathered together, saw these men, upon whose bodies the fire had no power, nor was an hair of their head singed, neither were their coats changed, nor the smell of fire had passed on them.

Then Nebuchadnezzar spake, and said, Blessed be the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, who hath sent his angel, and delivered his servants that trusted in him, and have changed the king's word, and yielded their bodies, that they might not serve nor worship any god, except their own God. Therefore I make a decree, That every people, nation, and language, which speak any thing amiss against the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, shall be cut in pieces, and their houses shall be made a dunghill: because there is no other God that can deliver after this sort. Then the king promoted Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, in the province of Babylon.

IN THE REIGN OF DARIUS

It pleased Darius to set over the kingdom an hundred and twenty princes, which should be over the whole kingdom; and over these three presidents; of whom Daniel was first: that the princes might give accounts unto them. Daniel was preferred above the presidents and princes, because an excellent spirit was in him; and the king thought to set him over the whole realm.

Then the presidents and princes sought to find occasion against Daniel concerning the kingdom; but they could find no occasion nor fault; for he was faithful, neither was there any error or fault found in him. Then said these men, We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God.

Then these presidents and princes assembled together to the king, and said thus unto him, King Darius, live for ever. All the presidents of the kingdom, the governors, and the princes, the counsellors, and the captains, have consulted together to establish a royal statute, and to make a firm decree, that whosoever shall ask a petition of any god or man for thirty days, save of thee, O king, he shall be cast into the den of lions. Now, O king, establish the decree, and sign the writing, that it be not changed, according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not. Wherefore King Darius signed the writing and the decree.

Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house; and his windows being opened in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime.

Then these men assembled, and found Daniel praying and making supplication before his God. Then they came near, and spake before the king concerning the king's decree; Hast thou not signed a decree, that every man that shall ask a petition of any god or man within

"MY GOD HATH SHUT THE LIONS' MOUTHS"

thirty days, save of thee, O king, shall be cast into the den of lions? The king answered and said, The thing is true, according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not. Then answered they and said before the king, That Daniel, which is of the children of the captivity of Judah, regardeth not thee, O king, nor the decree that thou hast signed, but maketh his petition three times a day. Then the king, when he heard these words, was sore displeased with himself, and set his heart on Daniel to deliver him: and he labored till the going down of the sun to deliver him.

DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN

Then these men assembled unto the king, and said unto the king, Know, O king, that the law of the Medes and Persians is, That no decree nor statute which the king establisheth may be changed. Then the king commanded, and they brought Daniel, and cast him into the den of lions. Now the king spake and said unto Daniel, Thy God whom thou servest continually, he will deliver thee. And a stone was brought, and laid upon the mouth of the den; and the king sealed it with his own signet, and with the signet of his lords; that the purpose might not be changed concerning Daniel. Then the king went to his palace, and passed the night fasting: neither were instruments of music brought before him: and his sleep went from him.

Then the king arose very early in the morning and went in haste unto the den of lions. And when he came to the den, he cried with a lamentable voice unto Daniel: and the king spake and said to Daniel, O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions? Then said Daniel unto the king, O king, live for ever. My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me: forasmuch as before him innocency was found in me; and also before thee, O king, have I done no hurt. Then was the king exceeding glad for him, and commanded that they should take Daniel up out of the den. So Daniel was taken up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God.

And the king commanded, and they brought those men which had accused Daniel, and they cast them into the den of lions, them, their children, and their wives; and the lions had the mastery of them, and brake all their bones in pieces or ever they came at the bottom of the den.

Then king Darius wrote unto all people, nations, and languages, that dwell in all the earth; Peace be multiplied unto you. I make a decree, That in every dominion of my kingdom men tremble and fear before the God of Daniel; for he is the living God, and stedfast for ever, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed, and his dominion shall be even unto the end. He delivereth and rescueth, and he worketh signs and wonders in heaven and in earth, who hath delivered Daniel from the power of the lions.

So this Daniel prospered in the reign of Darius, and in the reign of Cyrus the Persian.

OTHER OLD TESTAMENT STORIES, AND WHERE TO FIND THEM

Stories of Joseph.
- Sold by his brethren — Genesis 37.
- Taken to Egypt; in prison; his dream; in high position — Genesis 39, 40, and 41.
- Joseph's brethren in Egypt; his dealings with his family — Genesis 42–50.

Stories of Moses.
- Moses and the burning bush — Exodus 3 and 4.
- The ten plagues — Exodus 5 and 7–12.
- The Egyptians at the Red Sea — Exodus 14, 15.
- The giving of the law on Mount Sinai — Exodus 19, 20, 32.

Stories of Gideon.
- Gideon and the fleece — Judges 6.
- His dream — Judges 7.

The Story of Samson — Judges 14, 15, 16.

The Book of Ruth.

Stories of Saul.
- His call and anointing — I Samuel 9, 10, 11.
- His rejection — 15, 16.

Solomon and the Queen of Sheba — I Kings 9 and 10.

Stories of Elijah.
- Elijah fed by the ravens — I Kings 17.
- Elijah and the Prophets of Baal — I Kings 18.
- Elijah and the still small voice — I Kings 19.
- Elijah and Elisha — II Kings 2.

The Book of Esther.
Nehemiah and the Building of the Wall — Nehemiah 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 8, 12.
The Writing on the Wall — Daniel 5.
The Book of Jonah.

THE CHILD JESUS

NOW the birth of Jesus was on this wise. There went out a command from Cæsar that all the world should be taxed. And all went to be taxed, everyone to his own city. And Joseph went up from Galilee out of the city of Nazareth, unto the city of David which is called Bethlehem, to be taxed with Mary his wife. And so it was that while they were there, Mary brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY

AT THE INN

THE SHEPHERDS

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger.

THE MADONNA AND CHILD AS PICTURED BY DIFFERENT ARTISTS

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

And it came to pass as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

THE WISE MEN

Now behold there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him.

When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled. And when he had gathered

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THE ADORATION OF THE WISE MEN

And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child. And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God, for all the things which they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he asked of them where Christ should be born.

And they said unto him, In Bethlehem.

Then Herod, when he had called the wise men, asked them what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search for the young child, and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

When they had heard the king they departed,

and lo, the star which they saw in the East went before them till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary, his mother, and fell down and worshipped him. And when they had opened their treasures they gave unto him gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

And being warned of God in a dream that

JESUS RETURNING WITH HIS PARENTS

they should not return to Herod, they went into their own country another way.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

When they were departed, behold the angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise and take the young child and his mother and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word; for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him.

Then Joseph arose, and took the young child and his mother by night and went into Egypt, and was there until the death of Herod.

Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was wroth, and sent forth and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had heard from the wise men. Then was there a voice heard, of weeping and great mourning. Women weeping for their children, and would not be comforted.

But when Herod was dead, an angel of the Lord appeared in a dream to Joseph in Egypt, saying, Arise and take the young child and his mother and go into the land of Israel, for they are dead that sought his life. And Joseph arose and came into the land of Israel, and dwelt in Nazareth.

And the child grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon him.

THE BOY JESUS IN THE TEMPLE

Now Joseph and Mary went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the passover. And when Jesus was twelve years old they went up to Jerusalem, after the custom of the feast. And as they returned the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem.

And Joseph and his mother knew not of it. But they, supposing him to have been in the company, went a day's journey. And they sought him among their kinsfolk, and when they found him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem seeking him.

And it came to pass that after three days they found him in the temple sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions. And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers. And when they saw him they were amazed, and his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing.

And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?

And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them. And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them. But his mother kept all these sayings in her heart. And Jesus grew in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.

JESUS' WORDS AND DEEDS

A LITTLE CHILD

THE disciples came unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?

And he sat down, and called the twelve, and saith unto them, If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all, and servant of all.

And he took a child and set him in the midst of them; and when he had taken him in his arms, he said unto them, Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. And whosoever shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me.

Then were there brought unto Jesus little children, that he should put his hands on them and pray. And his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it he was much displeased, and called them unto him, and said unto them —

CHRIST, A BOY OF TWELVE, IN THE TEMPLE

From a painting by Hofmann.

Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.

And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

JAIRUS' DAUGHTER

Behold there cometh unto him one of the rulers, a man named Jairus. He had one only

daughter about twelve years of age, and she lay a-dying. And when he saw Jesus he fell at his feet, and besought him greatly, saying, My little daughter lieth at the point of death. I pray thee come and lay thy hand on her, that she may be healed, and she shall live.

And Jesus went with him. There cometh one from the ruler's house saying, Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master.

As soon as Jesus had heard the word that was spoken, he saith unto the ruler, Be not afraid, only believe, and she shall be made whole.

And when he came into the house, he suffered no man to go in save Peter and James and John, and the father and mother of the maiden. And he seeth the tumult, and them that wept and wailed greatly, and the minstrels and the people making a noise. And when he was come in he saith unto them, Why make ye this ado and weep? Give place, for the maid is not dead, but sleepeth.

And they laughed him to scorn, knowing that she was dead. And he put them all out, and took her by the hand, and called, saying, Maid, arise.

And her spirit came again, and she arose straightway. And he commanded that something should be given her to eat. And her parents were astonished; but he charged them that they should tell no man what was done.

TWO BLIND MEN

And when Jesus departed thence, two blind men followed him, crying and saying, Thou Son of David, have mercy on us.

And when he was come into the house, the blind men came unto him.

And Jesus saith unto them, Believe ye that I am able to do this?

They said unto him, Yea, Lord.

Then touched he their eyes, saying, According to your faith be it unto you. And their eyes were opened.

THE LEPER WHO GAVE THANKS

As they went in the way, a certain man said unto him, Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest.

And Jesus said unto him, Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.

And as Jesus entered into a certain village, there met him ten men that were lepers, which stood afar off; and they lifted up their voices and said, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.

And when he saw them he said, Go shew yourselves unto the priests.

And it came to pass that as they went they were cleansed. And one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back and with a loud voice glorified God, and fell down on his face at Jesus' feet, giving him thanks; and he was a Samaritan.

And Jesus answering, said, Were there not ten cleansed? But where are the nine? There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger.

And he said unto him, Arise, go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

Jesus said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and went away leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had pity on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out money, and gave it to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee. Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among thieves?

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

And it was at Jerusalem the feast of the dedication, and it was winter. And Jesus walked in a temple in Solomon's porch, and spake this parable unto them:

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN

Verily, verily I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber. But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep. To him the porter openeth, and the sheep hear his voice, and he calleth his own sheep by name and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him, for they know not the voice of strangers.

The thief cometh not but for to steal and to kill and to destroy. I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.

I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. But he that is an hireling and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep and fleeth. And the wolf catcheth them and scattereth the sheep. The hireling fleeth because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep. I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine. And other sheep I have which are not of this fold. Them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd. Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself.

BLIND BARTIMÆUS

As Jesus went out of Jericho with his disciples and a great multitude of people, blind Bartimæus sat by the wayside begging, and hearing the multitude pass by, he asked what it meant, and they told him, Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.

And he cried, saying, Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me!

And many which went before charged him that he should hold his peace. And he cried the more a great deal, Thou son of David, have mercy on me!

And Jesus stood still and commanded him to be called. And they call the blind man, saying unto him, Be of good comfort. Rise. He calleth thee.

And he, casting away his garment, rose and came to Jesus. And when he was come near, Jesus asked him, saying, What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee?

And he said, Lord, that I may receive my sight.

And Jesus said unto him, Receive thy sight; thy faith hath saved thee.

And he received his sight, and followed Jesus in the way glorifying God, and all the people when they saw it, gave praise unto God.

THE PALM SUNDAY STORY

And when they drew nigh unto Jerusalem, and were come unto the Mount of Olives, Jesus sent two of his disciples, saying, Go ye into the village over against you, in the which at your entering ye shall find a colt tied, whereon yet never man sat: loose him and bring him hither. And if any man ask you, Why do ye loose him, say ye, Because the Lord hath need of him. And straightway he will send him hither.

And they that were sent went their way, and found the colt tied by the door without in a place where two ways met, and they loose him.

And certain of them that stood by said unto them, Why loose ye the colt?

And they said, The Lord hath need of him.

And they let them go.

And they brought him to Jesus, and they cast their clothes upon the colt, and they set Jesus thereon. And as he went they spread their clothes in the way, and took branches from the palm trees and strewed them in the way, and went forth to meet him. And when he was come nigh, even now at the descent of the Mount of Olives, they that went before and they that followed began to rejoice and to praise God with a loud voice for all the mighty works that they had seen; and they cried, saying:

Hosanna, blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord, peace in heaven and glory in the highest.

The Pharisees therefore said among themselves, Perceive ye how ye prevail nothing? Behold, the world is gone after him.

And when he was come into Jerusalem all the city was moved, saying, Who is this?

And the multitude said, This is Jesus, the

prophet of Nazareth of Galilee. And the blind and the lame came to him in the temple, and he healed them.

THE "BLESSEDS"

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you; That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

When ye pray, do not vainly repeat words as the heathen do; for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him.

THREE BIBLE STORIES RETOLD FOR VERY YOUNG CHILDREN

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

Once upon a time, long, long ago, two people were passing along a road which led into the village of Bethlehem. One was a woman whose name was Mary and the other was a man whose name was Joseph. Mary rode on the back of an ass, while Joseph walked by her side, leading the ass by a rope.

Just at evening they came into the village, and, because they had no friends there, they went to the hotel or inn to rest for the night, for they had been riding a long way and were very tired.

But the innkeeper told them that there was not an empty room in the house, for the village was full of visitors. They had all come to pay their taxes, as Joseph had.

"But," said Joseph, "Mary is so tired, she must have some place to rest."

"I could let you sleep in my stable where the cattle are," answered the innkeeper.

So they went into the stable and lay down to rest on the hay.

Night came on and it grew very dark; only the bright stars far above. Out on the hills near Bethlehem there were shepherds watching over their flocks. The sheep were fast asleep and quiet.

THE SONG OF THE ANGELS

But suddenly, it began to grow light around them. They started up in terror. Down from the sky the light seemed to come brighter and brighter until their eyes were blinded and they covered their faces as they fell to the earth, for they were sore afraid. Then they heard a voice, and looking up they saw an angel. He spoke to them and said:

"Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger." And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying:

"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will to men."

The singing grew fainter and fainter and the light grew dimmer as the angels rose into Heaven, and at last they could hear them no longer.

The shepherds rose from the ground and looked at each other and said:

"Let us go now even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass which the Lord hath made known unto us."

"Did not the angel say that there was a baby in Bethlehem and that we should find him in a manger in a stable? Did not he say that this baby was Christ the Lord, for whom we have been looking?"

So the shepherds rose quickly and leaving the sheep they hurried down the hills to the village of Bethlehem. When they reached the inn they saw no light in any of the houses. Only in the stable of the inn there was one dim ray. There they hurried and when they entered they found Mary and Joseph sitting on the bed of hay by the manger, and Mary was holding in her arms the very baby whom the angels had sung about. So the shepherds worshipped him there, for he was our Lord Jesus Christ.

THE BOY JESUS

When our Lord Jesus was a little child, he lived with Joseph and Mary in the village of Nazareth, which lay among the hills of Palestine. His father was a carpenter, and Jesus as a lad learned to use the hammer, plane, and saw, and helped him at his work. He would also bring water for his mother from the fountain in the center of the village, for all the people got their water that way.

Part of the time he went to school, though his school was not at all like yours. He sat on the floor instead of in a chair.

He had only one book to study, but that was a wonderful book, for out of it Jesus learned many things about his Heavenly Father and about his own people. Out of it too he learned about a wonderful city called Jerusalem. It was a long way from his home, far down to the south. So far was it that when he climbed the high hill back of the village he could not see so much as the towers, though he had looked many times.

He wanted so much to go there, and his mother told him that when he was twelve years old she would take him.

His mother and father went every year, and so did all the other grown-up people of the village. They went in the spring to worship God in the great church of Jerusalem, which they called the temple, and as soon as they came home again how eagerly Jesus would listen to all they told him about their journey.

But most of all he loved to hear about the vast temple, all of white marble and gold and beautiful wood, so bright and glistening that it dazzled their eyes to look upon it. Would the time never come when he could go and see it for himself?

WHEN HE WAS TWELVE YEARS OLD

But the time did come at last, when he was twelve years old. Early one spring morning they started. You know, there were no trains in those days, so when people went on journeys they rode on the backs of animals.

Mary and Joseph, Jesus' mother and father, rode on asses, and he walked by their side until he grew weary; then he rode too. Many others from the village went with them. Some of them were boys whom Jesus knew, and, like him, they were going for the first time.

As they all moved along the road together other people met them going the same way, and soon there was a large company.

Jerusalem was such a long way off that they could not get there in one day, or even two. For seven days they rode. When night came they would stop and sleep in some village or lie down on the ground in a field or near a wood, for it was always warm in that country. In the morning they would start on again.

At last, on the seventh day of their journey, they were so near to the city that every road they passed brought crowds of travelers to join them, some riding and many walking.

Now they began to sing beautiful psalms, some of which Jesus had learned at school; and he sang too, and so did all the other children. There were so many people singing that you could have heard them a great way off, even up to the city itself.

Jesus walked on with the others, singing gladly and looking far ahead to catch the first glimpse of that city which he had studied and dreamed so much about. Would it be as beautiful as he thought?

AT THE TEMPLE

Now they were climbing a hill, and when they reached the top, there only a little way ahead of them lay Jerusalem, the great stone wall running all around it with its towers, and high on a hill the temple, the wonderful temple of marble and gold! It was even more beautiful than Jesus had thought, and he gazed and gazed, and his heart filled with love to God for whom it all was built. He longed to get into it and worship there.

On down the hill hurried the people, the sound of their singing reaching up to the temple itself. Five days they stayed in Jerusalem. The city was crowded, and there was much for a boy to see; but Jesus loved most of all to stay in the temple, and they went there every day.

When the five days were ended, they all started home again. They rode all day, and when night came they stopped to rest and Mary began to look about the company for her

boy, but she could not find him. She asked everyone if he had seen him during the day, but no one had.

She was frightened. What if he were lost in that vast crowd! So in haste she and Joseph turned and rode back to Jerusalem, inquiring of everyone they met if he had seen Jesus; but no one had.

When they reached the city they kept on searching for three days. On the third day they went into the temple, and, as they climbed the marble steps into the court, there before them stood Jesus with four or five of the wisest old men in all Jerusalem standing about him. They were talking to him and listening while he talked to them.

How glad they were to see him once more! But what was he doing here with these wise men, he only a child? Mary ran up to him and said:

"Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing." But Jesus answered her:

"How is it that ye have sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business? Did you not know that I must be learning all I can about God my Father?"

Then Jesus turned away from the wise men and the beautiful temple which he loved so much and went back with his parents to their little village; and from that day until he grew to be a man he was always obedient and loving and helpful.

THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER

Once there was a gardener who made a garden. First he plowed the earth, going back and forth, back and forth, in straight rows until he had turned it all over. Then he made the ground soft and smooth; and at last he was ready to plant his seeds.

He carried them in a basket on his arm, and as he sowed them some of them fell beside the garden in the road, and quickly the birds flew down and ate them eagerly for their supper. Some of the seed fell among rough thorns that grew beside the fence, and they could not grow because the thorns did not give them room enough for their roots. Some he dropped among stones, where there was only a little earth, and they began to grow; but when the sun shone very hot and bright, the poor little plants drooped their heads and died, because they could not send their roots deep enough among the stones. But some of the seed the gardener sowed very carefully in the soft light earth which he prepared for them, and these grew into plants, taller and taller, until they had beautiful flowers which bloomed for him all summer. And in the autumn, when the flowers died, there were hundreds of tiny seeds which the gardener could plant the next year.

This is one of the stories which Jesus told, long, long ago as he sat in a boat by the seaside one day. He called the story a parable. If you will listen I will tell it to you again just as Jesus told it.

"Behold the sower went forth to sow, and it came to pass as he sowed, some seed fell by the wayside and the birds came and devoured it. And other fell on the rocky ground where it had not much earth, and straightway it sprang up because it had no deepness of earth, and when the sun was risen it was scorched and because it had no root it withered away. And other fell among the thorns, and the thorns grew up and choked it and it yielded no fruit. And other fell into the good ground and yielded fruit, growing up and increasing and bringing forth thirtyfold and sixtyfold and a hundredfold."

THE NEST

STORIES TO PLAY

A ROYAL TOY-MENDER

(By Eleanor and Ada Skinner)

SCENE

[*A room in the King's palace. The King is seated on a throne in a room filled with all sorts of toys. The shabbiest toys are grouped near the throne. As the curtain rises, a page enters, and bows to the King.*]

KING. Come, sir, what do you wish?

PAGE. May it please your Majesty, your most skilled toy-mender begs a word with you.

KING. Bid him enter. (*The attendant leaves. A brownie enters and bows to the King.*) What is your desire, sir?

BROWNIE. It becomes my painful duty, your Majesty, to declare that the number of lost and broken toys is growing too fast. Since December twenty-fifth, one year ago, nine million, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine toys have come into our workshop. And this morning there came such a load of broken toys, and badly broken they were, indeed, your Majesty, that we brownies are at our wits' end to know where to put them or how to make them whole again.

KING (*shaking his head*). This is very serious. The lost and broken toys have been coming too fast — too fast into the Land of Lost Toys. I am determined to look into the cause of this (*pointing to the broken toys standing around*). Bid the Fairy Godmother come to me at once.

[*Brownie bows and leaves. King walks up and down looking at the toys and shaking his head. Fairy Godmother enters.*]

FAIRY GODMOTHER. I am at your service, your Majesty.

KING. I have decided to punish the careless children who send so many broken toys into my kingdom. Only to-day such a load has come that my toy-menders are kept busy day and night looking after them. The Land of Lost Toys is full of every evidence of carelessness and heartless mutilation of beautiful playthings given for the children's amusement and joy — not for such willful destruction as this. I am determined to punish the culprits. Fairy Godmother, search for them until you find them. Then bring them to my court at once.

FAIRY GODMOTHER. I obey, your Majesty.

[*Fairy Godmother leaves.*]

KING (*to page*). Conduct me to the brownies' workshop. I must see what can be done to relieve them there. Then tell my counselors to appear here at court when they hear the trumpet call.

[*King and page leave. A brownie enters with an armful of mended toys. He begins to place these with the others.*]

BROWNIE. Never saw such a load — little dolls, big dolls, rag dolls — woolly poodles — music boxes — teddy bears. Must have had a terrible crash — can't tell head from feet — such careless, thoughtless, heartless, senseless — oh, ho, here's the Fairy Godmother — I must slip away.

[*Fairy Godmother enters with Sam and Dot.*]

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Here we are in the Land of Lost Toys.

DOT AND SAM. Land of Lost Toys?

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Yes, and you are at the King's court. Look about if you like. Perhaps you'll see what became of your old playthings when you grew tired of them and either carelessly broke them or thoughtlessly tossed them aside.

SAM. I thought they were taken to the attic.

FAIRY GODMOTHER. For a short time perhaps — but after awhile they all come to the Land of Lost Toys where the brownies mend them and renew their youth. You have been a willful destroyer of toys (*to Dot*). To be sure you are not so much to blame as your brother, but you *lent* him your precious toys without knowing what was to become of them.

DOT. Oh, good Fairy Godmother, Sam does

[1] From *Children's Plays*, by Eleanor and Ada Skinner. By permission of D. Appleton and Company, publishers.

not always break up our toys. He has often mended mine — indeed, he has.

FAIRY GODMOTHER. I am glad to hear that. But the King's command *must* be obeyed. So look about, you may see some old friends if your eyes are sharp. The toys will take no notice of you. After they enter the Land of Lost Toys they never speak to mortals without permission from the King.

DOT. Oh, Sam, Sam! There is my dear old rag doll which I lost last Christmas. Good Fairy, may I take her home with me? She looks as if she still loves me.

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Impossible. Toys are too happy here to think of leaving. They are all cared for most tenderly. Do you see she has a place of honor near the throne seat? That is because you played with her for three years.

DOT. Yes, I loved her very much. Sam mended her for me many times. But one day I lost her. What are you laughing at, Sam?

SAM. Why, here's the walking-stick which grandfather lent me to play hobby-horse with.

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Yes, it came down to the Land of Lost Toys the day you left it lying on the pavement in front of your house.

SAM. And, oh, Dot! Here is my hobby-horse — my real one. Oh, good Fairy, I should like to take him back home with me. I wonder how he happened to come here.

FAIRY GODMOTHER. When your uncle gave you a bicycle, you neglected your hobby-horse shamefully — then he came down here. See how he frowns at you. No toy may be taken away from King Justforfun's land.

DOT. Here is the queerest toy. Is it a potato doll, Fairy Godmother?

FAIRY GODMOTHER. It is, and it has an interesting history.

DOT AND SAM. Do tell us what you know.

FAIRY GODMOTHER. It belonged to a poor little girl. This was her only plaything. You see she stuck two cinders into it for eyes, scraped a nose and mouth, and put an old rag around it for a dress. How she loved it and cared for it. It is in the highest place of honor.

SAM. How did she happen to lose it?

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Well, you see, after awhile the child grew old enough to go to work. One day while the little girl was away, someone swept the potato doll into the corner of the room. It was picked up with the rubbish and then it came down here. Toys never come here unless they are neglected, lost, or broken, and the longer they are cared for, the higher rank they take here. I'm sorry to say many toys come here the first day they are given to the children.

SAM. Oh, now I see why so many ugly things are near the throne, while many rich toys are in the corner.

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Exactly. (*Trumpet sounds.*) Hark! That is the King's signal for the brownies to attend him in this room where the trial is to be held.

DOT. Oh! dear! I'm so frightened. What is a trial? May I go home? — this is Christmas eve. Oh, Sam, why did you play earthquake with the toys and break so many of them!

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Don't cry or complain. You cannot escape without the King's consent and if you cry the trial may be put off.

SAM. And to-morrow's Christmas day. I'll never play earthquake with toys again. (*Trumpet sounds.*)

FAIRY GODMOTHER. Come, step into the anteroom until you are called.

[*Dot and Sam leave. A herald enters blowing a trumpet. He is followed by the King of the Land of Lost Toys — pages, brownies, and two brownie counselors. The King takes the throne seat. The others group themselves in various places.*]

KING. We have come together for a very serious purpose. It is known to all here that the number of broken and lost toys which have come to my kingdom in the last few days has grown beyond the strength of my workmen and beyond the capacity of my workshop. Therefore, I, King Justforfun, have decided to punish careless children who send toys here by the carload. Where are the culprits?

FAIRY GODMOTHER. They are in the anteroom, your Majesty. Sam Brown, and his sister Dot, who aided him in his destruction of toys, are waiting there.

KING. I command them to appear.

[*Herald leaves and returns with Sam and Dot.*]

KING. Here are the culprits, counselors. Proceed with the trial.

FIRST COUNSELOR. Your full names.

SAM. I'm Samuel Brown, sir.

DOT. I 'm Dorothy Brown, Sam's sister.

FIRST COUNSELOR. We will now hear why Samuel and Dorothy Brown are brought for trial to the court of King Justforfun.

SECOND COUNSELOR. The offense is willful destroying of perfectly good toys — Samuel Brown will speak first.

SAM. Sirs, I thought old Santy would bring us heaps of new things to play with and I was sure we would n't need the old toys again.

KING (*shaking his head*). It's just as I feared. Go on.

SAM. Dot let me have some doll furniture. I took my Noah's Ark, my best engine and track, my blocks, a tiny doll-house, and a tea-set.

DOT. I would n't let him take Rosalie, my doll.

FIRST COUNSELOR. Silence! Samuel Brown must not be interrupted. We will hear your story next. Proceed, Samuel Brown.

SAM. I would n't tell Dot what I was going to do with the toys. So while she was out of the room I arranged them all on a table which was covered with a green cloth. I made them look like a little city. Then I called Dot in.

DOT. Oh, it was a surprise.

FIRST COUNSELOR. Silence! Proceed, sir.

SAM. I told Dot that was the city I had been reading about in my book that very morning and I said we'd make-believe that a rumbling sound was heard just like the beginning of an earthquake. I rolled some croquet balls up and down a box to make the sound. Then came thunder, followed by a slight shock, which was soon followed by several other shocks. I rolled the balls again and pulled the tablecloth that time. Finally with a good tug — the ground split and then came a jolly crash and —

KING. A jolly crash, sir. So that's how it happened. It was dreadful — dreadful playing earthquake with beautiful toys. Come, let us hear Dorothy Brown's story.

SECOND COUNSELOR (*to Dot*). Dorothy Brown will tell in what way she helped with the earthquake game.

DOT. I would n't let him take Rosalie. I told him he could take anything else.

SECOND COUNSELOR. Did you help pull the tablecloth to make the earthquake?

DOT. No, sir.

SECOND COUNSELOR. But you *let* him take your toys, some of the best ones — tea-set, doll's furniture, doll's house, and many others.

DOT. Yes, sir.

SECOND COUNSELOR (*to the King*). Your Majesty, permit me to say that there is no very bad offense recorded for Dorothy Brown. She lent her precious playthings to her brother; but she did not *know* what naughty plan he had in his mind.

FIRST COUNSELOR (*looks in record book*). Permit me to say to your Majesty that in looking over the record of toys which belonged to her I find no complaint of carelessness except that act of this morning. I, therefore, recommend pardon for Dorothy Brown, as this is her first real offense.

KING. I pardon Dorothy Brown. This visit to my kingdom will no doubt be a lesson to her. Proceed. What is the charge against her brother?

SECOND COUNSELOR. Samuel Brown is charged with a very grave offense. He is a willful destroyer of toys. In order to enjoy what he called a *jolly crash* he planned an earthquake for his and his sister's old toys. In two moments he broke more than twenty playthings. This is not his first or second offense. I have looked over his record, and find such notes as indifference, carelessness, heartless mutilation, willful destruction written after many toys which were his.

FIRST COUNSELOR (*to King*). A very serious matter this is, your Majesty. Children of men are growing more careless every day. Toys come to us by the hundreds, and many of them have been broken or lost on the very day they were given to the children.

KING. A very serious state of affairs, indeed. What plan have my counselors to offer for punishment?

FIRST COUNSELOR. Your Majesty, the court begs to suggest that the destroyer of toys should be treated exactly as the toys were.

[*Dot and Sam look frightened.*]

KING. A wise plan. The toys may speak.

[*All toys begin to talk at once.*]

FIRST COUNSELOR. Your Majesty, may we hear the complaints one at a time?

KING. One at a time — silence.

[*Toys are quiet.*]

First Counselor. In turn each toy that belonged to Samuel Brown may describe the treatment received while in the possession of this little boy. Please to call on each one of Samuel Brown's toys.

Second Counselor. Hobby-horse may speak.

Hobby-horse (*bows to King and counselors*). I beg to state that for the first few weeks after I was given to Samuel Brown, I was excellently treated; in fact, my little master preferred me to all his other toys. To be sure, I was kept on the trot from morning until night, but I enjoyed it. One day my saddle came loose. My heartless owner took long sharp tacks and hammered them into my back. Try it on him, say I! Try it on him! Then on his birthday he received a bicycle. I was left in a shed for weeks with no attention whatever. Finally, I came here.

Sam. I'm sorry, indeed I am.

Second Counselor. Tin Soldier may speak.

Tin Soldier. I'm glad it is my turn to speak. When Samuel Brown mended his hobby-horse's saddle he used me for a *hammer*. My features were all smashed and I've never looked the same since. Try it on him, I say!

Dot. Oh, please, sir, Sam was trying to *mend* his toys.

First Counselor. Silence! Each toy shall be heard.

Second Counselor. Drum may speak.

Drum. And a sad tale I have to tell. After hammering on me in the most noisy way for two days Samuel Brown decided to have a "*jolly bang.*" He put me in the middle of the floor and with both his feet jumped on me. Of course there *was* a *bang* which could be heard all over the house. Then he laughed in my face. Try it on him. Try it on him.

Second Counselor. Indian Boy may speak.

Indian Boy. He scalped me one day and then never played with me again. Tit for tat, say I. Tit for tat.

Second Counselor. Mechanical Toy may speak.

Mechanical Toy (*in a squeaky voice*). Your honor, I've never felt quite right in my inside since Samuel Brown took me to pieces to see what made me move.

Dot. Oh, please, sir, he wanted to learn how to mend his toy if it should be broken. He often mends the toys for the children that live near us. Indeed, he does. How sorry he is for all he has done.

Mechanical Toy. That does not excuse him. Treat him as he treated me. Let's have justice. Take him to pieces to see what makes him move.

Second Counselor. Teddy Bear may speak.

Teddy Bear (*looking around*). Have you all finished? Then I have a word to say. No Teddy Bear in all the world was ever treated better than I was when I lived with this little master. One evening my left ear was caught under a chair. The maid pulled at me roughly and nearly tore my ear off. Samuel Brown carefully stitched it on. And again when the terrier pup's sharp teeth tore and ripped me open, my little master carried me into the nursery and with loving care he stuffed me and sewed me up. I was his playmate for three long years and you all know that is a good long life, in the world of children, for a Teddy Bear.

Sam. I don't know how I ever lost you, Teddy Bear, indeed I don't. I hunted you for several weeks.

Teddy Bear. Quite true. You see I had become bald from old age and the hair on my body was beginning to fall out. One day some one decided it would be necessary to put me in the attic. Then naturally after awhile I came here. When you talk about tit for tat please consider my case. If it would not offend the court I have a plan to suggest.

First Counselor. What is your Majesty's will in this matter?

King. We'll hear Teddy Bear's plan. He usually says something worth hearing.

Teddy Bear. You have heard several times about this lad's skill in *mending* toys. Now if your object to-day is really to lessen the number of toys that come into the kingdom, why don't you make Samuel Brown your Royal Toy-mender? Send word to Santa Claus to leave him tools, glue, paint, and all other things needed to mend toys. That is the way to lessen the number of toys that come to the kingdom; your Majesty, I humbly offer this plan.

KING. And a fine plan it is, Teddy Bear; quite worthy of your good sense. What say my counselors?

FIRST COUNSELOR. Please, your Majesty, may we hear what Samuel Brown himself has to say?

KING. Samuel Brown may tell us what he thinks of Teddy Bear's plan.

SAM. I'll gladly become a mender of toys, your Majesty. I'll do my best to keep all the toys in our neighborhood in good order.

DOT. And I'll help him! Indeed I will. He is a very clever workman.

FIRST COUNSELOR. Does the plan satisfy the toys who have spoken?

TOYS. Ye-e-e-e-s!!

TEDDY BEAR. Then let us all give a hearty cheer for the lad who is to be a *toy-mender* instead of a *toy-breaker*.

TOYS. Hurrah for Samuel Brown, Toy-mender to our King!

KING. Fairy Godmother, lead the children to their home and may they have a happy Christmas day!

[*Toys call out, "Merry Christmas," and children call back, "Merry Christmas," as they go out with the Fairy Godmother.*]

THE TABLES TURNED[1]

(*By John Kendrick Bangs*)

Characters

MOLLIE (*a girl of twelve*)
JACK (*a boy of ten*)
PUNCH (*a revengeful doll*)
JUDY (*the wife of Punch*)
MR. PRATTKINS (*father of Jack and Mollie*)

SCENE

[*A nursery. At back of room is a window; to the left of window is a door opening into hall; in left wall of room is a door opening into a toy-closet. The room holds four chairs, a table, a good-sized trunk, a sofa, and a baby-carriage. In the toy-closet should be a small tin sword, a Punch doll, a Judy doll, and an assortment of toys generally. The dress of the two characters, Punch and Judy, should be as nearly like that of the two dolls as possible. The dress of Mollie and Jack is that of children of to-day. Curtain rising discloses Mollie leaning against side of window, looking out at the storm. Jack is discovered sitting astride a chair, his face to the audience and back of chair. He presents appearance of dissatisfaction.*]

TIME. (*Afternoon of a rainy day.*)

MOLLIE (*turning from window and walking to front of stage*). Heigho! still raining, and no sign of a let-up.

[*Picks up small workbasket from table, and goes through it carefully, as though in search of something.*]

JACK (*with a scowl*). Yes. Isn't it vile? It was a fine snowstorm we had this morning, and here it turns to rain and spoils everything. No snow-balling, no sledding, no nothing but nursery walls. Bah! The idea of its raining on Saturday, anyhow — the only day a fellow has free from school! It is n't fair.

MOLLIE. It never is fair when it rains. The barometer says so.

[1] Reprinted from *Harper's Book of Little Plays*. By permission of Harper and Brothers, publishers.

JACK. Oh, what a joke! Regular girl's joke that.

MOLLIE. Well, why not? I'm a girl. I like gentle jokes. I think they're better than your jokes, tripping people up and putting salt in the sugar-bowl.

JACK. Oh, as to that we never should agree. What's the use of fighting? It's gloomy enough without that. I'd almost rather study than quarrel.

MOLLIE (*rising and walking to closet door*). Then why don't you study? I'm going to play with my dolls.

JACK (*rising and taking geography from table*). Well, if it's dolls, quarrelling, or geography, I guess I'll choose geography. It's more exciting than dolls, and less bothersome than quarrelling. (*Resumes seat and opens book. Mollie busies herself about room. Jack reads.*) Africa. H'm! Glad I don't live there. No snowstorms there, and no skating, and I suppose there 's no Santa Claus either, because the small African boys don't wear stockings, and consequently can't hang 'em up. Africa is a continent, and is bounded on the north by the — (*slams covers of book to*). Oh, nonsense! This is no fun, and no use either, far as I can see. Who wants to know about Africa, unless he's an African and has to live there? What good is it to me to know that it is a continent? I'm not collecting continents. If I was going to be a sailor there might be some use of my knowing all that stuff. It might keep me from running bang into it with my ship some dark night to know just where it is. But what earthly use such knowledge is to a boy who expects to be a lawyer or a fireman, or maybe a policeman, I can't see. What are you doing, Moll?

MOLLIE (*putting cloth on table*). I think I'll have a tea for Punch and Judy.

JACK. Ho! You mean a tea for yourself, with Punch and Judy looking on. I notice at those teas that you do all the talking and eating yourself.

MOLLIE. That's very true; but then they don't need to eat. They're only dolls. You and I can have the eatables, and they can *pretend* they're having them. They're just as well satisfied.

JACK. Thanks. No doll tea-party for me.

MOLLIE. Heigho! Very well. I'll play alone, then. I'd rather, anyhow. I'll get all the apple sauce.

JACK. The what?

MOLLIE. Apple sauce. Cook has promised me cake and milk and apple sauce for the tea.

JACK. Oh! that's different again. I may not feel like a tea-party, but I think I would n't mind an apple-sauce party. If you'd only spoken of it before, we might have been eating it now. Where 's the lunch?

MOLLIE. I'll go get it at once.

JACK. Very well. I'll see if I can find Punch and Judy. (*Mollie goes out. Jack rummages in closet.*) This is all nonsense. I hope none of the boys will hear of my playing tea-party with dolls. They would n't let me stay Chief of the White Redskins if they knew I was soft enough for that; but apple sauce is too much even for a mock Indian chief. (*Pulls out half a dozen toys, and finally extricates Punch and Judy from the lot. He looks at them scornfully.*) It's nothing but apple sauce brings me to this, O Punch and Judy. (*Throws them back in closet, and shuts door again.*) No. I won't do it even for a royal lunch. Yet I don't know. I'm pretty hungry. Bah! It's too bad. The idea of me being forced into playing with dolls to keep from starving! Oh, don't I wish things were different days like this! Why, I'd rather even be a doll than me just about now, because it does n't know anything, and is never discontented, whatever happens. I wish Mollie and I were Punch and Judy, I do.

[*Enter Mollie with the eatables. She sets them on the table. Jack gazes at them gloomily.*]

MOLLIE. Here we are now, Jack. Come along. Where are Punch and Judy?

JACK (*nodding to closet*). In there. (*Rises and starts to walk to closet, but stops suddenly.*) I'll get 'em; but — Why, Mollie, what do you suppose is the matter with me all of a sudden? I — I can't move!

[*His knees give way under him, and he flops down on the floor.*]

MOLLIE (*starts to run to his side, but also stops short, unable to move*). Can't move? Why, you — neither can I! (*She gazes about her in alarm.*) Catch me, Jack — quick — I'm going to fall, too!

JACK. I would if I could; but — (*Noise is heard in the closet.*) Hullo! what's in the closet? Seems to me I hear a noise in there.

MOLLIE (*falling on her knees in a stiff attitude*). Oh, Jack, dear Jack, come help me up!

JACK. Really, Mollie, I can't — I can't even get up myself; and, what's worse, there's *something* moving there in the closet.

MOLLIE (*in alarm*). Not an animal, or — or —

[*The closet door bursts open, and Punch and Judy come dancing out, singing.*]

JUDY

It chanced upon a rainy day
A boy and girl, like these you see,
Thought that if they could have their way
Plain dolls like us they'd like to be.

PUNCH

A fairy passing through the air
These wishes chanced to overhear,
And granted that unhappy pair
The wish they had expressed so clear.

JACK. Oh dear! I see it all. I'm a doll!

MOLLIE. Jack, did you wish any such awful thing? What does it all mean?

JUDY

And so she came to Punch and me,
And asked us if we'd mind if we
Took Jack and Mollie's place to-day,
While they took our place in the play.

PUNCH

Of course we said we did n't mind;
And that is why these children find
Themselves like dolls upon the floor,
While Jude and I walk through the door.

JACK. Mollie, this is awful!

PUNCH. Ah, Judy! did you hear that? My doll, Jack, can talk. And you don't have to hit him on the chest to make him do it, either. I wonder what he'd say if I did hit him on the chest?

[*Does so. Jack howls, and Punch dances in glee.*]

MOLLIE. I would n't mind this if I could only move. Say, Judy, can't I be a walking doll?

JUDY. 'Sh! Don't say a word, Mollie. You're only a doll, and you have no choice of anything. You've got to be just what you are, and be satisfied. But there's one thing. I'm a neater girl than you are, and I don't like to see my dolls on the floor, so I will place you on the sofa.

[*She raises Mollie up and places her face downward on the sofa.*]

JACK. Pick me up too, will you, Punch? I'm dreadfully uncomfortable.

PUNCH. Me? I? A fellow like me play with dolls? I guess not. You're no fun. I'll put you in the closet, and get out the marbles.

JACK. But I don't want to go into the closet. It's dark and stuffy in there.

MOLLIE. Turn me over, won't you, Judy? I am suffocating here.

JUDY. Oh, I guess it won't hurt you to suffocate a little. Dolls don't have to breathe. Just stop breathing for a day or two. You'll be all right.

PUNCH. You never seemed to think the closet was dark and stuffy when things were the other way, Master Jack. I've lain in there with a fire-engine and a Noah's ark on top of me many a long week. What was good enough for me will do for you, so in you go. (*Opens closet and rolls Jack into it. Covers him up with toys and shuts the door.*) There. I think when things get straight again he'll think twice before he puts me in that closet in the bad old-fashioned way. (*Judy meanwhile has been rearranging Mollie's hair, much to Mollie's discomfiture.*) Well, Judy, what are you up to?

JUDY. I've never had a chance like this before, Punch, and I'm making the most of it. I never did like the way Mollie's hair was fixed, and now that I have something to say about it I'm doing what I think ought to be done. She'll look well with a head covered with pigtails. Wait till you see her.

[*Proceeds braiding Mollie's hair in small pigtails.*]

PUNCH. Are her eyes glass or china?

[*Pretending to poke his finger into one of them.*]

MOLLIE. Ouch!

JUDY (*shaking her*). Hush! Well-behaved dolls do not speak.

MOLLIE (*ruefully*). I'm not a doll.

JUDY. Oh, yes, you are, too; and what is more, I'm going to put you to bed at three o'clock this afternoon, the way you did to me last week

MOLLIE. Oh, now, Judy!

PUNCH. Let's see if it shuts its eyes when it leans back.

JACK (*in muffled tones from closet*). Say, Punch, let me out, will you?

PUNCH (*ignoring Jack, and pushing Mollie backward and forward*). She does n't seem to have any system about opening her eyes and shutting them, does she? Queer doll that. I've half a mind to open the top of her head and see how she works. (*Pause. Mollie groans.*) Say, Judy?

JUDY. Well?

PUNCH. Let's take a carving-knife and see if she's stuffed with sawdust.

MOLLIE. Oh, Judy, Judy, don't let him!

JUDY. No, indeed. Do you suppose I'm going to have my doll ill-treated? Go see if your own doll is stuffed with sawdust.

PUNCH. Good idea. I'll take him all to pieces with that toy sword of his that he tried to cut my foot off with last summer.

[*Opens closet door.*]

JACK. Let me out, there's a good fellow, Punch

PUNCH. Count on me for that, Master Jack. I'll let you out; I'll let you all out in a way you won't like. Do you know what I'm going to do now?

JACK. No, I don't. What?

PUNCH (*rolling him out on the floor, and placing him across chair on his stomach*). I'm going to see first what you are stuffed with.

JACK (*in terror*). What I'm whatted with?

PUNCH. You'll find out in a minute, my boy. Do you remember one day last summer how you took a small tin sword like this (*goes to closet and gets sword*), and poked it into my ribs like this?

[*Pokes Jack gently with it.*]

JACK. Ow — wow — wouch! You tickle.

PUNCH. Oh, do I, indeed? Then how you sawed up and down my foot with it like this?

JACK. No, I don't remember, Punchy.

PUNCH. Well, I do. I remember it well — just as you are going to remember to-day for some time to come.

JACK. Well, now, see here, Punch; honest, did I hurt you?

PUNCH. Did you? Well, you'll be able to answer that in a minute or two, when I've sawed off your head to see what is inside of it.

JACK. Mollie, call for the police.

PUNCH. Yes, Mollie, do. Lots of police would come in answer to the call of a doll. Hee-hee! I'd just like to see what a policeman would do if a doll called him. For my part, I believe he'd run — the other way.

JACK. But if you cut my head off you'll kill me.

PUNCH. Oh, no, I think not. Dolls don't die, you know. They're only destroyed. Judy can sew your head on again, I guess, or if she can't, we can throw you away, and get another doll in your place. You are n't a very good doll, anyhow. Come, now. Get ready.

[*He starts to remove Jack's head, when Judy, having finished braiding Mollie's hair in a ridiculous fashion, discovers the apple sauce.*]

JUDY. Hi! Punchy!

PUNCH. Don't bother me, Judy. I'm busy. This doll is getting very rebellious simply because I'm going to treat him as he treats me.

JUDY. Very well; Mollie and I will have the tea-party.

PUNCH (*dropping the sword*). The what?

JUDY. The tea-party. I've found milk and cake and apple sauce here all ready to be eaten.

PUNCH. Why did n't you say so before? Apple sauce! Um-um! Well, if this is n't richness I would n't have missed it for the world.

JACK. Well, don't forget me. I like apple sauce, if I am a doll.

PUNCH. Yes, we'll give you some. We'll give you a spoonful to feast your eyes upon. Draw up the table, Judy, and set it, and I'll fix these new dolls of ours. We'll show them what lots of fun and how little apple sauce dolls usually get at tea-parties like this. (*Judy prepares the table, while Punch sings. Jack and Mollie glance anxiously at the crackers, etc.*)

Oho, oho,
  I happy am,
Aha, oho,
  As any clam;
We'll go without
  The pudding course,
And fill up well
  On apple sauce.

Ha! ha! ha! My! But this is richness, as I said before. (*Dances gleefully.*)

JACK (*aside to Mollie*). I'm afraid we're going to be badly left, Mollie.

MOLLIE. So am I; but you should n't complain. If the apple sauce had n't attracted his attention you'd have had your head cut off.

PUNCH. Now, Master Jack, we'll give you one of those imaginary tastes of apple sauce you have always been so fond of giving me — generous boy that you are.

[*Sets Jack properly on chair and pushes it up to table.*]

JACK. Oh, if I could only move my hand!

PUNCH. Which, being a doll, you can't. (*Pushes Mollie up to table in a second chair alongside of Jack.*) Now, Judy, you sit there (*pointing to one end*), and I'll sit here (*taking other end*). Ah, but this is fine!

JUDY. Is n't it, just! Shall I help you to some apple sauce, Mollie?

MOLLIE. If you please.

PUNCH. And a great big plateful for Jack, please, Judy. I'll pass the milk. (*Fills four cups with milk, and puts one before each plate, while Judy helps and passes the apple sauce.*) Now for the feast! (*Takes a spoonful of the sauce. Jack and Mollie meanwhile, unable to move, leave theirs untouched.*) Ah! um! is n't it fine, Judy?

JUDY (*with her mouth full*). Elegant. Just taste the milk, Punch.

PUNCH. Milk-punch? I don't see any milk-punch.

JUDY. I did n't say milk-punch, Punch. I said milk.

PUNCH. Ah! oh! How's that for a joke, Jack?

JACK (*mad*). Pretty bad.

PUNCH. Hoity-toity! What an impudent doll! I'll have to punish you. (*Takes Jack across the room, and places him on his back on the floor with his legs up against the wall.*) There; try that for a little while. It's a nice, comfortable attitude; one I've tried many a time and oft.

JUDY. Mollie, why don't you drink your tea?

MOLLIE. I would if I could; only I can't move, you know, Judy.

JUDY. That's so. I'd forgotten that. Here, take this.

[*Puts a spoonful of sauce into Mollie's mouth.*]

MOLLIE. It's awful good. Seems to me it never tasted better.

JACK (*with a groan*). Where do I come in? I'd like a little.

PUNCH. That's just what you'll get, my boy — a very little; so little, that you'll wonder that anything in all the world could be so small. (*Helps Jack back to table, and holds spoonful of sauce before his mouth. Jack tries to take it, but Punch pulls it away and swallows it himself.*) Is n't that fine, Master Jack?

JACK. How do I know? I did n't taste it.

PUNCH (*mocking him*). Why, how can you say that? Can't taste it? You taste it quite as well as I could last time you and Mollie had a tea-party. Here; try this. (*Holds cup of milk about two inches from Jack's mouth.*) How's that?

JACK. This is n't fair. You are getting all the tea.

PUNCH. Why, my dear boy, you surprise me. I'm afraid you are ungrateful. Getting all the tea? Why, I'm sure Judy helped you to as much sauce and milk and cake as I ever was helped to.

JACK. Yes; but you are eating all mine.

PUNCH. Well, is n't that the way to play tea-party? I'm only following the rules. Every time I've tea-partied with you you've eaten all mine.

JACK. Yes; but this is different. I'm not really a doll.

JUDY. Tut, tut, Jack! Pray what are you, then?

JACK. I'm a boy.

PUNCH. Ho! you a boy? Why, you're nothing of the kind. You used to be a boy, but now you're only a doll. You're me, and I'm you; and really, Jack, I think you're a very tiresome doll. You are n't satisfied the

way you say dolls always are. You've done nothing but grumble and growl all the time.

JACK. But that's because you treat me badly.

PUNCH. I treat you just as you always treated me.

JACK. Well, anyway —

PUNCH. I don't want to hear another word from you. I'm going to give you away. I'm tired of you; you don't behave well at all!

JACK. Me? Going to give me away?

PUNCH. Of course. I'm going to pack you away in this trunk and send you off to a poor little Indian boy out in Dakota. (*Picks Jack up and throws him into the trunk. Jack howls.*) Judy, don't you want to give Mollie to the Indians?

MOLLIE. Oh, please don't, Judy! I'll be an awfully good doll —

JUDY. No; I would n't give Mollie away for anything. I'm going to take her out for an airing in the carriage.

[*Assists Mollie into the carriage and rolls her out through the door.*]

JACK (*from trunk*). Look here, Punchy. Don't send me off to Dakota. What'll my father say?

PUNCH. Humph! he won't say anything. He does n't care anything for dolls. I should think you'd know enough to know that. Men of his age have something else to think about.

JACK. I know that; but you don't seem to remember that I'm not really a doll.

PUNCH. But you are. You are nothing else. You wished to be a doll, and the fairy granted your wish. If your father wants me for a son, he can have me. I think he'll be rather pleased at the change, because I heard him say last night after you had gone to bed that he did n't know what to do about you, you were getting so wild.

JACK. Well, anyhow, take me out of this trunk until we have settled the matter, will you? It's awfully stuffy in here.

PUNCH. All right; I will. (*Takes Jack out. Jack sits on edge of trunk.*) I'm not severe. I don't want to make you uncomfortable, particularly since you'll have to be locked up in there for seven or eight days. I'm going to send you to Dakota by freight.

JACK. Now see here —

PUNCH. I'm seeing, my boy. You'll have a fine time out with the Indians. The children may leave you out in the wet grass all night occasionally, but you won't mind that. Dolls have n't any feelings, you know, and they're *always* satisfied, whether it rains or shines, and as for —

[*Door opens. Enter Mr. Prattkins.*]

PRATTKINS. Jack!

PUNCH. I'm taking Jack's place to-day, sir.

PRATTKINS. Oh, you are, eh? How's that?

JACK. I wished I was a doll, and I got turned into a doll. Punch was turned into me.

PRATTKINS. Well, that's good for you, because I've come up here to see you about something very particular.

PUNCH. Dear me! I wonder what's up?

PRATTKINS. Your school-teacher came in to see me to-day, and he told me that you would n't study. Now, what have you to say for yourself?

[*Punch tries to sneak out of the door.*]

JACK. I'm only a doll, papa. He's me.

PUNCH. Oh, that's only a joke, Mr. Prattkins. I'm not him.

JACK. Yes, he is me, too, papa. He's been trying to cut my head off to see what I'm stuffed with, and he ate my apple sauce.

PUNCH (*anxiously*). Oh, I know; but I was only fooling.

PRATTKINS. Oh, indeed! Well, we'll see about that. Did you eat Jack's apple sauce?

PUNCH. Well, yes; but —

PRATTKINS. Never mind the buts. Did you try to cut his head off to see what he was stuffed with?

PUNCH. That's only a custom. Every boy does that to his doll.

PRATTKINS. Ah, then you *are* the boy and *he* is the doll?

PUNCH (*desperately*). I suppose so.

JACK. He was going to send me away to the Indian children in Dakota, too.

PRATTKINS. Well, under the circumstances, I think I'll make no mistake in giving you what I came to give Jack. Come on.

[*Seizes Punch by the arm and pulls him from the room. Punch struggles vainly. Jack roars with laughter.*]

JACK. Hooray! It is n't so bad after all.

(*Sounds of whacking from next room. Punch's voice is heard in bellows.*) Ho-ho! Ha! ha! ha!

[*Laughs so hard that he falls over backward in the trunk. Door opens. Enter Judy with Mollie in baby carriage.*]

JUDY. There, Mollie. Was n't that a nice ride?

MOLLIE. Fine; but I could n't help thinking of poor Jack all the time, going out to the Indians.

JUDY. He'll never go. Punch won't send him. (*Punch appears at door, crying.*) Why, Punchy dear, what is the matter?

PUNCH. Matter enough. Jack's father was just in here, and I got one of Jack's thrashings in his place. I wish

JUDY. Hush, Punch. Don't wish that. Don't you remember what the fairy said? We can keep just as we are as long as we want to, but the minute we wish we were back again we lose it all.

PUNCH. I don't care. I'm not going to stay this way if I'm to get all the lickings that Jack ought to have. So I wish things were as they were.

JUDY. Don't, Punch, don't!

PUNCH. It's too late, Judy — too late. I can't help wishing it.

[*Jack begins to move slightly, stiffly at first, and then actively. Mollie wags her head as power of movement returns to her, while Punch and Judy grow stiff and then fall to the floor.*]

JACK (*gleefully*). Hurrah! We're all right again.

[*Dances around the room.*]

MOLLIE. Yes; but I'm sort of sorry, Jack. Judy treated me very well.

JACK. Well, Punch did n't treat me well, and I'm going to make him suffer for it.

[*Enter Mr. Prattkins.*]

PRATTKINS. He did suffer for it. He got something I had stored up for you.

PUNCH (*from the floor*). Yes; but I'll gladly give it back.

JACK. No, Punchy, no. Far be it from me to deprive you of that. Keep it, my boy, and I forgive you.

[*Assists Punch to rise. Jack stands at right. Next to him is Punch. In center is Mr. Prattkins, then Judy; and at left stands Mollie. Mollie assists Judy to rise. They stand in a semicircle.*]

MR. PRATTKINS

We think 't is very clear to all who've watched
our pranks to-night
That that which is is gen'rally about the thing
that's right.

PUNCH

The children who were sorry that they were not
dolls, like us —

JUDY

Discovered that as dollies they were quite
ridiculous.

JACK

While dolls who thought it would be fun to
take the children's place —

MOLLIE

Were soon discovered putting on a melancholy
face.

MR. PRATTKINS

From whence, 't is very evident,
'T is always well to be content,
Whatever be your lot,
And not go moping here and there,
A prey to dire and dark despair,
Because you're not some otherwhere,
Or something that you're not.

[*They dance with glee.*]

CURTAIN

CALEB [1]

THE KING'S COBBLER

A PLAY IN TWO SCENES

(*By Beulah Folmsbee*)

Characters

CALEB, *the cobbler*
HILDA, *his wife*
OLD OLAF, *a broom-maker*
THE WAYFARER (*Prince Eifrid*)
THE LADY (*Little Astrid*)
NIELS, *a serving-man of the mayor's household*

PLACE. *A country far across the sea*
SCENE. *The cobbler's house*

SCENE I

[*A rough peasant interior with a door at center back to out-of-doors; at the right of the door is a casement window; at the left, a small cupboard for dishes, etc. There is another door up left leading to the bedroom, and an open grate down left with a large iron kettle over the fire. A worktable and bench at right center are so placed that the cobbler may look out of the window easily when seated at the table. Another table at left center with benches right and left of it*

Although the furnishings are meager, the room itself is scrupulously clean, and a note of color is introduced by bright calico curtains at the window and on the cupboard, and a wood fire in the grate.

As the curtain rises, Caleb is discovered seated at his worktable on which are tools, scraps of leather, thread, and some shoes and boots to be repaired. He is at work on the sole of a little red boot, the mate of which stands on the floor beside his bench. As he finishes the boot, he takes a cloth and rubs it clean.]

CALEB. There now, you little red boots, you are as good as new again. (*Puts boot on floor and takes up other boot, cleaning it likewise while he talks, pausing now and then to give special attention to some particularly stubborn spot.*) And how you will hop and skip from morning to night — wherever your pretty little mistress takes it in her head to go. Skip and hop, and hop and skip! Oh, I can see you now, twinkling along over the snow as merry as ever you please. Yes, you are as good as new. These soles are of strong leather, and there is not a broken stitch anywhere. And what is best of all, your mistress will come for you to-day and pay me — let me see — soles and heels and stitching. Ah, well, we will let the stitching go. Three kroner, then, she will pay me. (*He rises, takes a bit of chalk from the table and writes a large "three" on the sole of one of the boots, which he places at the left end of the table. He then takes up a large shoe that is sadly worn and misshapen.*) Now then, old grandfather, what is to be done to you? (*He sits again to examine the shoe as a little bell over the door rings cheerily.*) Come in, come in whoever you be, and welcome. (*The door opens, and Old Olaf enters, carrying two or three fagot brooms. He is heavily wrapped and wears a bright woolen muffler and mittens. He seems very cold and slaps himself soundly with his free hand, while Caleb jumps up to close the door and to take the brooms, which he stands against the wall.*)

OLAF (*grumbling*). Little fathers! How the cold does strike to my poor old bones!

CALEB. Welcome, good Olaf, welcome! Come, warm yourself by the fire. (*Takes stool from left of table and places it near the fire.*) And how have you fared to-day?

OLAF (*coming to fire and warming himself, while Caleb stirs up the coals*). You may well ask me that. Look there at my brooms. (*He takes off cap and mittens and loosens scarf as he sits.*)

CALEB (*going to examine brooms*). And fine good brooms they are, too, Old Olaf.

OLAF. And why should they not be so? Did I not gather every twig of them myself and bind them together with stout rushes? But who cares for that! I tell you I was the first to sing out my wares in the market-place this morning. There I stood all day in the cold and only one broom did I sell. Oh, it is hard to be a poor man!

[1] From *Guki: The Moon Boy*, by Beulah Folmsbee. Copyright, 1928, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, publishers.

CALEB. Well, it is something to sell one broom.

OLAF (*disgusted and complaining*). Little fathers! To stand out in the cold and see the fine ladies and gentlemen ride by in their coaches all snug and warm. Nothing to do but eat and be merry and enjoy themselves all day long.

CALEB (*going to work-table and taking up his work*). Ah, well, you have sold one broom and that means you had enough money to buy half a loaf of bread and a steaming pot of broth. Now you sit warming yourself at the fire, and to-night you will sleep in a comfortable bed, so that is not too bad after all, my friend, eh?

OLAF (*whining*). It is all very well for you to say so, but what is half a loaf and a pot of broth when one has to work one's life away to earn it? And what will my son and his wife say when I tell them I had to spend all that I earned and have brought no money home with me?

CALEB. Will they be so angry with you for that?

OLAF. Humph! No doubt they will turn me out in the cold — that is what they will do. Oh, it's bitter hard to be poor, so it is.

CALEB (*still working busily*). Well, then, Old Olaf, I'll tell you what, you shall share my good fortune to-day.

OLAF (*greedily*). Eh? How is that?

CALEB. See these little red boots? (*He rises, comes to front of work-table, and holds up the boots, stroking them gently and with evident pride.*) Whose would they be, do you think?

OLAF (*coming to examine boots*). Humph! It's easy to see they come from the rich folk, it is. We poor ones be glad enough for anything to keep out the cold without wasting money on foolishness.

CALEB. Ay, rich folk indeed. They belong to the mayor's daughter — and a sweeter or better little lady there never was!

OLAF (*awed*). The mayor's daughter!

CALEB. Ay, Little Astrid — and to-day she will come for them and pay me three kroner. It is not often I have such fine work to do, and such fine callers. (*He replaces the boots and sits again to work.*)

OLAF (*dropping in amazement on stool right of table*). Do you tell me, Master Caleb, that the mayor's daughter will come here to fetch away her own boots? (*Caleb nods.*) And her father has near as many serving-men as a king to do his bidding.

CALEB (*proudly*). I am telling you she will come herself. Many's the time she has sat on the bench before the fire there watching me work, and telling me and my good wife, Hilda, tales learned out of her books. (*Sighing.*) Often have my wife and I wished that the good God had blessed us with such a little one.

OLAF. They be all well enough when they be little ones. But when they be grown, they be hard enough on us old ones. (*Beginning to complain again.*) But what was it you said a little time ago about sharing your good fortune with me? Have you forgotten you said that, Cobbler Caleb?

CALEB. Why, so I had, Old Olaf. The thought of Little Astrid put everything else out of my mind.

OLAF (*anxiously*). But you will keep your promise? And you have not told me what luck it was that came your way. What is it you will share with me?

CALEB. Why, since I am to be paid three kroner for the boots to-day, I will buy one of your brooms for my wife, and then you can go home to your son's house with money in your pockets. What do you say to that, eh?

OLAF (*plainly disappointed*). That is better than nothing, to be sure. But it is not such great fortune to sell one broom — besides, the mayor's daughter has not come with the money and it will soon be as black as pitch. I am so poor I have no lantern and it is a long dark walk through the woods at night.

CALEB (*good-naturedly*). Well, well, old fellow, you are hard to please. But (*looking out of window*) you are right. It's night before you can believe it these winter months. (*Growing anxious.*) And Little Astrid is very late, certainly. I pray no harm has come to her. But no, there is nothing to worry about. My good Hilda has not come home yet, either. All the same, I will light a candle and put it in the window. (*He goes to cupboard for candle and lights it from the fire.*)

OLAF. Then what about me? I suppose I must start along without the money after all. Little fathers, but it's hard never to have any good luck! (*Gets up and puts on cap and mittens and tightens scarf, but watches Caleb, who has*

taken the candle to the table and is placing it near the window.)

CALEB (*a little hesitantly*). If you must go now — then I'll tell you what I will do. I have one krone here in the house. It is the only money we have, but I will give it you for a broom. (*Reassuring himself.*) The little lady is certain to come for her boots before long. So wait a moment here while I get the money.

[*Exit Caleb to bedroom. Old Olaf peers about the room, sees cupboard, goes to it, and steals from one of the shelves a half loaf of bread, which he conceals under his cloak.*)

OLAF (*slyly*). I may as well have this. After all, three kroner is a great deal of money, so the cobbler can buy more bread whenever he wants to. Besides, in this world, one has to take what one can get. (*He chuckles wickedly, and then quickly assumes his innocent manner as Caleb reënters.*)

CALEB. Here is the money then — and may it bring you a little happiness. The world is really not such a bad place, Old Olaf, if only one remembers to be grateful for what one has.

OLAF (*clutching money and slipping it into his mitten*). It is easy for you to be grateful when such good fortune comes to you, but it is not so fine for a poor old fellow like me. But I must go now, Cobbler Caleb, so I will say good-night to you. (*He takes up all the brooms and starts to go quickly.*)

CALEB. Ay, but my broom, good Olaf, my broom! You are forgetting to leave one of the brooms for me.

OLAF (*reluctantly taking out the poorest and smallest one, which he stands against the wall*). And little enough do I earn by selling it. Good-night, then.

CALEB. Good-night to you, and a safe journey through the wood. (*Exit Olaf. Caleb watches him for a moment then closes the door, shivering.*) How cold it has grown! And how late Hilda and Little Astrid are. (*The chimes in the church tower ring out clearly. Caleb bows his head, crossing himself.*) May the good God keep watch over his children to-night. (*He goes to the worktable and is about to start again on the old shoe, as the door opens and Hilda enters. She carries a little market basket on one arm and a fagot broom under the other.*)

So there you are at last!

HILDA. Ay, Caleb, and cold enough, too. Quick, let me set down my basket and broom and get near to the fire. My hands are almost frozen. (*She puts the basket on the table and the broom against it, drops her shawl on bench, and goes to seat at fire. Caleb eyes her broom curiously and compares it with the one against the wall.*) And such crowds there were in the market-place to-day! I never saw so many coaches all filled with ladies in velvet and furs, and fine gentlemen in handsome uniforms. Some say there were nobles from the king's court among them. Oh, it was a grand sight. The coachmen swinging their long whips and the horses prancing and dancing in the snow. And the mayor's coach, Caleb, was grander than any.

CALEB (*looking up quickly*). The mayor's coach!

HILDA. And the mayor himself in his great ermine cloak.

CALEB (*eagerly*). And Little Astrid, then. She was there, too?

HILDA. Ay, she was there too, bowing and smiling as sweet as ever you saw. Oh, it was surely a grand sight, Caleb.

CALEB. And so it must have been. But for all that, Hilda, I ask nothing better than to see her sitting there before the fire swinging her little feet to and fro, while she watches me patch the boots.

HILDA. Yes, you are right. The little dear! No one would ever guess, to see her here in the cobbler's house, that she was such a great lady.

CALEB. I am glad enough that you saw her to-day, for she was to come for her boots and I feared some harm had befallen her. I put the candle in the window here when the dark came. (*He takes candle, places it nearer center of table, and sets to work once more.*)

HILDA (*a little wearily*). Ah, well, I must get the supper ready. (*She rises, goes toward table and sees the two brooms.*) Why, wherever did this broom come from? I brought only one with me from the market-place.

CALEB. I am afraid you will be angry with me, Hilda, for I paid our last krone for that broom, and now you have bought another one. But I could not help myself — I really could not. He was such a poor old fellow.

HILDA. Oh, Caleb, if you go on this way we shall soon have nothing to live on. You

have paid ten times what the broom is worth. Why, see, it is not even as good as this one I bought from Old Olaf!

CALEB. Olaf? Now that really was too bad of him, not to tell me you had bought a broom from him.

HILDA. Caleb! You are not telling me it was Old Olaf you gave our last krone to?

CALEB (*a little sad*). Ay, Hilda.

HILDA. See now, that is what comes of being so kind-hearted to every one. It was not an hour ago that I bought this broom, and then, before I can fetch it home, that sly old fellow comes here and sells you another one — and now we have no money at all!

CALEB (*cheerful again*). Ah, well, never mind that. To-morrow Little Astrid will certainly come for her boots and then we shall have money enough for all our needs. Come, let us forget all about it and eat our supper.

HILDA. We have nothing much to eat. There is bread and porridge and this bit of cheese. (*Taking cheese from basket.*) Stir up the fire again while I get the dishes. (*Caleb does as she bids. Hilda places the two brooms in the corner above the worktable. She sighs deeply, and looking at Caleb who still kneels before the fire, shakes her head despairingly. She takes the shawl from the bench and carries it to the other room. As she does so, Caleb goes to the work-table for candle, sees brooms, and stands looking at them ruefully. Hilda reënters, goes to cupboard, and takes out bowls into which she dips porridge from the kettle over the fire. She goes again to cupboard for bread and cries out in surprise.*) Where is my half loaf of bread? Surely you have not given that away as well?

CALEB (*coming to table with candle*). That I have not.

HILDA. Then where can it have gone to? Has any one been here?

CALEB. No one at all — no one except Old Olaf.

HILDA (*angrily*). Oh! Then he has stolen the bread too. It is n't enough that he deceives you into giving him all our money, but he even takes the last bit of bread in the house. Now we have nothing but porridge and a bit of cheese for our supper.

CALEB. Ah, well, never mind, Hilda. We shall get along very well as it is. There is nothing so tasty as good hot porridge on a cold winter night. Come, let us give thanks and eat while it is still hot. (*They sit at the table, Hilda left, Caleb right. Both fold their hands and bow their heads. Footsteps are heard outside followed by the tinkle of the bell. Both lift their heads quickly and listen.*) Who is there?

NIELS. It is Niels, with a message from the mayor's daughter.

CALEB (*joyfully, as he goes to door*). Now, my good Hilda, what did I tell you? We shall have the money to-day after all, and to-morrow you can go to market again. (*Opens door. Enter Niels.*) Come in, my good lad. (*Going to table for red boots.*) I know what it is you have come for and here they are, all ready and as good as new.

NIELS (*proudly*). Nay, Master Cobbler! I came for no boots, but to tell you that the mayor's daughter has been taken away to the king's palace.

CALEB AND HILDA (*astonished*). Little Astrid! To the king's palace!

NIELS. And she will be the playfellow of the little princess, who has led a sad lonely life of it since the death of the queen.

CALEB (*dazed, and looking at boots in his hand*). But her boots — these little red boots I have mended for her . . .

NIELS. She will have little use for them now, I can tell you — living in the king's palace. But for all that she bade me tell you she was grieved not to see you once more. And as for the boots, you are to promise to keep them safe, and one day she will come for them herself, she said. So good-night, Cobbler Caleb. I must hurry back to the great feast my master has ordered to celebrate his daughter's good fortune. Do not forget, you are to keep the boots until she comes for them.

[*Exit Niels.*]

CALEB (*wistfully*). Until she comes for them. Ay, good lad. (*He puts the boots down gently on the work-table.*)

HILDA (*coming to center*). She will *never* come for them. She will forget us. And now what do you say? Cheated of our last krone, robbed of our bread, and now those boots left on your hands with no pay for all the fine work you have put in them. Oh, whatever is to become of us? (*Drops on bench and begins to cry.*)

CALEB. Ah, Hilda, we can manage about the money. There will be other boots to mend, but — never to see Little Astrid again; never to hear her little feet come tap, tap, tapping along, or see her merry little face at the window there — that would be the greatest loss of all. But she will keep her promise. She is good and sweet and kind. Some day she will come back — she will come back for her little red boots. (*He touches them caressingly as the church bells ring.*) Hark, Hilda, the bells! (*Hilda rises, and they stand facing each other at center with folded hands and bowed heads as the bells ring softly on.*)

Curtain

SCENE II

[*Ten years later. The scene is the same, except that there is a general air of poverty about the room. The fire is but a mere flicker, and the window, bare of curtains, has snow in little heaps at every muntin. Outside the wind blows furiously. Only the little red boots on Caleb's table look bright and new, as if they had been polished every day since Little Astrid went away and left them there. Hilda is discovered seated on the bench near the fire, toward which she constantly bends closer to see the stitches in her knitting.*]

HILDA (*fretfully, as she loses another stitch*). Ay, ay! Slip off the needle, then. My poor old hands are so stiff and cold I can scarce knit once across without losing a stitch. (*Drawing her shawl closer about her.*) How cold it is. I hope Caleb comes soon with more fagots. (*Loses another stitch.*) Ah, well, it is no use to knit any more — I shall have to ravel this all out again. I'll wait until it's time to light the candle though, so I can see what I'm about. (*She puts the knitting on top of the cupboard, and drawing shawl about her shoulders, goes to the window and peers out into the gathering darkness.*) Yes, there he comes — though it is so dark I can hardly see him. (*Turns from window to the work-table and sighs.*) Poor Caleb! How little the world repays all his kindness. He has always shared whatever we had with any one who came this way in need. Now we are old and in need ourselves, but no one thinks of that. (*Dries her eyes on corner of her apron. The bell over the door rings impatiently, and Hilda starts in surprise.*) Mercy on us! It is so long since any one has pulled the bell cord I had almost forgotten it was there. Caleb must have such a load of fagots that he cannot open the door. (*Goes to door as quickly as she can. The bell rings again.*) Ay, ay! I am coming. (*Opens the door.*)

WAYFARER. Well, well, old one, you are slow enough about opening the door, to be sure. Br-r-r-r! What a night! (*Comes into room and shakes off snow, stamping his feet to warm them. He is well dressed and carries himself with distinction.*) I'll just warm myself at your fire, though it's a feeble one at best. (*Goes to fire.*)

HILDA (*plainly awed by his manner and appearance*). You must excuse me. It was so dark I could not see, and I thought you were my husband coming home with a bundle of wood. Have you lost your way, good sir?

WAYFARER. Nay, I have come from the inn to search for a certain place and as I was not sure how much farther I had to travel I decided to stop at the next house I came to so that I could warm myself and make inquiries. But there is little enough heat from this fire. I believe my hands are almost frozen.

HILDA. My husband will be here soon, sir, and he will gladly help you find the place you are looking for. As for the fire, it is the best I can give you until he comes with the wood.

WAYFARER. Is your husband a woodcutter, then?

HILDA. Nay, sir, he is a cobbler.

WAYFARER. A cobbler! (*Aside.*) That is strange. I must question her a bit. (*To Hilda.*) Then why does he not spend his time mending boots so that he can buy his wood from a woodcutter?

HILDA. Alas, good sir, no one brings him any boots to mend nowadays.

WAYFARER. Why is that? Surely people must need warm boots in such weather as this. I'll wager he did his work poorly. That is the reason they no longer bring their work to him, eh?

HILDA (*proudly*). Ah, sir, you are a stranger here, it is easy to see that.

WAYFARER. I am a stranger here, it is true. But how did you know that?

HILDA. You say people do not bring their boots here because they were poorly mended, but there is no one who can do finer work — no one.

WAYFARER. Then it is strange that you live here in such poverty. It is bare and cold enough for one to freeze to death. (*Huddles closer to fire.*) You had better come nearer to the fire yourself.

HILDA. Nay, it has grown so dark I must light the candle and set it in the window, else Caleb will lose his way in the storm.

WAYFARER (*turning quickly to her as she mentions Caleb's name*). Caleb? Did you say Caleb?

HILDA (*going to fire, lights candle and carries it to table near window, sighing as she speaks*). Ay, sir, that is my husband's name. Caleb the cobbler they used to call him.

WAYFARER (*excited*). But, my good woman, then this is the very place — (*Looks about the room as if in search of something.*) And there are the little red boots themselves — but I must be careful! I have almost told my secret.

HILDA (*who has not heard what he said*). What is it you were saying? I did not hear.

WAYFARER (*speaking casually, but really watching her closely*). I was merely about to inquire why you say they *used* to call him Caleb the cobbler? What does he do now, if he no longer works at his trade? Come, sit down over here and tell me about it. (*Indicating the bench at right of table.*)

HILDA. Nay, I must get my knitting and sit here by the candle. I cannot see to work by the firelight. (*She goes for knitting and carries it with her to bench behind work-table, where she sits and begins to take out the bad stitches.*)

WAYFARER. What a fine pair of red boots you have there! I should like very much to buy them. What will you sell them for?

HILDA (*putting down knitting and looking at boots sadly*). Alas, sir, they are not new boots. They have been patched.

WAYFARER. Ah, then your husband still works at his trade, it seems. And no doubt the owner of the boots will come for them soon.

HILDA. Nay, good sir. I do not expect anyone to come for them. (*Sighing.*)

WAYFARER. Then, if that is so, you can have no objection to selling them. Come, how much will you take?

HILDA. Alas, they are not for sale.

WAYFARER (*pretending surprise*). Not for sale? First you tell me your husband is out of work, then you say you do not expect any one to come for those boots — and yet you will not sell them. Surely you can have no use for them, and I would pay a good sum for them, too.

HILDA. Ah, sir, I would gladly sell them, for indeed we are so poor that we have barely enough food for our supper to-night, and we no longer know from one day to the next how we are to live. But my husband never gives up hope that Little Astrid will one day come for her boots.

WAYFARER (*aside*). "Little" Astrid! And she is the stateliest and most beautiful lady in the whole court.

HILDA. What is that you say? You must speak louder for I cannot always hear what is said to me.

WAYFARER. I was just asking about Little Astrid, as you call her. Why does she not come for her boots? Perhaps she does not know they are ready for her.

HILDA. Alas, sir, they have been ready for nearly ten years. The day she was to come for them, she went away instead.

WAYFARER. But did she leave no message about her boots?

HILDA. Ay, she said that one day she would come for them, and Caleb promised he would keep them safe until she came. Every day he polishes them as carefully as if he had just finished them, and whenever he comes in the house, he says, "Has anyone been here to-day?" But she is like all the others. She has forgotten us too.

WAYFARER (*gently*). And the poor fellow has kept his promise all these years when he might have sold them to some one!

HILDA. Ay, there have been many who would have paid a good price for them, but Caleb would always say, "I am sorry, but they are not for sale."

WAYFARER (*coming to table and examining boots*). I never saw a finer bit of stitching. There is no doubt about that. They look as good as new. Surely the people do not know

good work when they see it, or they would bring their boots here for repairing.

HILDA (*sighing*). Ah, my Caleb had two strong hands when he mended those!

WAYFARER. What do you mean by that? Has he not two hands now?

HILDA. Ay, two hands, but one of them is of no use to him. Poor Caleb! For every good deed in this world, he has been paid by some ill fortune. It was because of Old Olaf that he lost the use of his hand.

WAYFARER (*now deeply interested*). How was that?

HILDA. The broom-maker lost his way in the woods, and Caleb went with the others to search for him. It was a stormy winter night, as cold as this one, and the wind was blowing so hard that the trees were snapping and cracking. They found Old Olaf almost frozen to death under a tree, so they picked him up and carried him home. But when they had gone a little way, Caleb ran back to fetch the brooms that had been left behind, and a great limb from one of the trees fell on him. They thought it had surely killed him, but no, it was only his arm that was hurt. . . .

WAYFARER. So! The poor fellow.

HILDA. At first the people were sorry for him and brought their boots to him just the same, but it took him so long to do the work with one hand that they soon grew tired of waiting for him. Now they never come any more. They take their boots to the new cobbler who is young and quick with his fingers — but (*proudly*) no one can do as fine work as my Caleb — no one. Ah, if only Little Astrid would come back, now — but no, she has forgotten us. She will never come back.

WAYFARER. Who knows? Perhaps she will come to-night. But it is growing very late. And I must hurry back to my friends at the inn or they will think I have lost my way. Besides, I think I know how to find the place I was looking for, so I will not wait for your husband after all. Good-night, then, and may good fortune come to you soon.

HILDA. I pray God it may. Good-night to you, sir. (*Exit the Wayfarer. Hilda picks up her knitting, and sighing, carries it back to the cupboard. While her back is turned to the door, it is opened carefully and the Wayfarer tip-toes into the room, takes the boots from the table, and hurries out, closing the door again as she goes to poke up the fire.*) How late Caleb is! I'll just sit here by the fire till he comes.

[*She draws the bench closer to the fire, drops down wearily, and leans her head against the wall. Wrapping her shawl closely about her, she falls into a fitful doze. There is a pause during which is heard the whistling of the wind and the beating of the snow against the windowpanes. Presently Caleb's bent figure is seen to pass the window. He carries an armful of wood, and as he stamps the snow from his heavy boots, he shouts.*]

CALEB. Hilda! Open the door!

HILDA (*coming to with a start*). Eh? Who's there?

CALEB. Open the door for me, Hilda. I have my arm full of wood.

HILDA. Ay, Caleb. I'm coming. (*Takes candle, goes to door and opens it.*) Come in, then, you must be nearly frozen.

CALEB. Ay, that I am. It's a bitter cold night. (*He goes to the fireplace and puts down the wood. Hilda places the candle on the table and helps Caleb out of his wraps, from which she shakes the snow while he puts some sticks on the fire and stands warming himself. His right arm hangs motionless at his side.*) God pity all travelers this night! (*Hesitantly.*) I suppose no one came to-day? One could hardly expect any one on such a day.

HILDA. Ay, there was a stranger, but he only wanted to seek shelter from the storm.

CALEB. Ah, I thought perhaps — but she would not come on such a day.

HILDA. And, Caleb, he wanted to buy the red boots. . . .

CALEB. No, no, Hilda! Never that! You must not say that! We must never give the red boots to any one but Little Astrid. Never forget that, Hilda — she said she would come for them one day, and I have kept them for her all these years. Ah, yes, I will keep my promise and the good God will not forget us, Hilda.

HILDA (*impatiently*). Ah, but all the same, Caleb, *she* has forgotten us long since. Your Little Astrid is no doubt a fine lady now. What should she care for a pair of red boots she could not even wear?

CALEB (*realizing slowly the truth of her words*). Do you know, Hilda, I always think of her as the little girl. Why — she is a grown woman now, she is.

HILDA (*pleadingly*). Then you will sell the boots, Caleb? Just think, to-morrow we can start out early in the morning. We will go to the inn and find the stranger who was here to-night. He will pay a good sum for the boots. He said they were finer than any boots he had ever seen.

CALEB (*still standing by the fire into which he gazes dreamily*). I am glad of that, Hilda. For there is nothing too good for Little Astrid — Little Astrid who is not a little girl any more. But for all that, some day she will come tap, tap, tapping along — she will pull the bell cord, and call out "Master Caleb, I have kept my promise. I have come for my little red boots." You can see for yourself how it is. I am sorry, but they are not for sale. Now I must go polish them. (*Starting to work-table.*) Yes, they must look as bright as new when she . . . (*Discovers they are not on table.*) Hilda! Hilda! Where are they? Where have you put them?

HILDA (*astonished*). What are you saying?

CALEB (*looking all about the room in growing alarm*). The boots, Hilda — the boots. They are not here. What have you done with them?

HILDA (*wringing her hands and looking about helplessly*). Where can they have gone to? They were there this afternoon I tell you, for the stranger was saying he would pay a good sum for them. . . . (*A thought comes to both of them at the same time, and they look at each other in silence. Hilda is the first to speak.*) Caleb, the stranger! Since we would not sell the boots, he has stolen them!

CALEB (*scarcely able to understand that they are gone*). Gone! I have kept them for her all these years, and she never came. Now, Hilda, they are gone, and she will come for them — she will say, "Master Caleb, I have come for my little . . ." Oh, Hilda, I cannot bear that! To have her come, and not find them there. Come, come (*going to bench and feverishly throwing his cloak about him*), we must go at once. We must find him — we must find him.

[*Horses and the sound of sleigh bells are heard outside and a loud "Whoa!" Footsteps are heard hurrying to door, and the bell rings. Hilda looks at Caleb in fright.*]

HILDA. Caleb! If it should be . . .

CALEB. Ah, no, no. It cannot be. She must not come now — she must not come until we have found them and brought them back again. Go, Hilda, open the door.

HILDA (*going slowly*). I am almost afraid . . . (*Bell rings again. She looks again in fright at Caleb, then quickly opens the door. The Wayfarer and a tall lady come quickly into the room. Hilda cries out joyfully.*) Caleb, it is the stranger come back again! Ah, good sir, what have you done with the boots?

WAYFARER. Well, my good woman, so your husband has come home at last.

CALEB (*coming to him and laying his hand pleadingly upon his arm*). Sir, I pray you, if you took a pair of little red boots from my table there, give them back to me.

WAYFARER. But, my good fellow, this lady wishes to purchase the boots as a present for a little girl. I tried to buy them from your wife, but she dared not sell them, she said, so I just took them along with me when she was not looking. And now I have come to pay for them. How much will you take?

CALEB. No, no, my good sir. You do not understand. I must have them back again. You see, they do not belong to me.

WAYFARER. Come, now. What do you say to fifty kroner?

HILDA (*in awe*). Fifty kroner! Caleb, that is more money than we have ever seen!

WAYFARER. Fifty kroner is a great deal of money. Now then, what do you say? (*The lady stands watching Caleb eagerly. Hilda, too, waits in fearful suspense.*)

CALEB (*goes to bench back of table and sits, speaking gently, and as if he had forgotten all about the money*). You must give them back to me. I am sorry, but they are not for sale. (*Hilda sinks down upon the bench in despair, but the lady cries out in joy.*)

LADY (*Little Astrid*). I have won my wager! Eifrid, go quickly, and bring in the boots. (*Wayfarer goes out, as Caleb and Hilda look on in amazement. The lady throws back her veil, and flinging wide both arms, cries out to them.*) Hilda! Caleb! Do you not know me? It is I — it is your Little Astrid come back

again. (*Runs to Caleb and dropping upon her knees, takes his hand in hers.*) Ah, my dear old friend, you have been faithful to your Little Astrid all these years, and you shall have your reward at last.

CALEB (*laughing and crying at the same time, while Hilda, who has risen, stands as if stunned*). Hilda! Why, see, it is — it *is* her very self! (*Patting her head which she has dropped upon his knee while she dabs at her eyes with her handkerchief.*) Why, there, there, my little one! My little pretty one! Old Caleb never doubted that you would come one day. . . . (*Bell rings.*)

ASTRID (*rising and going to Hilda and patting her arm in excitement*). Quick, good Hilda, open the door.

[*Hilda goes to door and opens it. The Wayfarer comes in with one boot in each hand. He carries them as if they were very heavy and as he sets them upon the floor they are seen to be filled with bright new gold pieces.*]

WAYFARER (*Eifrid*). There, Cobbler Caleb, are your boots, filled to the brim with gold.

[*Eifrid and Little Astrid stand in center, back of the boots. Caleb and Hilda come and stand, one at each side, looking in amazement at the boots.*]

CALEB. But I do not understand. . . . What does it mean?

WAYFARER. It means that you are no longer a poor cobbler. Listen, my good fellow, while I tell you how your honesty has been rewarded. First, you must hear that I am Prince Eifrid, the eldest son of the king and heir to the throne, and the Lady Astrid is my betrothed wife. (*Caleb and Hilda start to kneel.*) Nay, nay (*extending his hand and helping Caleb to rise*), it is I who should kneel to you. Hark, then. A few days ago, the king, my father, in a moment of anger, declared there was not an honest tradesman in the whole kingdom. So the Lady Astrid wagered with him that a certain cobbler was so honest that if she were to go to his shop, she would still find the little red boots she had left there many years before. Then, the king declared that if the boots could be found, and if the man refused to part with them even though he were offered fifty kroner for them, they should be filled to the brim with gold, and the cobbler made first among his trade — Cobbler to the king! And so, my honest fellow, I am the first to salute you . . . Caleb, the king's cobbler!

ASTRID. And best of all, you need never fear again that your kindness to others who are poor and needy may leave you penniless yourselves, for the boots shall never be empty. I myself will come once every year, as long as you live, to fill them again. And now we must hasten to the king to tell him we have won the wager. Good-night, my old friend, and may God bless you and keep you both. (*Caleb and Hilda, too stunned to speak, stand looking first at each other and then at the gold-filled boots. Astrid touches Eifrid on the arm and motions to the door, speaking softly.*) Come, my dear, let us leave them quite alone.

[*Eifrid and Astrid tiptoe out and close the door. Not until the coachman's "Gee-up" and the merry tinkle of the sleigh bells are heard, do Hilda and Caleb move.*]

HILDA (*dropping on her knees and taking up a handful of gold.*) Caleb! See! It is not a dream. The boots are filled to the brim, and we are rich for the rest of our lives.

CALEB. Ay, Hilda. Little Astrid has come back. And we need never fear poverty again. But better than that, I have kept my promise — and the good God, He never forgets! (*Bells from the church begin to ring.*) Hark, Hilda, the bells!

[*Hilda, still kneeling, bows her head, and Caleb, crossing himself, stands with closed eyes and lifted face, upon which is peace, and happiness, and utter content.*]

Curtain

A CONVENTION OF BOOK CHARACTERS

[*This is an original play written and acted by a Sixth Grade of Tower Hill School, Wilmington, Delaware.*]

Characters

David Putnam, from "David Goes Voyaging"
Robin Hood, from "Some Merrie Adventures of Robin Hood"
The Dutch Twins, from "The Dutch Twins"
Cinderella, from "The Story of Cinderella"
Robinson Crusoe, from "Robinson Crusoe"
Long John Silver, from "Treasure Island"
Little Bo Peep, from "Mother Goose"
Heidi, from "Heidi"
Alice, from "Alice in Wonderland"
Winnie the Pooh, from "Winnie the Pooh"
Peter Pan, from "Peter Pan"
Daniel Boone, from "Daniel Boone and the Wilderness Road"
Eeyore, from "Winnie the Pooh"
Old Mother Hubbard, from "Mother Goose"
Little Miss Muffet, from "Mother Goose"
Little Black Sambo, from "Little Black Sambo"
Tom Sawyer, from "Tom Sawyer"
Pied Piper, from "The Pied Piper of Hamelin"

[*In the costuming of each character the most outstanding details as described in the book should be brought out. Old Mother Hubbard should surely have with her her dog; Long John Silver should have a crutch and a wooden leg, and his constant companion, the parrot, should be perched upon his shoulder; Daniel Boone should have a gun bigger than himself; Alice is very effective dressed in white and carrying a white rabbit; Cinderella should wear one slipper; and Robin Hood should be in green with a feather in his cap.*]

Each character should portray certain characteristics by his acting:

Cinderella — *Light and airy-like*
Peter Pan — *Childlike and happy*
Old Mother Hubbard — *Wise and sensible*
Daniel Boone — *Boastful and dramatic*
Eeyore — *Gloomy and sad*
Little Miss Muffet — *Very timid*
Little Bo Peep — *Very excitable*
Robinson Crusoe — *Old and sad*
Tom Sawyer — *Mischievous*
Little Black Sambo — *Wide eyed and giggly*
David and Robin Hood — *Dignified*
Winnie the Pooh — *Rather sleepy and stupid*
Long Silver — *Fierce and daring*
The Dutch Twin and Heidi — *Simple and childlike*
Pied Piper — *Gay and happy*

[*This play need not include the characters as here mentioned. As written it is planned to be given by a group of children of all ages. Any group of children can build such a play around their favorite book characters. Before attempting to give the play as given here, the actors should become familiar with the books represented.*]

SETTING

[*Wooden boxes of all sizes are used for books. Each box is covered with heavy brown wrapping*

paper, and a scene from the book represented is drawn or painted on the front of the box to imitate the cover. Bright pictures done in tempera or poster paints are most effective; crayons and water colors also serve the purpose. The books are arranged on the stage as in a bookcase. When the play opens David, as president, is seated at a table in front of the books with Robin Hood as secretary beside him. David calls the meeting to order. The characters jump up from behind the books. Each sits on top of, in front of, or beside the book represented. The secretary then calls the name of each delegate to the convention.]

SCENE I

DAVID. The meeting will please come to order. The secretary will call the roll of the delegates. Please be prompt with your answers.

SECRETARY. The Dutch Twins.

DUTCH TWIN. One absent, my sister is seriously ill with a broken leg, and I have a bad hurt on my chest.

SECRETARY. Now that's too bad. Cinderella?

CINDERELLA. Here I am, and I have lost one of my slippers.

SECRETARY. Robinson Crusoe?

ROBINSON CRUSOE (*in a weary voice*). I am here, alive after many hardships.

SECRETARY. And where's your man Friday?

ROBINSON CRUSOE (*shaking his head sadly*). *He* fell overboard and I don't expect to see him again.

SECRETARY. So sorry. Long John Silver?

LONG JOHN SILVER. I'm here, all but one leg.

SECRETARY. Little Bo Peep?

BO PEEP. I'm here, but I'm all exhausted from hunting my sheep.

SECRETARY. Little Boy Blue?

BO PEEP. Oh, he'll not be here. He's up in the haystack fast asleep.

SECRETARY. Quite careless of him. Heidi?

HEIDI. Here, after a long trip across the ocean.

SECRETARY. Alice?

ALICE. Here I am, too, but gr-a-cious, I feel so big. I wish I had n't eaten that cake.

SECRETARY. And Winnie the Pooh? Where's Winnie?

WINNIE THE POOH (*waking up and rubbing his eyes sleepily*). Oh, here I am. Did someone say honey? I always do have a little smackerel of something about this time in the morning.

SECRETARY. Peter Pan?

PETER PAN. Just arrived from Never-Never Land. I left Wendy to care for the boys.

SECRETARY. Daniel Boone?

DANIEL BOONE. It's a wonder that I got here at all. The Indians are on the warpath again.

SECRETARY. Eeyore?

EEYORE (*in a sad and gloomy tone*). Oh, I guess I am here — one never can tell, you know. Some do and some don't.

SECRETARY. Cheer up, Eeyore. Old Mother Hubbard?

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. I'm here, but I was almost late. You see I could n't find a bone for my dog — poor old dog (*strokes dog's head*).

SECRETARY. Humpty Dumpty?

PETER PAN. *He* fell off a wall, and all the king's horses and all the king's men tried to put him together again, but did n't succeed.

SECRETARY. Little Miss Muffet?

LITTLE MISS MUFFET. Oh — I — am —here. I'm terr-i-bly fri-ght-ened. A big spider has just sat down beside me.

SECRETARY. Daniel Boone will take care of that for you. (*Daniel gets up and chases the spider.*)

SECRETARY. Little Black Sambo?

LITTLE BLACK SAMBO. Here I is, and I'se as mad as hops. Did you all hear about the tiger stealing my clothes?

SECRETARY. Perhaps Robin Hood can help. See him later.

EEYORE. Just like my tail — some do and some don't — everyone can't.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET. Can't what, Eeyore?

EEYORE. Have *all* the luck in the world. It's just as I was saying —

DAVID. The meeting will please come to order.

SECRETARY. And now for Tom Sawyer.

TOM SAWYER. Here, Mr. Secretary, but Aunt Polly could n't come and maybe I'm not sorry. (*Winks at Peter Pan.*)

SECRETARY. Now, Tom, be careful. The Pied Piper?

PIED PIPER. Here am I, sir. May I pipe you a tune?

SECRETARY. A little later, perhaps. That completes our roll call. I'm sorry about Humpty Dumpty and Friday. One never knows what will happen from year to year. Mr. President, will you please take the meeting over?

SCENE II

DAVID. We will now sing our get-together song. Winnie the Pooh will lead us. I hear he is becoming quite famous with his hums.

EEYORE. Just as I said. Some do and some don't. We all can't —

LITTLE BO PEEP. Can't what?

EEYORE. Become famous. It's just as I was saying —

POOH. Turn to page twenty. We will sing all the verses through once and then once again.

ALL SING. (*Pooh directs in a proud and haughty manner.*) *Tune: Yankee Doodle.*

Here are we in meeting called
A fine bunch and a dandy.
For one and all a big hurrah,
For Pooh a stick of candy.

Tom Sawyer, now you must be good,
And likewise you, Black Sambo,
Now all join hands and sing our song
As we go round and round-o.

Here we come, oh, hum, hum, hum.
A fine bunch and a dandy.
For one and all a big hurrah,
For Pooh a stick of candy.

POOH. Just in case you did n't know, I thought I'd tell you that I wrote that song myself. (*Everyone claps.*) I like the part that tells about the stick of candy. (*In an absent-minded sort of manner he goes on.*) I always have a little smackerel of something about this time of the morning. *IS* there — *could* there be — any — er — *honey* about?

EEYORE. Some do and some don't.

DAVID. The meeting will please come to order. You know friends, that we have a number of new delegates at our meeting to-day. We welcome you all and we shall be glad to hear the reports of your adventures. I have learned that Robinson Crusoe has had some very exciting things happen to him, and we would like to hear about them.

ROBINSON CRUSOE. Well, I come from a good family. My home, which is a big one, is beside a river. As a boy I sat and watched boats come and go and hoped that some day I might be a sailor. Finally the temptation became too great and I ran away. After many adventures I was shipwrecked on an island.

PETER PAN. Were there other people on the island?

ROBINSON CRUSOE. Once in awhile cannibals came to the island.

BO PEEP. But were n't you afraid?

ROBINSON CRUSOE. No, I always kept out of their sight.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. But how did you manage to live?

ROBINSON CRUSOE. Oh, I managed by means of a homemade raft to get provisions from the half-sunken boat. At first I lived in a cave, but I later built a stockade which I called my castle. I got milk from goats and used their skins for clothes. I had an old dog and a parrot for pets. After the dog died I had only the parrot to talk to, until I got Friday.

DANIEL BOONE. And how did you get your man Friday?

ROBINSON CRUSOE. Well, you know that it is the custom of cannibals to eat their captives of war. Friday happened to be a captive of a band of cannibals. Somehow he got free and started running toward my castle. Two cannibals chased him. I ran out and killed one with the butt of my gun, but I had to shoot the other one. Then I signalled Friday to come up to my castle. I called him Friday because he came to me on Friday. After many weeks of hard work I taught him to speak parts of the English language. If you are interested in any more of my adventures you might read the book that has been written about me. Now, I'd like to hear from the Dutch Twin.

DUTCH TWIN. One morning my sister and myself went fishing with my grandfather. We went to a bridge over a canal and I fell in. My sister's fishing hook caught my shirt and held me, and with the help of my grandfather I was pulled out.

EEYORE. Were you cold?

DUTCH TWIN. Yes, I was, but grandfather wrapped me in a coat and I was soon warm. Let me tell you, the next time I went fishing I did n't go so close to the edge of the bridge.

TOM SAWYER. What was your most exciting adventure?

DUTCH TWIN. It was when I went to the city with my brother and sister. My sister and I got lost. After walking around for a long time we came to a candy seller's booth. She took us home. How glad we were when we got there! I suppose some of you have been lost too!

CINDERELLA. Let's ask Alice.

ALICE. The first time I saw a white rabbit I chased him. What do you think happened?

LITTLE BLACK SAMBO. You caught him.

ALICE. Gracious, no! I started down a hole after him and found myself falling and falling. I felt so funny. At last I came to a sudden stop. I looked around and there was the white rabbit running down a long hall. Along the hall on both sides were many doors. Gracious! they were all locked!

CINDERELLA. Oh, we've heard all about your trip to Wonderland, but what I am curious about is how you got through the Pool of Tears.

ALICE. It was lucky I could swim. I heard someone calling, "Help," and I swam with all my might. Oh, dear, all I saw was a tiny dormouse.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET. I'm glad I was n't there.

ROBIN HOOD. What was your most curious adventure?

ALICE. Oh, that was when I ate the cake. You know that I mislaid the key to the garden and when I reached for it I was n't tall enough, because you see I had just finished drinking something which made me grow smaller and smaller, until I felt myself shutting up like a telescope. Then I spied a piece of cake and I ate it. Suddenly I felt myself growing taller and taller until I reached the ceiling. Then I reached the key, opened the gate, and went into the garden. I told all of my adventures to Lewis Carroll, and he has written them into a book.

LONG JOHN SILVER. Shiver my timbers! *I* have had adventures a-plenty this past year. I was hired as cook on a ship which was in search of treasure. I and the majority of the crew rebelled against the captain. As soon as an island was reached the captain said we could go on land. I was to act as captain. I and seventeen other men made a plan to massacre the rest of our band and have the treasure and ship for our own. While we were forming plans, the others escaped from the boat with the firearms and the food, and took shelter in a stockade.

PETER PAN. When did you find the treasure?

LONG JOHN. I'm coming to that. I later joined those in the stockade and started out to find the treasure. When we got to the hiding place, it was n't there. Ben Gunn, a sailor, had removed it to a cave where our former captain was hiding. In the fight that followed, Ben Gunn and myself were saved. It took three days to load the treasure on the boats. Then we sailed away to Portugal.

DAVID. You surely have had thrilling adventures. Heidi, let's hear from you.

HEIDI. I first lived in Mayenfield, a little town in Switzerland. I lived with my Aunt Deta. She did not want to take care of me, so she took me up to the mountains to a man that she called my alms-uncle. I loved it there. I went out every day with Peter, the goat boy. One day I was taken to be the companion of a little sick girl in the city. I was miserable because I missed the beautiful Alps. At last we went back to our mountain home, and the little girl came too. She drank plenty of good goat's milk and got well and strong. She and Peter and I play in the mountains every day and we are very happy.

BO PEEP. It was kind of you to take care of that little girl.

DANIEL BOONE. How would you like to hear about some *real* adventures with the Indians? I can tell you things that will make your hair stand on end. My father, whose name was Squire Boone, was born in the Old World. When he came to this country the Indians were pestering the white settlers. *I* was born about then, and when I was only a boy I loved to play in the woods. When a little older I built a cabin out there. In my later life, as you know, I have had many adventures with Indians. Once I was being chased by two Indians. They were nearly upon me with their tomahawks when I swung myself up into a tree by means of a long

grapevine. In this way the Indians lost my tracks. Another time when they found they could not get into our fortifications they tried to tunnel under. I ordered trenches to be dug so we could hide and not be shot. We waited long into the night. Finally we heard a sound like falling dirt. The tunnel had caved in and we were saved.

PETER PAN. Did you kill any Indians?

DANIEL BOONE. More than you could count. This blazing a pioneer trail is n't what you think it is, but I love it.

DAVID. You surely deserve praise for your bravery.

EEYORE. Some do and some don't. We can't all —

DAVID. Now I have a surprise for you. Our friend, Mr. Edward Bear, otherwise known as Pooh, and his friend Eeyore, will give you a little play in one act. Pooh says it is called "How Pooh Found Eeyore's Tail," but Eeyore insists it should be called, "Trouble Again for Eeyore." Whichever you call it everything will be all right in the end. So that's that.

[*Winnie and Eeyore go behind the curtain and bring out a tree and set it up on one side of the stage. Pooh puts a sign above the tree which reads "The Home of Owl." There is a small door in the tree, and above it is a sign that reads: "Ples Ring If An Answer Is Requird." Eeyore takes off his tail and gives it to Pooh who pins it above the knocker on the door. Pooh walks over to Eeyore.*]

POOH. Good morning, Eeyore, how are you to-day?

EEYORE. Not very how, Pooh. In fact I have n't been feeling very how for a long time now.

POOH. That's too bad. What's the matter? Let's have a look at you. Why, Eeyore, where is your tail?

EEYORE. My tail, Pooh! Is n't it there?

POOH. No, Eeyore, it is not.

EEYORE. Are you sure?

POOH. Well, a tail either is or is n't there. You can't make a mistake about it. And *yours* is n't there.

EEYORE. Then what is?

POOH. Nothing.

EEYORE. Let's have a look. (*Eeyore turns around one way and then around the other way. Then he puts his head down and looks between his legs. At last with a big sigh he says,*) I guess you are right, Pooh.

POOH. Of course I'm right.

EEYORE. That explains everything. No wonder!

POOH. You must have left it somewhere.

EEYORE. Someone must have taken it. How like them!

POOH. Eeyore, I, Winnie the Pooh, will find your tail for you.

EEYORE. Thank you, Pooh. You're a real friend — not like some.

[*Eeyore sits down and puts his head between his legs in a dejected manner and Pooh starts off. He goes along humming until he comes to owl's house. There he stops and examines the bell rope. He looks first at the one side and then at the other, then he stands off and looks hard at it.*]

POOH. Mr. Owl, you have made a mistake. Somebody wants that bell rope. In fact, my friend Eeyore is attached to it. (*Pooh goes back to Eeyore singing as he goes along.*)

POOH. Eeyore, here's your tail.

EEYORE. Where did you find it, Pooh?

POOH. Oh, just down the road a little piece. Stand still and I will nail it on the right place. (*Pooh fastens the tail on.*)

[*Eeyore frisks about and finally stands on his head, while Pooh goes off the stage singing.*]

Who found the tail?
I, said Pooh,
At a quarter to two.
I found the tail.

[*The above is adapted from "Eeyore Loses His Tail" in* "Winnie the Pooh."]

DAVID. Let's give Pooh a big cheer.

ALL. Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

EEYORE. Me, too.

ALL. Hurrah!

DAVID. We have here to-day a very modest fellow who has never reported his adventures. So I'm asking Robin Hood to tell us something about himself and his merrie men.

ROBIN HOOD. There is very little to tell. I once led the bravest and merriest band of men that could have been gotten together. My best helper was Little John. What fun we all had with Friar Tuck and the Sheriff of Nottingham! I laugh yet when I think how we fooled them.

My men always wore green and came to the call of my bugle. We were known and feared throughout the land. We never disturbed the poor, but we *did* harry the rich.

CINDERELLA. Oh, I was poor, and I'm sure I would have liked your help.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. Tell us about yourself, Cinderella.

CINDERELLA. My most interesting adventure was my going to the ball. I was sitting by the fire crying because I could not go when I looked up and there stood my fairy godmother. She told me I might go if I would leave at the stroke of twelve. So I went. The first and the second nights everything went well, but on the third night I was having such a good time that I did n't notice the time was going so fast, and when I looked up what time do you think it was? It was after twelve o'clock. I ran home as fast as I could, but as I was running I lost one of my glass slippers. That's why I have just one now. I have n't found it yet.

PETER PAN. That sounds like a fairy story like mine. I live in Never-Never Land. There are also animals and pirates and Indians on this island. I will tell you how I met Wendy, John, and Michael. It was a cool summer evening, and as I flew out of the window I dropped my shadow. The next evening I went back to look for it. I found it, but woke Wendy. She was surprised to see me, but I showed her my shadow and she sewed it on. I taught Wendy and the boys how to fly. Then I persuaded them to go to Never-Never Land where we all have many good times.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET. Are there any spiders in Never-Never Land?

PETER PAN. Very few.

EEYORE. Just as I thought. Now as I was saying —

LONG JOHN. We have n't heard from our president yet.

DAVID. I have been on a wonderful voyage since I last saw you. The voyage was for scientific exploration. We were to catch fish and keep them in tanks. If any fish died, we had a man to stuff them for us. I had a pet penguin. We put fish in tanks and let the penguin dive for them. But the penguin died and the man stuffed him for me. I was very sorry when he died. Once I went ashore and went up to a crack in a volcano. We also saw a volcano in action. We were about a quarter of a mile off-shore, but it was very hot. We had a diving helmet and one of the carpenters made a screen to put around our bodies. Once I went way down into the water, and it felt very queer. One day we went out in a boat and saw a giant devilfish. We chased it a long time. Finally we shot it. It was a very big fish. I have written this trip in a book, and am sure you will want to read it.

Now it is time to close our meeting. We thank the people of Might-Be-True Land for their welcome. Next year we will meet in Never-Never Land. As usual we will close by giving our cheer.

ALL. "A jollie good book where on to looke
Is better to me than golde."

DAVID. Now Mr. Piper, lead us back to our own land.

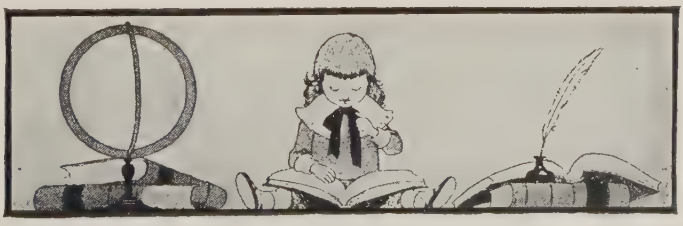
[*The piper pipes and all the characters go down back of their books. David and Robin Hood fall asleep.*]

PIED PIPER. Off to Hamelin Town for me.[1]

[*He goes off, piping as he goes.*]

CURTAIN

[1] The Story of *The Pied Piper of Hamelin* follows.



THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

(*By Robert Browning*)

I

Hamelin town 's in Brunswick,
  By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its walls on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
  But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
  From vermin, was a pity.

II

  Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
  And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
  And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
  By drowning their speaking
  With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III

At last the people in a body
  To the Town Hall came flocking:
" 'T is clear," cried they, "our Mayor 's a noddy;
  And as for our Corporation — shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV

An hour they sate in council;
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell,
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain —
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us!" cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

V

"Come in!" — the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It's as if my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

VI

He advanced to the council table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same cheque;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;

And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon his pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats:
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!" — was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!

. . . . . .

VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!" — when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market place,
With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

IX

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.

. . . . . .

To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders! come, take fifty!"

X

The Piper's face fell, and he cried:
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdad, and accept the prime
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor:
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."

XI

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I brook
Being worse treated than a Cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

XII

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet

Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
  Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
  Out came the children running.
  And all the little boys and girls,
  With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
  And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
— Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say, all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honeybees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings:
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

XIV

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
. . . . . .
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
  Wherever it was man's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
  And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 't was a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
  Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
  On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's Street —
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
  To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
  They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.
. . . . . .

WHEN JOHN WAS KING

[*An original historical play written by the pupils of the Seventh Grade of the Tower Hill School, Wilmington, Delaware, under the direction of Miss Edna Reed.*]

Characters

RICHARD, Earl of Chester
WILLIAM, Squire to Richard
JOHN, Page to the Lady Enid
LADY ENID, Wife of Richard
LADY DOROTHY, Daughter of Richard
KING JOHN

ARCHBISHOP	VISITING BARON
PRIESTS	PAGES
KNIGHTS	SERVANTS
MINSTRELS	CASTLE POET

Time: Thirteenth Century
Place: England

Act I. *Courtyard in the castle of Baron Richard. Late Spring.*

Act II. Scene I. *Hall in castle of Baron Richard. Afternoon of the Next Day*

Scene II. *Banquet Hall in castle of Baron Richard. That Night.*

Act III. *By the banks of Runnymede. A week later.*

ACT I

[*Courtyard in castle of Baron Richard, at Chester, England. William, a squire, and John, a page, are seated on a bench at one end of courtyard playing backgammon.*]

WILLIAM (*pausing in his playing*). "Methinks I win my spurs tonight."

JOHN. Gramercy! Art thou old enough to be a knight!

WILLIAM. Aye, and some have been knighted younger than I be. I am nineteen. Thou knowest that when one performs a brave deed he may become a knight.

JOHN. I prithee speak, what did'st thou do?

WILLIAM. That will I straightway with pleasure. Thou know'st John that yonder is the place where the pirates hath always landed. A fortnight ago they creepeth along toward the castle so softly they could be heard nought. I *heard* as I was walking through the court the crackle of fierce flames that destroyeth wonderful things. I was quick in my action to run to the tower at yonder gate.

JOHN. What did'st thou see?

WILLIAM. I saw the leader of that pirate troupe. They had set fire to my Lord's castle. I felt no fear but ran down the steps of the tower and out toward the gate and quickly down the bridge where they were making ready to attack us. I meant to get them by a trick — so I did. "Ha! my friend, I crave thy kind permission to enter thy camp." He looked at me and said, "Yea, if thou wilt show us the best way to yonder fortification." I warned him to extinguish the fire lest the guard see, and then told them of a false trail. I ran quickly into the castle and warned the guard. Then I led the pirates to the other gate where a fierce skirmish was fought and the pirates fleeth. My Lord said, "You have done nobly, what desirest thou?" "I crave to be a knight, sire," I answered. "That shalt thou be," cried the baron.

JOHN. Aye, by my faith, thou hast done well. And how did s't thou learn thy knightly duties?

WILLIAM. When I was seven winters old, I was brought to the castle in which we now dwell. I was made page to Lady Enid.

JOHN. Was it easy?

WILLIAM. Gramercy, 't were what I now think easy, though at that time I did consider it unto a man's job.

JOHN. And what did'st thou do for thy Lady Fair?

WILLIAM. I went forth on errands of the smaller kind. I assisted at banquets and helped serve my lady. She taught me to sing and to accompany my singing on the harp — also the art of playing backgammon and much about church. I had to do service for my lord also, and was taught to ride a horse, which methinks *thou* doest *well* already.

JOHN. And did'st thou ever play?

WILLIAM. Yes, thou speakest truly. Many a bruised crown had I from falling off my stilts; many a time was I in glory when my toy knight won the tournament — and marbles I won a plenty. Eight summers passed and I was made a squire — I needed a master and was furnished one therewith, I became skilled in all kinds of arms, and learned to dress my shield and broach my sword. When my Lord Richard went into

battles I went with him. If he were in danger I rescued him, and if his weapons warped, I furnished new ones. Foolish I was, for I thought a compliment from my lord better than the greater honor of knighthood. St. George in all his glory did not blaze forth more than *I* have in this fortnight.

[*Enter Baron*]

[*John and William bow low.*]

JOHN. God speed thee, my lord.

BARON. By my faith, boys, of what talk ye?

WILLIAM. Of knighthood, my lord.

JOHN. William hath been telling me of his brave deed. He deserveth to be a knight.

BARON. Aye, my lad, thou speakest rightly.

[*Enter Servant*]

[*Bows low to baron.*]

SERVANT. My lord, a band of traveling minstrels wait without thy gates. By thy leave may they come hither?

BARON (*hesitating*). In sooth — having had a touch of megrimes, I'm ready for some entertainment. Bid them come forth. Bespeed thyself — I grow impatient.

[*Servant bows and leaves quickly.*]

[*Enter Minstrels strumming on lutes and singing a ballad.*]

We minstrels are a jolly band
With our music and our laughter.
We wander gaily o'er the land
And our songs they linger after.

We have some jugglers — tumblers, too,
And now we will perform for you.
We hope that you will like our fun
And will reward us when we're done.

[*Tumbler turns a somersault across stage and bumps into baron.*]

TUMBLER. Odds, bodkins! — in faith methought thou wert the wall.

And here I find you're not at all.

FIRST MINSTREL. Sirrah, we crave thy pardon. What chooseth thou for thy amusement?

BARON. Canst sing of the "Lionheart"?

SECOND MINSTREL. Thou hast chosen well,
But we have other things to tell.
We crave, give us a listening ear
And a fine old tale you'll hear.

[*Baron, John and William sit down.*]

[*Minstrels sing Ballad of — Good King Alfred.*]

King Alfred was a monarch bold,
Whom the English did admire,
He let a peasant's cakes burn
And greatly roused her ire.

This good king once upon a time,
Tired out with too much fighting,
Took refuge in a lowly hut
Which he had long been sighting.

"Oh, prithee may I have some fare?
For I am tired and hungry."
The dame replied, "With greatest care
Watch these cakes while you are there."

The dame went out to milk her cow
And left King Alfred wondering how
To best outwit the wily Dane
And win his army back again.

And while the cakes did sizzle on
King Alfred slowly fell asleep,
And on he would have slept 'til dawn,
In the sly old dame did creep.

Into the dingy room she came
And found him sleeping soundly.
Not knowing of his mighty fame
She scolded him quite roundly.

Then with a broom she chased him out,
Chased him everywhere about.
Her husband told her, "He is King."
Ne'er had she dreamt of such a thing.

He dressed one day as minstrel gay;
To the Danish camp he went,
He met their leader, brave and bold.
Of his mission he ne'er told.

He overheard the Danish plan,
Then got his men together.
He fought a fearful fight. Good man,
Their blood did stain the heather.

He holds a place in every heart
And long remembered is he.
He never shirked but did his part
And ne'er forgot will *he* be.

[*Baron, William and John applaud.*]

BARON. My soul, I've heard no better in a twelfth month.

[*Tumblers step up to baron.*]

FIRST TUMBLER. Here be I,
Ready and spry
To do some trick
To catch your eye.

SECOND TUMBLER. And if thou watchest
Thou mayest see
What great fun
There is in *me*.

[*Tumblers do tricks.*]

WILLIAM. Marry, if I were not to be a knight, I would be a tumbler myself.

BARON. Methinks thou should'st even now be preparing to take thy knighthood. Go, polish thy armor and guard it well through the next twelve turns of the hour.

WILLIAM (*bowing*). By thy command and leave, I go.

JOHN. This minstrel troupe, my lord, might help make merry our banquet.

BARON (*thinking*). Certes! I'll bid them stay. (*Summons servant.*) Prepare a bath and sweetmeats for these entertainers. Give them good fare. Bespeed thyself — I grow impatient.

SERVANT. Messiers, come.

[*Minstrels follow servant off-stage.*]

JOHN. Should I not be at my task?

BARON. Yea, thy lady mayhap hath need of thee. If thou doest well *thy* duties, thou wilt soon be a squire. Bespeed thyself. I grow impatient.

JOHN. Yea, my lord.

BARON. I must bespeed myself — I grow impatient —

Curtain

ACT II

SCENE I

[*Hall in castle of Richard, Earl of Chester. Curtain rises upon baron seated on a raised chair. Lady Enid and Dorothy are seated at left of baron. Knights march in and take places behind baron. Two pages follow. They bow low to baron.*]

PAGES. God speed thee, my lord.

[*Pages take their places at side of baron's chair. Enter priest followed by William who kneels on cushion in front of baron.*]

BARON. William, art thou ready to take thy vows of knighthood?

WILLIAM. Yea, my lord.

[*William rises and hands his sword to priest who lays it upon the altar. All bow heads as priest prays.*]

PRIEST. Oh, Lord, wilt thou bless this sword with heavenly grace that it may protect the poor and humble. May it always serve the bearer faithfully, and help him be brave and true.

[*After prayer priest returns sword to William, who hands it to the page, John.*]

PRIEST. William, thou art now to become a knight. Uphold the name of thy God and Christ. Help thou those in need. Be false to no one. Do right at all times. Love one maiden only and win her by noble deeds. Be a good knight.

[*William kneels in front of baron with clasped hands.*]

BARON. Why desirest thou to be a knight? Dost thou have hope of gaining treasure?

WILLIAM. Nay, lord.

BARON. Dost thou wish men to do thee honor?

WILLIAM. Nay, lord.

BARON. Dost thou know the duties of a true knight?

WILLIAM. Yea, lord.

BARON. Thou shalt now be invested with the *armor* of a *true* knight.

[*Two knights put on armor. Lady Enid buckles on golden spurs, Lady Dorothy hands him his shield and the baron buckles on his sword. Baron seats himself again. William kneels in front of him. Baron touches him lightly with sword on shoulder and says,*]

BARON. In the name of God, St. Michael and St. George, I dub thee knight. Be brave, ready and loyal.

[*The older knights with William draw their swords and repeat:*]

KNIGHTS. We pledge ourselves to be good, loyal, brave and true; to uphold the Christ; to do services for the needy; to speak no slander; and to love one maiden. Through noble deeds we pledge ourselves to win her.

[*Knights take places again. Servant enters, bows low to William.*]

SERVANT. Sir William, my lord, thy horse waiteth without the gates.

LADY ENID (*as William follows servant*). Beware of thy stirrups, Sir Knight. God speed thee.

BARON. Come, let us bespeed ourselves. I grow impatient to see Sir William ride.

Curtain

ACT II

SCENE II

[*Banquet hall in the castle of Richard. Evening of the same day. Baron, the visiting baron, Sir William, Lady Enid, and Lady Dorothy are seated at the banquet table. As curtain rises a minstrel seated at front of table is strumming a ballad while John and another page carry in a roasted peacock. It is placed in front of baron. The pages start pouring wine.*]

BARON. Gramercy, what a bird!

VISITING BARON. Aye, it is as fine a falcon as I have yet seen. (*Baron removes the feathers and hands to Lady Enid and Lady Dorothy.*)

BARON. I crave the honor of presenting thee this glorious plumage. Thou alone outrivalest it in beauty.

[*Lady Enid and Lady Dorothy bow their thanks.*]

LADY DOROTHY. I thank thee, honored Sire.

LADY ENID. Thou speakest prettily, Sir Richard.

BARON. Aye, mayhap that be true, but methinks our young Sir William here may surpass me in pretty speech.

LADY ENID. Gramercy, and he rideth well enough to win the fairest of damsels.

VISITING BARON. Many a brave knight have I dubbed, but Sir William promiseth to be the bravest.

LADY DOROTHY. How fine, strong and bold he looketh in his armor!

SIR WILLIAM. I will give a gramercy for what thou sayest unto me, but I prithee mock me no more. I crave amusement.

BARON. Certes, that shalt thou have forthwith.

[*Baron summons servant.*]

BARON. Bespeed thyself and bring hither the castle poet.

[*Castle poet comes in and as the baron calls for poems about certain things the poet strums on his lyre and sings them.*]

VISITING BARON. Well done, Sir Poet.

BARON. I crave the minstrels, bring them in.

POET. Ho, ho, my jolly minstrels, come hither.

[*Minstrels come in strumming and singing. Juggler follows and immediately starts to do tricks.*]

LADY ENID. Fine, my lad.

SECOND MINSTREL. Would'st thou now hear about a tyrant?

BARON. Aye, if it be about King John we will lend our ear gladly.

[*Minstrels sing about King John.*]

King John, a mighty king is he
  And cruel as he is strong.
He rules his realm with an iron hand
  And does his people wrong.

There is a story so gay and merry
  That tells in a jolly way
Of the Abbot of Canterbury,
  And how he won the day.

This Abbot lived in high estate.
  A page to him was sent.
It nearly made him meet his fate:
  On revenge King John was bent.

King John did ask him questions three —
  "What think I? Answer me.
How long will it be 'ere I die?
  Round the world when go I?"

He sent his shepherd in his place
  To answer him quite wise.
He looked the king right in the face
  And made his humor rise.

For thus the shepherd told the king:
  "You'll not die 'til your death.
Go round the world as sun doth swing.
  Breathe not after your last breath."

"You think that I'm the Abbot fat,
  But I have fooled you well.
A shepherd I, instead of that
  I'm proud to you to tell."

IN THE BANQUET HALL

The king he laughed both long and loud,
He nearly had a fit.
He said, "Go tell the Abbot proud
He may in riches sit."

John will sign the "Magna Carta"
To make the English free.
He might have been a fine great man
But he's cruel as he can be.

[*Applause.*]

SIR WILLIAM. My good minstrels, this is a great feast and ye well deserve a token.

[*Pages and Sir William distribute presents, silver daggers.*]

FIRST MINSTREL. Our thanks, my lord.

[*Minstrels go off stage singing.*]

SIR WILLIAM. I grow tired of amusement. Would that I had a mission to perform!

LADY DOROTHY. Mayhap, Sir, thou wilt not have to tarry long, should the army of God and Holy Church be successful.

VISITING BARON. Methinks it is coming to a climax.

BARON. Hast thou not heard what happened?

VISITING BARON. Yea, I have heard rumors of it.

LADY ENID. It was on a holy day not long since that Stephen Langton calleth a few barons aside and showeth them a charter of Henry I, and said, "If ye wish ye may now rescue your long lost rights and be forever free." When it was read to the people and nobles they vowed a vow to stand up for their rights and aye, even to die for them. At Easter there gathered many thousands of knights and foot soldiers who sent a new and more precious charter to the king and asked him to sign it. When his majesty seeth it he cried aloud: "Why don't they ask for my kingdom? I will never grant such liberties as will make me a slave."

LADY DOROTHY. And then the army of God and holy Church besieged him, and he has had so many defeats that he is well-nigh ready to yield.

[*Baron jumps up, pushes his chair back, knocks over a goblet, and pounds his fist on table.*]

BARON. The fool, the tyrant! He hath exiled my brother without cause; he hath imprisoned the innocent; he hath exacted toll from us all; and every face that he looketh upon, looketh back with stern hate.

LADY ENID. Calm thyself, Sir Richard.

[*Enter servant hurriedly.*]

SERVANT. My lord, here is a bode from his majesty, the king.

[*Baron opens the paper and reads.*]

BARON. Ah, the tyrant hath given up at last. The sword now hangeth by a thread over his head. Sir William, here is a chance for thee to show thy mettle. Go to King John and tell him to meet the army of God and Holy Church on the banks of the Runnymede on the morning of June the fifteenth.

SIR WILLIAM. I am honored, Sir, to do thy bidding.

[*Sir William leaves.*]

LADY ENID. Thou hast decided wisely, Sir Richard. Let us hope the king changeth not his mind. With thy leave we retire.

[*Lady Enid and Dorothy leave with the visiting baron as escort. Baron sits down and rereads the message. He gets up and paces the floor. He sits down again and thinks to himself.*]

BARON. I must bespeed myself. I grow impatient for the fifteenth of June.

Curtain

ACT III

[*Banks of Runnymede. King is seated on a throne under a canopy. Two knights, two pages, and the Archbishop of Canterbury are on one side, and the baron and soldiers are on the other side.*]

ARCHBISHOP. Your Majesty, art thou ready to sign this charter?

KING JOHN. Methinks I am, thou traitor.

BARON. Calm thyself.

KING. Aye, I am ready, but I tell thee thou makest me a slave to my own people.

ARCHBISHOP. *Sign!*

[*King signs.*]

ARCHBISHOP. Thou hast now insured liberty for us and our heirs forever. (*To soldiers.*) Hark ye, the sword hath fallen.

[*King paces back and forth and leaves the stage muttering as he goes.*]

KING. Fool am I! — I am now a slave.

BARON. This is a lucky day. We are now assured of blessings for all the English. Come, bespeed thyselves. I grow impatient to celebrate England's freedom.

KNIGHTS. Yea, England's free forever.

Curtain

N. Armstrong Roberts

REVIVING "THE SPIRIT OF '76"

Compare with the painting which the boys are re-enacting, Volume VII, facing page 190.

STORIES OF REAL LIFE

In these stories we read of boys and girls who met handicaps of all sorts and overcame them.

A BOY IMMIGRANT: MICHAEL PUPIN

MICHAEL PUPIN did not like school. No doubt about it! Reading, writing, and arithmetic could not make him stronger or help him to fight bravely like the Serbian heroes. In the neighborhood gatherings at Idvor, Serbia, where he lived, the men told tales of the wars. The young men had just come home from the campaign of 1866 in Italy; some of the old men had fought against Napoleon. Their stories thrilled the lad and he dreamed of the time when he, too, would go out into the world and fight for freedom and justice. Of what use were books to a soldier?

His mother answered that question in a way that Michael never forgot. She said that if he ever wished to go out into the world he must have another pair of eyes—"the eyes of reading and writing." She could not read and write. For that reason she said that she had always felt that she was blind. Although she saw clearly with her eyes, she was afraid to go very far away from her native village.

The thought of this other pair of eyes made study seem different to Michael. He turned to his books with an interest which made his teacher think that a miracle had taken place. And in his study he found new heroes. He learned about the American Franklin who had experimented with a kite and a key and discovered that lightning was an electrical spark passing between clouds. He read of Lincoln's leadership in freeing the slaves. There must, he thought, be great opportunities for a boy in America. In 1874, when he was fifteen, Michael decided that the time had come for him to go out into the world. Instead of becoming a soldier he started all alone for the country of Franklin and Lincoln. After his passage money had been paid, he had only five cents left, but that did not seem a handicap to him.

In New York the immigration officials shook their heads over this Serbian boy who could speak no English and had no relatives in the United States. But they smiled when Michael said earnestly that he knew Franklin, Lincoln, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, the writer of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." One of the examiners nodded approvingly and remarked, "You showed good taste when you picked your American acquaintances."

At first Michael earned his living by carrying coal and shoveling coal, by driving mules on a farm and working in a biscuit factory. In his spare time he studied and read until, six years after he landed in America, he was ready to enter Columbia University.

With three hundred and eleven dollars saved toward his college education Michael felt rich. When he found that his high grades in examinations entitled him to free tuition, there was no happier person in the United States. He spent long hours in study to keep up his high standing and did outside work to earn his living expenses. Still he found time to join in some of the college sports. Before long "Michael the Serbian," as his classmates called him, was a favorite with everyone. The boys admired his ability to take prizes in Greek and mathematics and his prowess as a wrestler. In his junior year he was elected president of his class.

Two days in the year 1883 stand out as milestones in Michael Pupin's splendid career. On one day he became a citizen of the United States, and on the next he received his diploma from Columbia University. After finishing college he decided to follow his early hero, Benjamin Franklin, in the study of electricity. He became a professor of electro-mechanics and then director of a research laboratory at Columbia University. His discoveries and inventions in the field of electricity have given him a distinguished place among the scientists of our country.

Neither race nor lack of money daunted the boy who learned from his mother the value of "another pair of eyes."

MARY LYON AND EMMA WILLARD

EMMA WILLARD

DURING the cold New England winter the Harte family gathered in the big kitchen every evening. The smaller children played games in front of the fireplace while the mother or father read aloud. Instead of playing games Emma Harte drew triangles and other geometrical figures on the white hearth. She was just twelve years old, but she had decided that she wanted to study geometry. And since she was a girl she would have to teach herself. At that time, in the early 1800's, people thought that a girl could not understand mathematics. If the neighbors near their Connecticut farm knew that she was interested in this "masculine subject," as it was called, they would think she was queer and unnatural. Emma wondered why it was considered wrong for a girl to study geometry when a boy could go to college and study all sorts of difficult subjects. Was it true that a girl's mind was different from a boy's? Many years passed before she had a chance to work out the answer to this problem.

After teaching for several years, Emma Harte married Dr. Willard and settled with him in Middlebury, Vermont. The Willard home faced Middlebury College, and Mrs. Willard often looked with envy at the boys hurrying back and forth from their classes. As she watched them she pondered over the old question of whether girls were incapable of learning the more difficult subjects. When her husband's nephew John came to stay with them while he went to college, she questioned him eagerly about his classes. His geometry book recalled her struggles as a child, and again she began to study by herself. As soon as she felt that she had learned everything in John's book, she asked him to give her an examination. This he did. He told her that she passed with flying colors, and she was happy. If she could master geometry as it was taught in a man's college, it must prove that women could understand difficult subjects.

In 1814, soon after that examination, Mrs. Willard and her husband opened a boarding school for girls in their home. Here Mrs. Willard tried the experiment of teaching the girls mathematics, sciences, and philosophy. To her joy she found the girls eager to study these subjects and quite capable of doing well in them. It was not fair, she decided, to deny them opportunities for study that were given to men. Dr. Willard agreed with her that something ought to be done to break down the prejudice against higher education for girls.

In order to show that these prejudices were unfair, Mrs. Willard wrote a "Plan for Improving Female Education." Her reasons for edu-

cating girls were so well stated in this plan that she at once won friends to her cause. Governor Clinton of New York became interested. He presented the "Plan" to the legislature and recommended that money be granted to a school for girls. With high hope Mrs. Willard moved her school to Waterford, New York, and eagerly waited for the action of the legislature. But too many people were still doubtful about educating girls. There was the indignant farmer who said, "They'll be educating the cows next." Others argued that study could not help a woman to make pies or to knit stockings. These voices were strong, and the legislators decided that none of the state's money could go to a girls' school.

This blow to her plans made Mrs. Willard heartsick. While her girls were proving the theorems of Euclid, she wondered what could be done for other girls. At that point the town of Troy, New York, came to the rescue. The citizens asked her to move the school to their town and raised money to equip buildings. In 1821 the "Troy Female Seminary" was established. For sixteen years Emma Willard worked on alone without state aid. Often it was hard to make ends meet. But, never discouraged, she continued to add higher subjects to her curriculum. When she found textbooks unsatisfactory, she wrote better ones. From her school graduates went all over the country to teach and spread the doctrine of higher education for women. One of her students was a leader in the convention of 1848 which advocated rights for women. Emma Willard always believed that when women were educated they would take their rightful places, on an equality intellectually to men.

MARY LYON

THERE were not enough hours in the day for Mary Lyon. Hurriedly she ate her meals and went back to her books. She grudged even the time spent in sleeping. Often she slept only four hours of the twenty-four so that she might have the other twenty for study. It had taken all her money to pay the tuition for one term at the Ashfield Academy. For that reason she felt that she must make every hour count. If Mary had been a boy her brilliant mind might have won her a scholarship in a college, but this was in the year 1817, and there were no colleges which admitted girls.

Mary's home was on a little rocky farm in northwestern Massachusetts. Her father had died when she was five years old. There had been scarcely enough money to take care of the seven Lyon children and certainly none to pay tuition in a school which would give Mary the education she so eagerly desired. After she finished the district school, she started saving her money for more education. She earned a dollar a week by keeping house for her older brother. Then she had an opportunity to teach school. For this she was paid seventy-five cents a week and board. Spinning and weaving for the neighbors brought a small sum to add to her savings. She was nineteen by the time she had saved enough for this one term at Ashfield Academy. Here her eagerness to learn everything as soon as possible astonished the teachers. What was to be done with a girl who learned lesson after lesson almost as soon as it had been assigned? One Friday she was given a Latin grammar and told to study the first lesson. The principal thought he had found a way to occupy the girl's busy mind. But by Monday Mary knew everything in the book. In one brilliant recitation she repeated all the conjugations and declensions while the teachers and pupils listened in amazement. Every day at school was an exciting adventure to Mary. All too quickly the term passed and she prepared to go home. Her splendid record, however, led the trustees to vote her free tuition for the second term.

By the end of that second term Mary Lyon's reputation as a scholar had spread through the neighboring towns, and several teaching positions were offered to her. In the years that followed she often taught during the summer term and went to school during the winter. There were so many fascinating things to learn!

Obtaining an education for herself was not enough. In her teaching she saw the eagerness with which other girls were looking for an education. They crowded into small ill-equipped rooms, willing to suffer all sorts of inconveniences if only they might have an opportunity to study. Mary Lyon's heart ached particularly for the poor girls. They struggled, as she had, to gain a few months' instruction in the higher

branches. Why, she asked herself, should there not be a seminary with moderate charges which would give girls the same educational advantages as those provided for men in their colleges? The more she thought about it, the more she felt that such a seminary was an absolute necessity. "All that ought to be done can be done," she said to a fellow-teacher. And in that spirit she went to work.

Starting with no money but with courage and hope she began to collect the funds to start a seminary for girls. Her own enthusiasm fired others. A small group of men became interested. And then Mary Lyon began going from house to house explaining the plan for her school. Always she emphasized the fact that this school was not for the daughters of the rich but was to bring a higher education within the means of the daughters of the common people. Gradually the money came in. No gift was too small: dollars and half dollars did their work along with the hundreds. And in 1837, twenty years after Mary Lyon entered Ashfield Academy, Mount Holyoke Seminary was opened. As she had planned, the charges were moderate. Tuition and board for the term of forty weeks was only sixty dollars. Through her efforts the door leading to a higher education was at last open to poor girls and rich ones alike.

CLARA BARTON

DAY after day Clara Barton took her place at her big brother David's bedside. David had been seriously hurt while he was helping with a barn "raising" near their home in Massachusetts. From the time Clara was a tiny child David had been her hero. He had taught her to ride horseback and to throw a ball with a boy's under-swing. Whatever she did, he always insisted, must be done correctly. A nail must be struck exactly on its head, and her horse must be tied with a square knot that would hold. Now when David was helpless, she could not bear to leave him. Although she was only eleven years old, the doctors began gradually to give her the directions for his medicine and treatment. David thought that no one could place his bandages so painlessly as she could. He grew to depend on her and was fretful when she was away. For two years David was an invalid. During that time Clara said that she almost forgot there was an outside of the house. When David was well again, her family realized with dismay that during these two years Clara had not grown an inch and had gained only one pound in weight. She was just a little over five feet tall, and she never grew any taller.

The lack of height, however, was no handicap to a girl who had early developed skill in a sickroom. When the Civil War broke out, Clara Barton was in Washington working in the office of the Commissioner of Patents. She was among the first to do volunteer nursing in the Washington hospitals. Here she heard tales of suffering on the battlefields that made her heart ache. Often the wounded soldiers received no treatment until they reached Washington. She knew that many lives might be saved and many amputations of limbs be made unnecessary if the boys' wounds were taken care of at once behind the lines. The hospital should be brought to the soldier and not wait for him to be brought to it. At her suggestion friends in New England began sending her rolls of clean bandages and nourishing food for the soldiers. She tried to send these supplies where they were most needed. But many times they did not reach the right places in time to be of service.

At that time there were strict army regulations against allowing women on the battlefields. But Clara Barton went from one official to another until she received the necessary permission to go to the front with supplies of bandages, medicines, and food. At first the army surgeons thought that this little woman who insisted upon bringing hospital supplies up to the very firing line would be in the way. Before long they found that Clara Barton could always furnish what was most needed. One night she came upon a tired surgeon who was sadly discouraged because he had only two inches of tallow candle and a thousand wounded men to care for. Since she had thought to bring lanterns, an operating room was fitted up in a big barn. At another time when her supplies were almost exhausted, she discovered that bottles and flasks of stimulants had been brought to the front packed in fine India meal. Immediately she began making hot gruel from the meal, and had it carried in steaming bucketfuls to the men lying on the terrible bloody fields. Her wit and her

resources seemed unlimited. The soldiers called her the "Angel of the Battlefield."

Clara Barton's work did not end with the end of the war. For several years after its close she worked on, trying to trace the thousands of "missing" men.

In 1869 a nervous breakdown sent her abroad for a much-needed rest. She was in Europe during the Franco-Prussian war and had an opportunity to see the remarkable work of the International Red Cross. That organization, she found, accomplished as much in four months as this country did in four years. Although the Geneva treaty which provided for the care of sick and wounded soldiers had been signed by twenty-two nations in 1864, the United States had not signed the treaty or taken an interest in the Red Cross movement. Clara Barton came home resolved to make her country understand the work of the Red Cross and the purpose of the treaty. At first people were indifferent. They said we should never have another war. Then Clara Barton pointed out the peace-time need for the Red Cross. A terrible forest fire in Michigan had left hundreds of people homeless and starving. She went to Michigan and organized relief work. This service made people understand the meaning of the Red Cross. Finally in 1882 Congress ratified the Geneva treaty. And the American Association of the Red Cross became a reality, with Clara Barton as its first president.

HELEN KELLER

"KNOWLEDGE is happiness, because to have knowledge — broad, deep knowledge — is to know true ends from false, and lofty things from low." Helen Keller wrote that sentence when she was a sophomore at Radcliffe College. It explains her chief reason for insisting upon a college education. Many of her friends had tried to persuade her to give up going to college. It would be too hard, they said, for her to take the courses which were planned for people who could see and hear normally. No other deaf-blind person had ever attempted to complete the four years of college work. But Helen Keller was used to overcoming obstacles.

With the help of Miss Sullivan, her teacher, she had been struggling against the silence and darkness of her world ever since she was seven years old. At that time Miss Sullivan had given her the key to language by spelling the names of things into her hands. When Helen first understood that every object had a name of its own, and that certain motions of her teacher's fingers stood for one object, and other motions for another object, it was as though a barrier around her eager mind had been broken down. She had learned the meaning of words. Next she learned to read with her fingers, and found between the covers of books printed in raised letters new friends, and new countries in which she could wander in imagination. The next step had been to read spoken words by placing her hands on the mouth and throat of another person. The slightest vibration came to her through her finger tips. To "hear" in this way was a particular joy. She could "listen" to people who did not know how to spell words into her hand by the manual alphabet. After a great deal of practice she had also learned to talk. Often she had had to repeat words or sentences for hours before she could get them right. Learning any new thing had required the greatest patience and courage.

College was simply another "Hill of Difficulty" to be climbed. She entered Radcliffe College in the fall of 1900. To attend classes with other girls was a thrilling experience. Often she found herself the center of a happy group of girls. While Miss Sullivan spelled their gay talk into her hand, she felt the pleasure of comradeship. They showed their regard for Helen by making her the vice-president of the class. Much of the time Helen was too busy to join them. But Miss Sullivan was her devoted companion always. Together they went to classes. Of course every lecture must be spelled into Helen's hand. And Miss Sullivan's fingers raced to keep up with the fastest speaker. Since many of the books studied were not printed for the blind, they must also be spelled into her hand. To have whole books spelled out took an immensely long time. It seemed to Helen that she progressed only by inches, and sometimes she feared that she could never keep up with the class. By her wish no special favors were granted to her. She had to prepare every lesson just as the other girls did and take the same examinations. The only difference was that the

examination questions were read to her and that she wrote her answers on the typewriter. But in the four years she finished the required courses and graduated with honor.

After her graduation she felt that she wanted to give a message of cheer and encouragement to all who had been handicapped in any way. With Miss Sullivan she gave lectures to explain how she had learned to read lips, to talk, and to enjoy the life about her. Helen Keller does enjoy life keenly. She has written many books which tell of the happiness she has found in nature, in books, and in her friends. Much of her time and energy has gone to help in the work done by the American Foundation for the Blind. To make easier and happier the lives of those who live in a dark world has been one of her greatest desires.

HAMLIN GARLAND, A BOY OF THE MIDDLE WEST

"WELL, Hamlin, I guess you'll have to run the plow-team this fall," said Mr. Garland one fine September day. "I can't afford to hire another man."

Hamlin was full of pride as he drove the team out on the wide Iowa prairie. He was only ten years old, but he felt himself a man. Steadily he guided the plow across the quarter section. The blades bit into the tough sod with a crisp ripping sound which was pleasant to hear. The first furrow and the next went spendidly. Then his arms began to ache. He was rather short for his age, and in order to reach the plow handles he had to lift his hands above his shoulders. There were other difficulties, too. Often the thick wet stubble rolled up around the standard throwing the plowshare out of the ground. Before he could go on, the horses must be stopped and the heavy plow jerked backward. By ten o'clock he felt that he had done a day's work. Yet back and forth he plodded. A man could not stop until nightfall. That morning he walked eight or nine miles behind his plow, and he covered almost as much ground in the afternoon.

Every day after that, through the long fall, Hamlin trudged behind the plow. Although his muscles toughened, the ten hours of work a day always seemed endless. To cheer himself he whistled and sang; he watched the changing clouds and counted the prairie chickens which were gathering together in winter flocks. Gradually, as the days passed, the air grew chill. Sometimes the wind from the north was so cold that he had to hold the plow with one hand while he warmed the other in his pocket. The winds encouraged him, however, for he knew that soon it would be too cold for plowing. Finally one morning the horses' hoofs made a ringing sound on the frozen ground, and plowing was given up.

A few days later the winter term of school began. Even though he must get up long before daylight to do the chores, school seemed a vacation. He and his brother cared for the horses and did the milking before breakfast. After breakfast they watered the cattle and turned them out into the yard. Then in clean blouses they trudged off across the bare prairie to the small box-like schoolhouse. The stove in the center of the one room did not heat the corners when the wind howled about outside. Often the children shivered over their books. But Hamlin enjoyed every school day. He knew by heart most of the stories in his McGuffy reader and loved to recite "Marco Bozzaris" and Webster's stirring speeches.

As soon as spring came, he went to work once more behind his team. The fields he had plowed in the autumn must be harrowed in preparation for planting wheat and corn. During the summer he helped with the haying in the big meadow. Then the wheat had to be harvested and the corn husked. Each season's changing work made an indelible imprint on his mind.

Long afterward when Hamlin was a young man in Boston these days on the prairie farm came back to him vividly. Many stories and poems had been written about New England farm life, but few people knew about the life on the farms of the Middle West. He wrote an article which he called "The Western Corn Husking." This was a tale which had never been told, and he was asked to write other articles. A friend said to him, "You're the first actual farmer in American fiction,—now tell the truth about it." In order to tell the truth about life on the "Middle Border," Hamlin Garland has written many delightful books.[1]

[1] *Read his story of "The Coming of the Circus", Volume VIII, 2–6.*

I GOT STAGE FRIGHT [1]

WHEN I went away to boarding school, my mother wrote a letter to the head of the Music department asking that I be excused from playing in any of the recitals. In fact, she put it pretty plainly that unless I were excused, I would n't take piano lessons there at all. And she wrote what she did because I made her.

Not that I hated playing. On the contrary, I liked it. And I did n't mind in the least sitting down in the living room at home when we had company and doing it. Or playing for the crowd to sing when we all got together somewhere. That was entirely different from having to get up in front of a lot of people who were sitting in rows and have eyes, eyes, eyes all looking at me and waiting to see if I were n't going to make a mistake or faint or something. The very idea of playing at a recital scared me out of my wits.

It started, I know, because of what happened the year I was seven. Miss Simpkins, my first teacher, was the kind lots of youngsters take from — a rather oldish person our mothers felt sorry for because she could n't earn her living any other way. She was always fluttery about things and Mother says now that she had her doubts from the first about letting me take from her. But all my friends up and down the street had her, so I started in with her, too. And of course after awhile she began planning on giving a recital. For weeks at lesson time she did n't talk about anything else, especially about how she did hope I would n't make a mistake. I got the idea that it would be perfectly dreadful if I forgot and played wrong.

There was a lot of excitement about that recital. Our mothers and aunts and all available relatives were coming. Genevieve Browning's father was even coming home from his office at noon in order to be there and hear Genevieve play. Mother asked Dad why he did n't do it, too, but he said he heard my piece in his dreams as it was. I imagine he did for I certainly practiced it enough. It was called "At Twilight" and I thought it was perfectly beautiful.

At last the big day came and there I was in the front row with Genevieve and Julia and Katherine and Dudley and the rest, all of us dressed up in our Sunday-go-to-meeting best, and our mothers and grandmothers and the rest in back of us just as they'd said they would be — and Genevieve's father back by the door. Miss Simpkins got up first and made a little speech about how glad she was they had all come and saying how her little performers were n't so very old so that everybody must forgive anything that did n't go just right. And the recital began.

Katherine came first and when she was through I could see her grandmother wiping her eyes, while the rest clapped and clapped. Julia was next and she played all right, too. And then Dudley. He had rather a hard time at first but after Miss Simpkins had counted, "One-two, One-two," he was all right. And then I came. I was pretty hot by that time and — well, I did make a mistake. I made it right at the end of the first page where I always had to turn, although there was n't any music on the piano at the recital. It was awful. I could n't remember what came next to save my life. And when I tried going back to the beginning as Miss Simpkins kept whispering for me to do, it was n't any better. I could n't remember how my piece started by that time. And it was all so dreadful I did n't even have sense enough to get off the piano stool and go to my seat. I just sat there crying in front of everyone until my mother came down the aisle and took me out. I knew I'd disgraced her and Miss Simpkins and Dad and the rest of the class, too. And when Dad came home that night, I cried just as hard again.

Miss Simpkins did n't give me lessons for so very long after that. She was so cross when she thought I had n't practiced enough or when I played things wrong that Mother said after awhile she guessed I'd better change teachers. The wonder to me now is that what with Dudley's calling "Cry-baby" to me whenever he saw me after the recital, and Genevieve and Katherine's being so superior and saying, "What'd you have to go and cry for, Gertrude? That was n't anything," and Miss Simpkin's acting as she did that I wanted to go on with piano lessons at all. But I liked playing and so

[1] From "This Happened To Me," by Helen Ferris, copyrighted and published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

I stuck to it. And when I had changed to another teacher, I liked it even better. In fact, everything went smoothly until she began to talk about a recital. Then I got so frightened over the thought of playing on that program that I announced to Mother and Dad that I guessed I would n't take lessons any more. When they'd gotten out of me why, Mother said that was easily fixed, that I need n't play in the recital if I did n't want to. And she saw Miss Wright and arranged it so that I need n't.

So I was n't in that one. And I was n't in any of those of my other teachers had later on. Whenever a recital was mentioned, Mother would see whichever teacher it was at the time and explain how things were with me. All of which is why she wrote the letter to school when I went away.

I loved the music at school. The Music department had a darling building all to themselves, up on the edge of the woods. Every girl who took Music had a practice room to herself, with a window in it. And when it began to get on toward Spring, it seemed to me I had never known anything lovelier than practicing in that little room, with the window open and the fragrance of early Spring things coming in to me as I played. More times than I could count, I stayed over after practice hour, playing whatever came into my head and feeling exactly as though I were part of the sky and the trees and the music. I adored my teacher, Miss Furness. She felt the same way I did about music and always seemed to choose just the kind of pieces I loved learning.

She never mentioned Mother's letter and sometimes I wondered whether Miss Cramer, the head of the department, had ever said anything to her about it. But when the inevitable recital began to loom up, I knew she had because one afternoon at the close of my lesson, when I'd been playing some Chopin I especially loved, Miss Furness said to me, "I do wish you felt you could play that for us in the recital."

I was pleased to have her say that because at our school the Spring recital is n't just a case of every Tom, Dick, or Harry who takes music being on the program. Only the best ones are chosen. So Miss Furness' telling me that meant I really had done well. I was on the point of explaining the whole thing to her, even about Miss Simpkins, for I wanted her to know that if only I could I would go on the program for her, when Betty Gaige stuck her head in at the door and said Miss Cramer wanted to see Miss Furness. So I lost my chance.

Then that night at dinner I heard something that made me realize just why Miss Furness had spoken as she had on that particular day. It seemed that one of the new teachers had a brother who was connected with the Metropolitan Opera Company in some way and that he'd written his sister he'd be glad to have her bring some of the girls down for a performance and that he would take them behind scenes afterward. And now Miss Cramer had decided that the girls who were in the recital would be the ones to go. And the whole thing was going to be announced in chapel that night in order to give the girls who were taking music plenty of time to work for it.

Mother and I had been to New York for the Opera once and it was still a dream to me. Ever since we'd been planning to spend a whole week there, sometime, going to Opera as much as we possibly could. But this — going behind scenes, perhaps even meeting Jeritza or Martinelli! It took my breath away. And the next minute I knew I could go if I wanted to. Miss Furness had said what she did so that I would realize it and change my mind about not playing in any of the school recitals. I am as sure of it as though she had said it in so many words and I knew that she had known all along about Mother's letter.

You never saw such excitement as there was over that trip. That night after chapel there was a perfect buzz over who would be chosen. And such a rush as there was for practice rooms the next day! What with everyone wanting to put in extra hours there were n't enough rooms to go around. We talked opera until we were blue in the face. Our favorite indoor sport was guessing which one would be given on the day the girls went down and who would sing in it. And pictures of opera stars simply flowed into school. If you were taking music, you might still have your favorite football or crew friend in the silver frame on your bureau, but he was pretty sure to be covered up for the time being by an opera star in elegant costume.

All of which upset me more than ever. What with wanting to go to New York with the girls and not wanting to play in the recital, I was torn to pieces inside. I did n't mention anything about how I felt to Miss Furness because I did n't know what I did want to do and anyway I knew she would n't come right out and tell me I was going to be chosen.

What made it worse was the girls' being so sure I would be on the program and acting as though I would jump at it. It was, "Gee, Gert, I wish I were in your boots," or, "What're you going to wear to New York, Gert?" every day. It never seemed to enter anyone's mind that I would n't play in the recital if I got the chance. For one thing, I guess you would n't think that kind of thing about a girl like me anyway. For I'm no shrinking violet. I like to be around with a crowd. And I am tall and quite large and enjoy strenuous things like apparatus work in Gym. Which really did make my feeling as I did all the more absurd.

I would n't have had the girls know how I felt for anything. Yet all the while the time was coming nearer and nearer when I would either have to admit that I was afraid or else go ahead and do something the very thought of which gave me a chill. And when Miss Furness was suddenly called home by the illness of her mother, it seemed to me my last prop had collapsed. I had been thinking that in a pinch, she would help me out. How, I did n't know. But some way. And now she had gone without my even having had a chance to say good-bye to her. And it was almost worse that she left a little note for me telling me she hoped I would be among the girls who went to New York.

The final choice was to be announced at chapel the night before we left for Spring vacation. And just before time for the bell to ring, one of the girls came up and said Miss Cramer wanted to see me in her room. As soon as I went in, Miss Cramer said, "A situation has arisen in connection with the recital and you, Gertrude. You are one of the girls who may play if you wish. And I am wondering whether, in view of the trip to New York, you may not have changed your mind about things."

Until that minute, what with swinging around like a weather vane, I had n't had an idea of what I really would do when it came down to the point. That is, I had never had the same idea five minutes in succession. And I suppose that what made me say what I did then was not wanting to admit to Miss Cramer how I really did feel. Or else it was wanting to have my name read out with the others in chapel that night. Anyway, what I said was, "Yes, I have, Miss Cramer. I would like to play very much."

"I am delighted to hear it," she told me. And the chapel bell rang.

What with the excitement and the congratulations, I don't think I quite realized what I'd done until I was on the train next day. But by the time we pulled into the station at home, I realized it, all right. I wished I'd never seen a piano. I wished I had never heard of the Metropolitan. I wished I had never gone away to school at all. I wished I had never been born!

But at that I did n't tell Mother and Dad what was going on for I knew what a gloom it would throw over things if they thought I was upset. What I thought I would do — one of the plans I made, — that is, — was to get out of the whole thing as soon as I got back to school. Or else keep on with it until the last minute and then be sick. Actually, I thought of that and I even wondered whether, if I were sick, perhaps they would n't let me go along to New York anyway because they would feel so sorry for me. There was n't much I did n't think of.

And that was the way things were when Miss Thompson, an old friend of Mother's, came to give a concert at the Women's Club and stayed with us. She is a singer and it still seems almost unbelievable to me that she came just then and said what she did to Mother and me at lunch.

We three were eating at home because Miss Thompson had said she did n't like to go out anywhere before a concert and Mother was passing something to her when it happened. Miss Thompson's hand shook so that she could scarcely hold the plate.

"Look at that, Hat," she said to Mother. "Stage fright, for a fact."

"Why, Lute Thompson," Mother said then, "you don't mean to tell me that after all these years you still get nervous?"

Miss Thompson laughed. "Nervous as a witch," she said as casually as though she were

talking about the weather. "And I guess I always will be. It's nothing like so bad as it used to be, though. Why, the first year I gave recitals, I don't think that queer feeling left the pit of my stomach once. And sometimes when I was especially tired, I was downright sick with it. I got over that, thank goodness."

I was hanging on every word she said and nobody knows how petrified I was for fear she would n't go on, but she did. "You should have been in my dressing room, Hat, the night I went back home for my first big concert after studying all that time in Chicago. I was limp, I was so scared. And it was n't just a case of not wanting to disgrace Mother and Father in front of all their friends. The manager of the concert bureau was there to hear me and I knew that if I did n't sing well, they would n't want me to go with them. And if they did n't, my first big chance would be gone. My throat was dry and I was in a perfect panic.

"Well, just then my older brother — you know, the big jolly one who runs the shoe store — came back to see how I was getting along. And when he saw the state I was in, he stood there and laughed at me. 'So the little girl is afraid of a row of cabbage heads,' he said to me. 'Nothing but a row of cabbage heads and her all in a funk.' Of course that made me laugh. And do you know, when I went to go out on the platform that night, for all that my hands were like ice and my feet were congealed, I thought of that silly expression of his — nothing but a row of cabbage heads — and I smiled all over again, which helped. What's more, I don't think I have sung in a concert since that I have n't thought of it just before going on."

"The truth about Lorna Thompson," Mother said. And then they both laughed and left for the Club House.

When I saw Miss Thompson come out to sing that afternoon and watched her bow so charmingly and act so thoroughly at ease in every way, I wondered whether I had n't been dreaming her hand shook so at lunch and that she had told us that about the cabbage heads. But I knew she had. And that night it came over me — why was I any different? If she had been able to go right on — why could n't I?

And — well, I did it. When the girls left for New York, I was on the train with them. I was with them at the Opera, "Madame Butterfly," it was. I was there when we all went behind scenes and met every star you ever heard of. And all the time I was thinking, "What if I had missed this? Would n't it be dreadful if I had n't come?"

But that was afterward. There was plenty of agony beforehand, I can tell you. Maybe it was my having dodged recitals for so long that made it all so dreadfully hard this time. More than once I would have thrown the whole thing overboard if it had n't been for the thought of Miss Thompson. Somehow thinking of her made me ashamed of stopping.

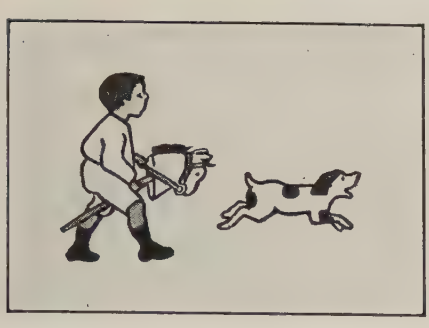
When it was my turn to play the night of the concert, I did n't see how I was going to get to the piano stool, my legs shook so. And my old thought of the eyes, eyes, eyes that would be looking at me to see whether I would n't make a mistake or faint or something came back full force. I almost told Miss Cramer I simply could n't do it, after all. But I did n't. For that was the minute I happened to remember what Miss Thompson's brother had said about the cabbage heads and a picture of how a row of them dressed up in evening clothes would look popped into my mind — and I had to smile, it was so ridiculous.

It was just as well, though, that I knew my Chopin the way I did because those first few minutes at the piano were pretty much of a blank to me. But as I went along I began to feel better. And in the end, although I would n't have believed it possible, I was playing exactly as though I were alone in my practice room, loving the music and feeling as though I were part of it. When they encored me, I went back without a thought and played.

Coming home on the train from New York that day, it seemed to me that going to the Opera and being behind scenes afterward was the biggest thing that had ever happened to me. But after I'd gotten back at school and the excitement had begun to die down and there was time to think, I realized something else that was a total surprise to me. It came over me with a thrill that I had faced something down that had been hanging on to me all my life and that even though I'd been afraid of it, it had n't beaten me — and need n't, ever again.

H. Armstrong Roberts

PLAYMATES



INDOOR GAMES FOR THE SMALL CHILD

PLAY is the universal expression of childhood. Mankind has always played, and his play has been simple or complex according to the state or culture of his civilization. Children, like primitive man, demand simplicity in their play life. Before six years they are satisfied with imitative activities and simple, make-believe dramatic play. There is also a type of play involving motor activity, such as building things, throwing ball, and digging that makes an appeal to the small child. Even here the element of imitation plays a large part. In the heritage from the past that rightfully belongs to every child, there are a number of games that parents and teachers can help preserve for childhood by teaching them to children. Most of these are suitable for older children, but there are a few that can be enjoyed by the younger child.

Play is influenced greatly by environment; in just so far as a little child's environment is rich, his play life is rich. This does not mean that a wealth of toys and things to play with are necessary, but rather that a variety of activities and experiences are offered. Any mother can give her children a rich play life by actually playing *with* her children and unconsciously directing them to make use of the things around and about them for their own fun and enjoyment.

Unless there are other children in the home or the child has other child companions, the small child seldom plays in groups. He is satisfied to play with one other person, preferably an adult. The games here suggested can be played by two — the child and his mother, two children, or by a number of children and adults. However, they are worked out with the idea of the small child in the home who often asks: "Mother, what shall I play?"

IMITATIVE GAMES

THE simplest form of this type of game is the one usually initiated by the child himself when he plays he is keeping store, or carrying the mail, or selling something. Through this type of play the child is expressing social consciousness; he is answering for himself some questions concerning the world about him by imitating his elders. This type of play should be encouraged. Some activities of this kind are:

Visiting Mrs. Brown	Keeping house
Riding on a train	Fixing the telephone
Keeping store	Talking with father
Going to church	Reading a book
Going to market	Playing adult games

PLAYING DOCTOR

IMITATING TOYS

The child acts out something and the adult or other player guesses what he is representing. Billy walks round and round in a circle.

BILLY. Mother, guess what I'm playing.

MOTHER. You're a top.

BILLY. No.

MOTHER. You're a spinning wheel.

BILLY. No.

MOTHER. You're a windmill.

BILLY. No.

MOTHER. I give up.

BILLY. I'm my electric train going around the Christmas tree.

This can be carried out by making noises like certain toys or pantomiming them.

IMITATING ANIMALS

Different sounds to imitate different animals and birds are made and the one guessing the most wins. This can be varied by making sounds to indicate anger, happiness, pleasure, etc.

IMITATING ACTIVITY

Players mimic such activity as mother sewing, father going upstairs, Billy looking at his picture book, sister scrubbing her teeth, father cutting grass, etc. The one who guesses most wins.

IMITATING SIMPLE STORIES

This is a form of make-believe that is the beginning of dramatic play.

BILLY. Mother, let's play Peter Rabbit.

MOTHER. All right. Shall I be mother rabbit?

BILLY. Yes, but who will be father rabbit?

MOTHER. Let's pretend he has gone to work.

BILLY. All right. Let's go out and get some carrots.

The conversation and action can be improvised as the play goes on, the older person following the child's lead.

I SAW

The first player says, "To-day I saw this. Guess what it was. I saw (imitates a boy playing a violin). Each player in turn says, "I saw *this*." The one guessing most correctly wins.

GAMES INVOLVING MOTOR ACTIVITY

FOLLOW THE LEADER

ONE player is leader. The rest must do exactly what he does. The more difficult the thing is to do, the more fun it is. This can be played as a quiet sitting-down game or can be a game in which there is running, skipping, climbing, etc.

PEASE PORRIDGE HOT

Two players say the verses together:

Pease porridge hot,
Pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot
Nine days old.

Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot
Nine days old.

On the first verse, clap own hands; on the second, partner's; on the third, knees, and repeat.

BLOWING BUBBLES

Put a little glycerine or ammonia into soapy water. Blow through straw or with a pipe colorful, effective bubbles.

BEAN BAG GAMES

The small child is interested in throwing balls or bean bags providing the older person takes the initiative. One way to use the bean bag is to have a board with holes of different sizes. The player who gets his bag into the smallest hole wins. Another use is to start two bean bags across the room, one being the turtle and the other the hare. Whichever reaches the other side first wins.

RAINY DAY GAMES

TEARING PAPER

EACH player has a sheet of paper from which he tears anything he wishes — animals, dishes, toys. The players then guess what each has torn and choose the best one.

GUESSING

FIRST PLAYER. I am thinking of something that flies.
SECOND PLAYER. Is it a bird?
FIRST PLAYER. No.
SECOND PLAYER. Is it a kite?
FIRST PLAYER. Yes.
SECOND PLAYER. I am thinking of something that has big ears.
FIRST PLAYER. Is it an elephant?
SECOND PLAYER. Yes.

If a player can't guess he loses his turn.

HIDING

One player closes his eyes and the other asks, "Where am I?" The player must guess the exact spot.

MOTHER. Where am I?
BILLY. In the garage.
MOTHER. Oh, no.
BILLY. In Daddy's room.
MOTHER. You are not near it.
BILLY. In the clothes closet.
MOTHER. Guess again.
BILLY. I give up.
MOTHER. Right behind this chair.

Small children do not tire of the same games but will play them over and over again. By following some of the leads in the above suggestions, parents will find that it is possible to make up all kinds of simple games. The children themselves will help. While the parent should always be a cheerful happy player, the child should be the center of the activity. It should be his activity, preferably initiated by himself, and his companion in play should be playing *his* game with him.

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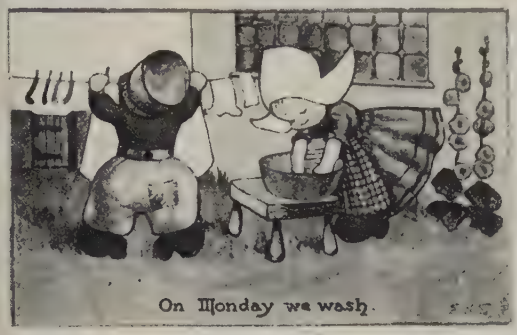
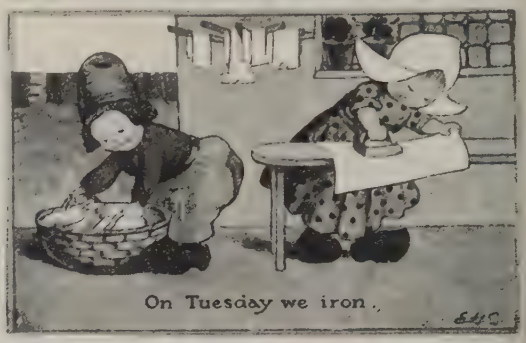
ALL THE DAYS OF THE WEEK





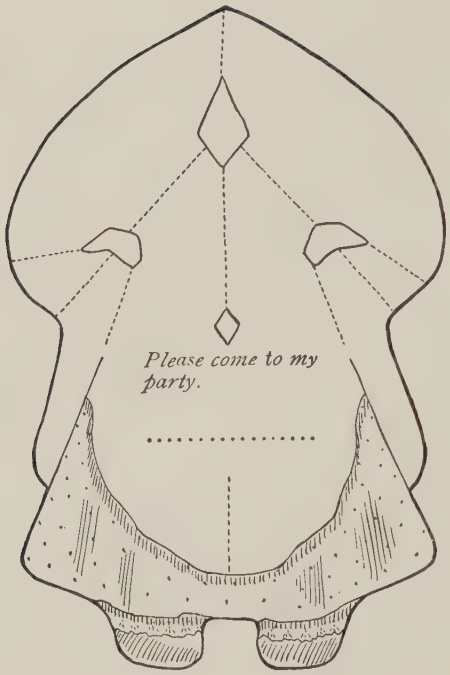
GIVING A PARTY

PARTIES for children are so easy to get up compared with the large amount of pleasure they give. My mother used to have one every day at five o'clock in the parlor. It needed only an orange, peeled and divided into sections to be given out one by one, or a few pieces of candy brought by a friend and set aside by us all to make "the party." Why? Because my mother gave it and we all came to it in the party spirit, which is the secret of every successful entertainment, big or little.

THE REFRESHMENTS

That is what the busy mother thinks of first, and it is often what keeps her from letting her little children or her big boys and girls invite in their friends. But if a party could be made with a single orange, we need not be halted there. Lemonade and cookies are ample provision for a group of little girls and boys who have been asked to play games for an hour. If they have been out-of-doors, a "play picnic" with each luncheon packed in a little box, a wooden plate, paper napkin, three sandwiches, a piece of cake, and two pieces of candy will make a perfect ending for the afternoon. A popcorn party need have only lemonade or fruit punch to drink with the dry popcorn. Your children and their guests would rather have a simple party once a month than an elaborate one with ice cream and confections once

A KATE GREENAWAY BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK PARTY



A PAPER DOLL INVITATION

Cut out outlines and fold on dotted lines.

in three months. Cultivate the grace of hospitality with your children. Let them see that it is a pleasure to entertain with what you can easily provide.

A CLOTHESPIN PARTY

Some rainy day let your children practice dressing clothespins. Then let them give a clothespin party. If there are invitations, draw a clothespin in the corner. Have scissors, as many pairs as there will be children, several colors of tissue and crêpe paper, a spool of black thread with which to tie on the skirts, paste for the extras, and pencils or ink for marking faces, and set the whole party dressing clothespins which they may take home. Your children will have had enough experience to help the timid ones who do not know at first how to attack this queer-shaped doll.

A "BEFORE CHRISTMAS" PARTY

Early in December have a scrapbook party. Ask all the children of the neighborhood to come, bringing picture postcards or pictures which they are willing to put into scrapbooks. Provide two or three old magazines with pictures in case some child has none to bring. Have two or three scrapbooks of pink or blue cambric prepared. Your own children will enjoy helping to make these books beforehand. Then let the children lay out all their pictures and choose how to put them together. Two can cut and two paste, and then turn about, till the scrapbooks are made and ready to send on Christmas Day to a children's hospital.

A SOAP BUBBLE PARTY

This is a kitchen or a piazza affair, and lots of fun. The children should have a clay pipe apiece, and dip from a bowl of strong suds. They should compete to see which can blow the biggest bubble, which can hold it the longest, and which can carry his best and toss and catch it. Two should practice at joining theirs, and finally three can sometimes join in blowing a huge bubble. If it is a sunny day, the lights in the floating bubbles could lead to a story of how the colors come there, with a prism to illustrate more fully, and the rainbow for the biggest sun spectrum of all.

(For more suggestions on parties, see Volume VI, pp. 279–290.)

BOY BLOWING SOAP BUBBLES

FOR THE SUMMER VACATION

SUMMER time adds a problem to the family. "How shall we keep our children busy all the day long?" Especially does this seem a great problem since schools are emphasizing the need for the child to be busy doing worthwhile things during summer. The useless "busy-work" is taboo. The child's summer should provide time and opportunity for him to continue to learn by engaging in genuinely educational activities. He should build useful things, keep records, give plays, study nature, and make collections. Evidences of his summer's work are frequently helpful in his next year's school work where they aid the teacher in understanding his interests. In the following pages, suggestions for worthy summer activities are given which, it is hoped, will aid the parent who is met with the request, "Tell me what I can do now."

1. Playing house.
   - *a.* Making a playhouse.
     - (1) Make a playhouse by using a large packing box or crate.
     - (2) Build a shack of boards or boughs and thatch it over with boughs, straw, or heavy grasses. Find out if real people ever live in such a hut.
     - (3) Make a cave or build a house in trees.
   - *b.* Making dolls.
     Make rag dolls, peanut dolls, corncob dolls, clothespin dolls, toothpick and cork dolls, vegetable and fruit dolls, paper dolls.
   - *c* Sewing for dolls.
     Design and make costumes.
   - *d.* Serving tea.
     If a real lunch is to be enjoyed, a desirable lunch for a child's "tea" should be served.
   - *e.* Furnishing the playhouse.
     Make furniture of boxes. Paint the furniture.
2. Keeping pets.
   - *a.* Chickens, Bantams, dogs, cats, guinea pigs, rabbits, squirrels, mice, turtles, pigs, ponies make good pets.
     Find out what kind of care and what kinds of food are best for your pet. Notice his habits and his tricks. Keep a record of these.
   - *b.* Pens for pets.
     Decide what kind of pen is best suited to your pet. Chickens need a different sort of pen for comfort than rabbits need. What shelter if any is necessary? What provision for food and water?
   - *c.* Bird and animal friends.
     It is interesting to try to tame a wild animal or bird. Can you be such a good friend to a squirrel that he will come when you call and will eat from your hand? How could you make such a friendship?
3. Studying birds.
   - *a.* Make note of the different kinds of birds you see and hear. Can you recognize their calls? Can you imitate them?

b. Bird houses.

The first requirement for making a bird house is to decide what kind of birds you want to live in the house, and then find out what kind of house that particular bird likes.

Bluebirds and wrens are content to build in tomato cans. To make the cans usable and keep them from becoming hot in the sun they should be covered with bark. Place a block of wood at the bottom and make an opening of proper size in one side of the can.

A hollow limb or block of wood hollowed out in the form of a woodpecker's nest is a popular home.

Gourds can be made acceptable by cutting a hole the proper size in one side. Clean them out and drill a small hole in the bottom to drain out any rain that may leak in.

(*See also* Volume VI, pages 341–343, and Volume III.)

4. Studying insects.

Observe and record the actions of spiders, grasshoppers, ants, butterflies. Make photographs when possible.

Make a collection of butterflies or moths, preserving them carefully.

Keep a caterpillar, feed it on leaves and observe it. Keep a daily record of its actions.

Watch bees at work. Find out where they get their food, how they carry it and where they store it. Find out other interesting things about bees.

(*See also* Volume III, pages 377–382.)

5. Collecting.

Collect stones, shells, flowers, ferns, pictures, leaves, old nests, burrs, cones, seeds, pods, nuts, cocoons, feathers, different kinds of wood, sands, minerals, coins, stamps, post cards, photographs, bird pictures, auto names, descriptive folders from hotels and railroads. Label as many as you can. If you cannot label some correctly make a note of this in your record book for later study or question.

6. Gardening.

Some suggestions to gardeners.

The soil must be light and porous so that air and water may penetrate it to feed the little plants. Therefore, it is necessary to plow or spade the garden plot. In a flower garden it is well to plan according to the kinds of flowers planted. Consider their usual height, color, and time of blooming. You can find out about flowers in gardeners' books or seed books or from some older person.

Keep a record of how you prepared your garden, time of planting, first appearances, and dates of blooming period.

(*See also* Volume VI, pages 245–268.)

7. Enjoying water activities.

a. Make floating toys.

Ducks, fish, sailboats, canoes. A large cork or a flat piece of wood may be used for them. Shellac or dip the toy in melted paraffin before using.

b. Make plain wooden boats, sailboats and rafts. Study pictures and make a plan before beginning your work.

c. Build a dam. Make water wheels.

(*See also* Volume VI, page 337.)

d. Aquarium.

(1) Make a fresh-water aquarium.

Tadpoles, minnows, or a small turtle may be put in. For daily food use a flake or two of rolled oats if you do not have fish food. If you have a turtle be sure to fix a place on which he can sun himself. A rock will do.

(*See also* Volume III, pages 373–376.)

(2) Make a salt-water aquarium.

e. Discover animals living in the sand on the seashore. Keep a record of what you find.

8. Making things of wood.

a. Make an airplane.

Look at pictures, and real airplanes and decide what kind of airplane you want to make.

(*See also* Volume VI, pages 346–347.)

b. Make a wagon.

Make a wagon from a box. Use block wheels.

Make a cart from a cigar box. Use spools for wheels and "all-day-sucker" sticks for axles.

c. Make a chariot.

Cut a box into the shape of a chariot. Put on two wheels.

d. Make a skipmobile.
Fasten a roller skate to a board. Put an upright handle on it. Use it as you do a scooter.

e. Make a bookcase for your room.
Use a box or crate. Make labels for the shelves telling what kind of stories or books are found on each shelf.

f. Make a flower box.
Measure to get the size you want. Bore a few holes in the bottom for drainage. (*See also* Volume VI, page 348.)

g. Make a kite.
Make the kind of kite you like.
(*See also* Volume VI, pages 344–345.)

9. Making books.

a. Make scrapbooks.
Get two yards of paper cambric. Cut it in pieces ten inches by eighteen inches. Snip the edges so that they will not ravel. Fold the pieces once and sew them together through the fold, which will be in the middle. Paste in pictures or clippings of trips or of any of your summer work or play.
If these pictures are labeled the book is more interesting.

b. Write your own storybooks.
If you like to make up stories or poems it would be well to put them in a book so others might read them. Ask your mother or some one to help write them in your Story or Poetry Book. Make your own book in any way you like. Illustrate it with crayons or paints.

c. Make a blue-print book to save pictures of leaves. Buy a package of blue-print paper, the kind that can be developed in clear water without any chemicals. Get sheets about four inches by five inches. Get a printing frame the same size or a little larger. Collect leaves. Press them in a book. Take the frame, the blue-print paper, and the leaf into a dark room. (Light spoils the paper.) Place leaf in the frame next the glass. Put blue-print paper in the frame with the colored side against the lead. Close the frame tightly. Leave in bright sunlight about two minutes. Remove paper, put in a pan of cold water. Change water often or leave pan under a dripping faucet. Lay print on folded newspaper to dry. While still damp paste in a book. Paste on four corners only. Label properly.
(*See also* Volume III, page 386.)

d. Make a pressed-flower book.
Some people like to collect many kinds of wild flowers or garden flowers, press them and fasten them in a book. The name of the flower and the place where the plant was found may be written in too. (The names may be found in botany books or in gardeners' books.)

10. Keep a diary. Illustrate it.

a. Record trips, picnics, camping. If you are taking an auto trip, keep the mileage each day. Notice the numbers and names of routes you travel. Make a map of your trip. If you travel by train or boat, find out what you can about the kind of train or boat you are riding on and keep a diary of happenings.

b. Record the temperature and dates of storms.

11. Work at home.

a. Market: be a good buyer of vegetables and other foods.

b. Do some everyday jobs about the house.

c. Cook and can and make your own recipe book.

d. Sew and mend: you can help sew or mend your own clothes.

e. Raise a flock of chickens, ducks, geese or turkeys. Take care of them, keep a record of the number raised, kinds of food used, and the cost. If you sell them find out how much profit you have made.

f. Grow a small field of cotton, or of corn or some other farm product. Keep a record of the growth of the crop.

12. Start a Museum.
Sort and label the nature material and any other interesting findings you have collected.

13. Make a Puppet Show.
See page 211 of this volume to find out how to make puppets. Choose a story you have read or one of your own stories for the play.

14. Make things with sand and clay.

A sand pile and a jar of clay are fascinating materials and provide many opportunities for play. Fire your pottery. To do this, place pottery which has dried slowly for about three days in a little pit in the ground with sand and soil underneath and over the pottery. Build a fire over the covered pit. After the fire has been fed twice leave it to smolder for a few hours. Then let it cool down and die out while the pottery is still in the kiln. To keep the pottery from breaking because of the heavy weight of the fire resting on it, the pieces may be put into iron kettles covered with iron lids and the kettles covered with coals. Remove the pottery the next day and decorate it the way you like best. Plan your designs carefully.

15. Give plays.

Make up a play. Make the scenery and costumes for it. (Suggestions for plays are given on pages 210 to 213 of this volume.)

16. Read books.

On pages 396 to 398 you will find a list of books from which to choose your summer reading. Keep a record of the books you read. Write what you think of each book. Show this record to your teacher when school begins.

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H. Armstrong Roberts

ASKING FOR SUGAR

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WHAT SHALL WE CHOOSE FOR PETS?

By Edward I. Farrington

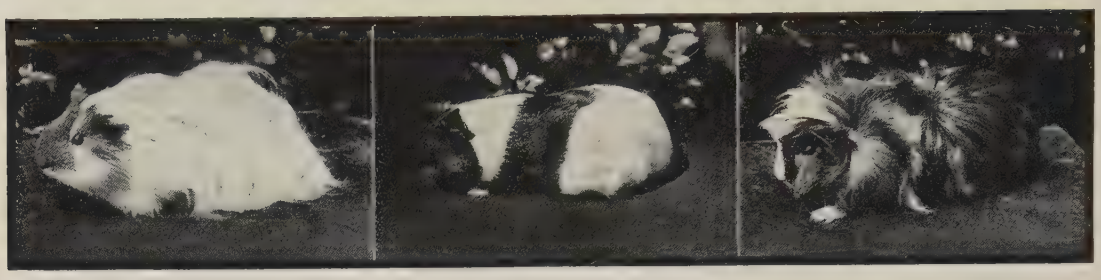
MOST children crave pets and find pleasure in caring for them. Yet the keeping of pets brings many problems in the home. The first is as to the choice of animals. In this chapter we describe briefly the species of rabbits, guinea pigs, bantam fowls, dogs, and cats, and other animals most satisfactory as additions to one's household. Much can also be learned by attending the annual shows which are often held at county fairs.

WHAT ABOUT RABBITS?

Apart from dogs and cats, it is probable that rabbits are the best-known and most popular pets. The stupid little pink-eyed white rabbit commonly seen is not, however, the kind to choose. The Himalayan and the Dutch rabbits are more intelligent, easier to raise, and more satisfactory in all ways. The handsome coat of the Himalayan rabbit is sometimes called "mock ermine." It is very soft and white, but the ear, nose, feet, and tail are brownish-black. The eyes are pink, and the combination of colors is highly attractive. These rabbits weigh from five to seven pounds.

Dutch rabbits are somewhat smaller and may be easily distinguished by a white band around the neck and a white blaze on the nose. The white band often covers the shoulders, but animals so marked are not considered high-class specimens. The rest of the body may be black, blue, or lemon-colored. The ears are short and stand erect, giving the animal an alert appearance which is an excellent indication of his character.

Long, woolly coats make the Angora rabbit easy to identify. The white specimens are the most popular, but other colors are seen. In this country Angora rabbits are not bred in large numbers, as it is a difficult matter to keep the coat clean and free from knots. But in parts of Europe this same coat gives them a distinct commercial value, for the wool is used for the manufacture of wearing apparel. It is not sheared like the wool of sheep, but the



GUINEA PIGS — CAVIES

Angora cavy, a rare variety. English or smooth-coated cavy, the most common sort. Peruvian cavy.

combings are carefully saved and the amount secured from each rabbit in the course of a year is worth several dollars.

WHAT ARE GUINEA PIGS?

To begin with, they are not pigs at all, and there is no reason for giving them such a name. They are properly called "cavies," and they came originally from South America. Their size is about half that of rabbits, and they possess no neck worth speaking of. Few animals are more stupid, and they have short lives; but they are excellent pets for children because they are perfectly harmless, and they please the eye, for which reason they are bred by many adult fanciers.

The three principal classes are the following: the Peruvian or long-haired cavy, the Abyssinian or rough-coated cavy, and the English

RABBITS

Top (left): Black Dutch rabbit. Top (right): Angora rabbit. Bottom (left): English rabbit. Bottom (right): Belgian hare.

or smooth-coated cavy. The last named is the kind most often seen and the variety commonly used for experimental purposes. Good Peruvians have coats which sweep the ground, even hiding the head and face. Naturally these animals are not easily kept in condition; very long hair must be rolled up and tied on papers when the cavies are not being exhibited.

Abyssinian cavies are covered with peculiar rosettes, from which the hairs radiate, and are bred in various solid and mixed colors. English cavies have very firm, smooth coats, and the colors include red, black, fawn, white, cream, and chocolate, but specimens in broken colors are most common. Cavies may be fed and cared for in much the same manner as rabbits, with which they get along well.

WHAT ARE THE BEST BANTAMS?

There are no better pets than bantam fowls. Not only are they handsome, tame, and easy to care for, but some of them actually pay their way in the eggs they lay. These eggs are small, it is true, but quite large enough to use in the kitchen. Houses are easily constructed from dry-goods boxes, and a small flock may be fed largely on waste from the family table.

As pets for boys and girls, probably the cochins, brahmas, and plymouth rocks are the best bantams to keep. They are hardy, lay fairly well, and become very tame if handled frequently. Adult fanciers may prefer breeds which are not quite so easy to rear, although it takes an expert to breed prize winners in any variety. Seabrights are small, trim, and saucy, and it is a peculiar fact that the cock is feathered practically like the hen. The aristocratic appearance of the Japanese bantams wins them many admirers. Their long wings touch the ground, and their broad tails, which are carried very high, almost reach their heads. Rosecomb bantams have white ear lobes and long tails and a stylish carriage. Booted white bantams get their name from the appearance of the legs, on which are long, stiff feathers or vulture hocks, which reach almost to the ground. In Polish bantams we have a pocket edition of ordinary Polish fowls. Most bantams are rather delicate, and it hardly pays to hatch them very early in the season.

WHAT SHALL WE KEEP FOR PIGEONS?

To attend an exhibition of fancy pigeons is to be filled with wonder at the large number of varieties shown, as well as the interest manifested by all sorts of people. Among the popular varieties are tumblers, owls, jacobins, fantails, archangels, carriers, pouters, magpies, and nuns. Tumblers are particularly interesting

A PET BLACK COCHIN BANTAM

because of their habit of turning somersaults in the air, a performance which they will repeat many times. Fantails are common and are often allowed their liberty; they get their name, of course, from their ability to spread their tails into enormous fans. The pouter is a very odd-appearing bird when it expands its esophagus, almost hiding the rest of its body behind the great balloon. Jacobins are marked by recurved feathers on their heads, which give them the appearance of wearing hoods.

Carrier pigeons have often been made to serve useful purposes in carrying messages. Years ago they were taken to sea in ships for the purpose of bringing messages back to land, and often were made use of in war. When Paris was besieged, in 1871, communication with the outside world was carried on by means of these birds. The common practice is to

A BABY RACCOON

write on the lightest and most flimsy paper, which is tied to the leg of the pigeon. There are a number of carrier-pigeon societies in this country, and races are held at intervals, the birds being taken to distant points and released. The certainty and speed with which they return to their lofts is surprising.

WHAT OTHER PETS ARE KEPT?

Squirrels make interesting pets, if taken from the nest or captured very young. It is not worth while trying to tame an old squirrel. Stale bread and milk and soaked corn make good rations for young animals. White mice are popular with boys, but seldom with their sisters. It is important to keep their cages clean, and an application of hot water and carbolic soap three times a week will be needed. Fresh bread or hot corn should not be fed, but the mice will revel in a loaf of stale bread and make tunnels all through it.

Raccoons and opossums are surprisingly quick and intelligent and are continually doing amusing things, but they are not such good pets when they grow old as when young. The best way to confine them is to attach one end of a chain to a collar on their necks and the other end to a pole by a ring in such a way that it will slide up and down. They will spend much time traveling up and down the pole. A box or barrel will provide shelter.

WHAT ARE THE BEST DOGS FOR PETS?

Dogs are popular pets the world over, but many of them belong to no recognized breed and lead a more or less precarious existence. Some dogs are purely ornamental, some are useful, and some are both. Also, unfortunately, some are neither. There are fifty breeds or more in this country, but certain kinds are especially suitable for pets. In the country the larger breeds may be kept to advantage. Collies are perhaps the favorite dogs with people who have farms or small country homes. They are active, alert, excellent companions, and good watchdogs. They are somewhat easily excited, though, and occasionally commit serious mistakes through losing their heads.

Another breed which finds favor in the country, as well as among the owners of suburban homes, is the Airedale terrier, an unusually intelligent dog, easily trained and notably faithful. The Airedale is an excellent watchdog and a useful guard. To be sure, he is not handsome, with his hard, wiry, tan-colored coat and his long, flat skull, but his alert movements and upstanding appearance suggest both intelligence and strength.

There are other terriers in variety, some of which are satisfactory pets. Scotch terriers are small but powerfully put together, with keen, expressive eyes and unlimited vitality. They are very companionable, and are ready to give tongue at the appearance of intruders. Fox terriers are popular house dogs, good ratters, friendly, and plucky. They are noisy, however, and inclined to kill cats, and they have been bred so long for exhibition purposes that they are often nervous and high strung. There are two varieties, smooth-coated and wire-haired. As a rule, Irish terriers have better tempers and are hardier. They have hard, wiry hair which sheds water, they love to catch rats, and are good dogs to have around a place.

Being a cross between a bulldog and a terrier, the bull terrier naturally enough never goes around a stump to avoid a fight; yet he is likely

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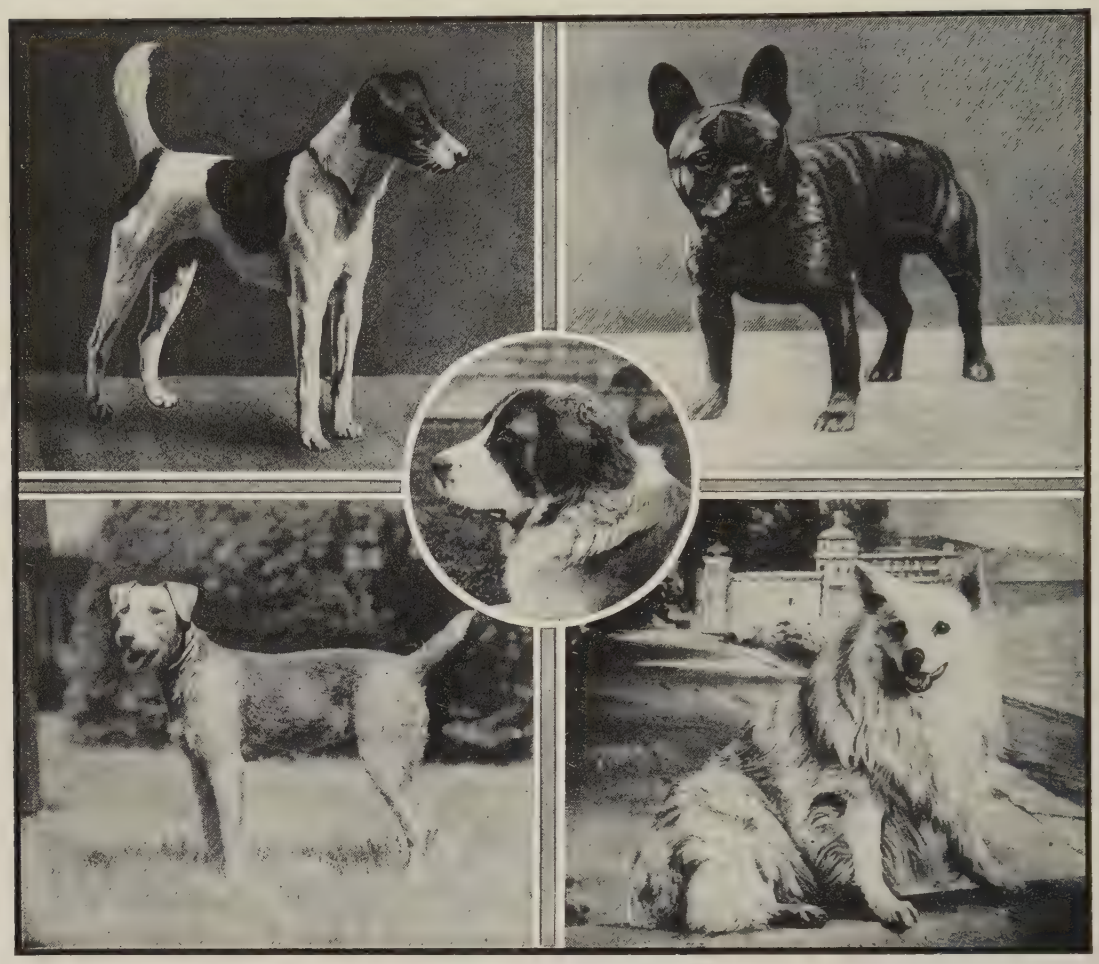
FIELD SPANIELS THAT ARE GOOD HUNTING DOGS

Top: A black cocker spaniel. Bottom: Welsh springers.



TOP: FOX TERRIER; FRENCH BULLDOG. CENTER: ST. BERNARD. BOTTOM: AIREDALE TERRIER; POMERANIAN

to be friendly with other dogs on the street, although making war on any which trespass on his domains. Bulldogs are very affectionate and like to be in the house, yet are not to be especially recommended as pets.

No doubt the Boston terrier is the favorite canine pet of people who live in cities. This is essentially an American dog, obtained by the crossing of the small bulldog and the bull terrier. The breed is marked by a square skull and a prominent eye. The nose should be black and the face marked with a white blaze. Boston terriers are neat and intelligent, and are ideal show dogs. They vary greatly in disposition and are not always to be trusted.

Setters have an ancient lineage, for records in which they are mentioned date as far back as the year 1335. There are three breeds: the English, which is white speckled with black; the Gordon, which is rich plum black, with dark tan markings; and the Irish setter, which is golden chestnut in color. The English breed is divided into two varieties, Llewellyns and Laveracks. All setters are large, handsome dogs, with soft, silky hair and a fringe on the under part of the tail, which shows to especial advantage when the dog flushes a bird. Although largely used for hunting, they are splendid pets when they can be kept much in the open air. They are obedient, friendly, and intelligent and serve well for watchdogs.

Pointers are hunting dogs, too, and are able

to go a long time without water. It is commonly said that they are easier to train than the setter, but they have the reputation of being more snappish. They are strong-boned, short-haired, rat-tailed, and cat-footed, and unexcelled before a gun.

Spaniels are closely associated with setters. In early times, indeed, the latter were called "setting spaniels." Cockers are the best known of the spaniels and are excellent house pets. They like to be noticed, but their dispositions are not always of the best. The Irish water spaniel is the curious, old-fashioned-looking animal occasionally seen in America, with a coat consisting of short, crisp curls and a topknot falling over his eyes.

SCOTCH TERRIER

Twenty years ago the poodle was one of the most popular pet dogs, but of late years has become a victim of fashion's caprice. As a house dog he cannot be excelled, except that he is sometimes inclined to be surly and jealous. His intelligence is attested by the fact that he is the dog most often chosen for the performance of stage tricks. The pug, too, is an ideal household pet. He is neither too large nor too small, his coat is clean and smooth, and he is playful, good-natured, and quick to learn manners and tricks. He is a particularly good playmate for children.

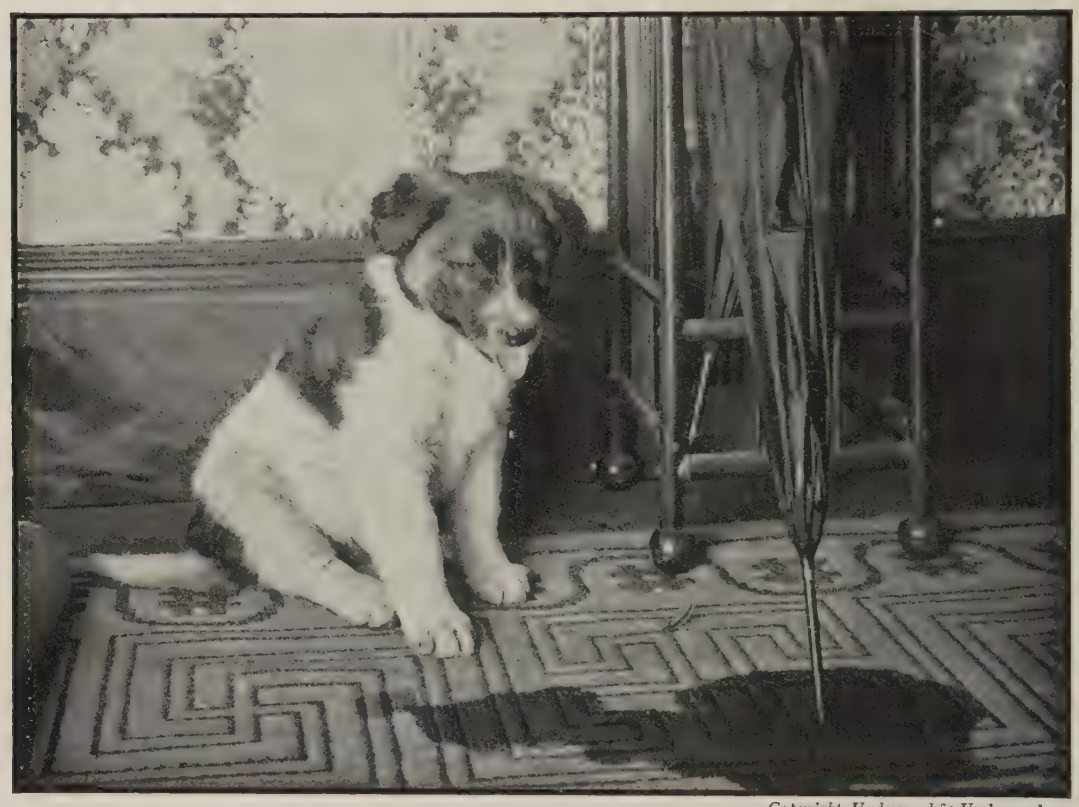
Bulldogs, being English, are supposed to typify British pluck. Their best friends cannot call them handsome, but their grim and threatening

SCOTCH COLLIE

features conceal a heart as warm as that which beats in any dog. Their good nature is proverbial among dog lovers, and they are stanch defenders of master or mistress. Sometimes, however, they attack animals without reason, and the death grip of their jaws can be loosened only by choking them.

In times past Italian greyhounds were popular pets with women of fashion, but they are not bred commonly now except for exhibition. Whippets look like miniature greyhounds and are exceedingly swift. It is a practice among English people to race them and to train them for racing from puppyhood. The beagle is a small member of the hound family, but has the most musical cry. These dogs have very long ears, are noted hunters, and are sometimes called "rabbit hounds." They are quiet, peaceable, and good dogs for the country.

Many people think that the dachshund is a member of the hound family, but that is a mistake. The name comes from the German words *dachs*, a "badger," and *hund*, a "dog." Everybody is familiar with pictures of this breed, if not with the dog itself, for its long-drawn-out body commands attention wherever seen. A good dog is forty-four inches from point of nose to tip of tail, yet stands only ten and a half inches high. Dachshunds are quick-witted, but rather hard to manage, and are not to be recommended as pets.



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HIS MASTER'S UMBRELLA

Of late years Pomeranians have come into favor. They have long, fine coats and make excellent show dogs. They are best bred for that purpose, too; for while they are unusually good watchdogs, in that they are certain to arouse the household if intruders attempt an entrance, they are inclined to be snappish and should never be allowed at liberty where there are children. This applies to a large extent to

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CARLOS, THE KING OF NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS

several of the lap dogs which are popular pets with society women — the Pekingese, the griffon, and the toy spaniel, for example. While pretty and interesting to watch, they possess only a moderate amount of intelligence, and are likely to be so jealous of children as to bite them. Pictures of some of these breeds are also shown in Volume III.

WHAT VARIETIES OF CATS ARE THERE?

It comes as a surprise to many people to learn that there are numerous varieties of cats. Common cats are, of course, very common indeed. Persian, Angora, Manx, and Siamese varieties are less often seen. In the shows Persians and Angoras are entered as one class and are called simply "long-haired cats." The varieties differ in one distinct respect. Persian cats have one long coat, while Angoras have two — an undercoat and an overcoat, if you please. Color counts for much with long-haired cats. Silvers are the most valuable, while those which are pure white come next. White Persians or Angoras with blue eyes are, for some unaccountable reason, almost always deaf. One peculiar physical feature marks Manx cats — they have no tails at all or only a stub. They are docile, friendly, and very agile. Siamese cats are lithe and graceful and in color are silver gray, with black ears, legs, and tails.

PERSIAN KITTENS

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A TIGER CAT

Look at the picture of members of the cat family, Volume III, page 217.

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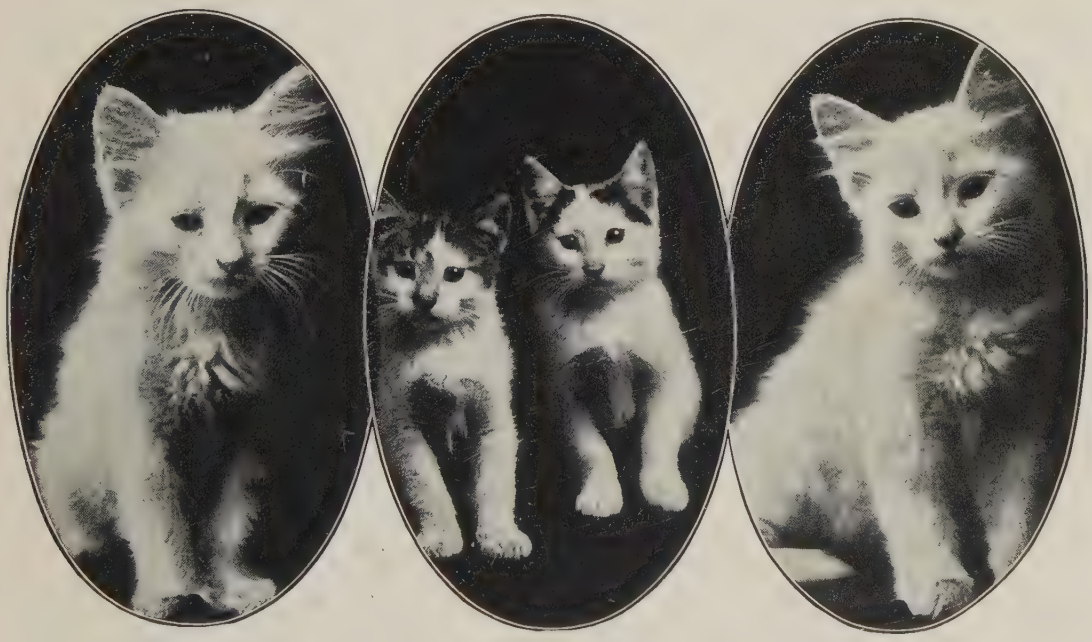
PETS ON SHIPBOARD

This captain has a farmyard on board his ship. In the upper pictures you see him feeding his poultry and opening his dovecot; in the lower, with his dogs and his rabbits.

PRIZE BOSTON TERRIERS

Lord Derby, the dog at the right of the picture, was bought by the present owner for $3500.



ANGORA KITTENS

ONE STEP AT A TIME

A SUGGESTED BOOK LIST FOR THE CHILD IN THE HOME

FOR THE FOUR,- FIVE- AND SIX-YEAR-OLDS

Title	*Author*	*Publisher*
The Story of Little Black Sambo	Bannerman, Helen	Frederick A. Stokes Company
Aunt Green, Aunt Brown, and Aunt Lavender	Beskow, Elsa	Harper & Brothers
The Tale of the Wee Little Old Woman	Beskow, Elsa	Harper & Brothers
The Golden Goose Book	Brooke, Leslie	Frederick Warne & Company
The Nursery Rhyme Book	Brooke, Leslie	Frederick Warne & Company
Stories to Tell the Littlest Ones	Bryant, Sara Cone	Houghton Mifflin Company
All the World is Colour	Clement, Marguerite	Farrar & Rinehart, Inc.
I Saw a Ship A-Sailing	Crane, Walter	John Lane Company
Spin Top Spin and Rosmarie and Thyme	Eisgruber, Elsa	The Macmillan Company
Millions of Cats	Gág, Wanda	Coward-McCann
A-Apple Pie	Greenaway, Kate	Frederick Warne & Company
Marigold Garden	Greenaway, Kate	Frederick Warne & Company
Nonsense Books	Lear, Edward	Little, Brown & Company
Alphabet People	Lenski, Lois	Harper & Brothers
The Wonder City	Lenski, Lois	Coward-McCann
A Story Garden for Little Children	Lindsay, Maud	Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company
Here and Now Story Book	Mitchell	E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc.
Little Bear-Cub and the Dressed-Up Pig	Moe, Louis M.	Coward-McCann
Night Before Christmas Illustrated by Elizabeth MacKinstry	Moore, Clement C.	E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc.
The Pirate Twins	Nicholson, William	Coward-McCann
When the Root Children Wake Up	Olfers, Sibylle and Fish, Helen Dean	Frederick A. Stokes Company
Tale of Peter Rabbit	Potter, Beatrix	Frederick Warne & Company
Santa Claus and All About Him	Smith, E. Boyd	Frederick A. Stokes Company
The Chicken World	Smith, E. Boyd	G. P. Putnam's Sons
The Country Book	Smith. E. Boyd	Frederick A. Stokes Company
The Farm Book	Smith, E. Boyd	Houghton Mifflin Company
The Railroad Book	Smith, E. Boyd	Houghton Mifflin Company
The Seashore Book	Smith, E. Boyd	Houghton Mifflin Company
The Adventures of Tommy	Wells, H. G.	Frederick A. Stokes Company
A Monkey Tale	Williamson, Hamilton	Doubleday, Doran
Little Elephant	Williamson, Hamilton	Doubleday, Doran
The Real Mother Goose	Wright, Blanche Fisher	Rand McNally & Company

FOR THE FIVE,- SIX- AND SEVEN-YEAR-OLDS

Title	*Author*	*Publisher*
Jane Louise's Cook Book	Bell, Louise Price	Coward-McCann
All About Pets	Bianco, Margery Williams	The Macmillan Company
The Runaway Sardine	Brock, Emma L.	Alfred A. Knopf
Johnny Crow's Garden	Brooke, Leslie	Frederick Warne & Company
Johnny Crow's Party	Brooke, Leslie	Frederick Warne & Company
The Little Wooden Farmer	Dalgliesh, Alice	The Macmillan Company
Little Eagle	Deming, Edwin Willard and Therese O.	Laidlaw Brothers, Inc.
Angus and the Ducks	Flack, Marjorie	Doubleday, Doran
The Funny Thing	Gág, Wanda	Coward-McCann
The Story of the Ship	Grant, Gordon	McLoughlin Brothers, Inc.
Funny Little Book	Gruelle, Johnny	The P. F. Volland Company
Little Brown Bear	Gruelle, Johnny	The P. F. Volland Company
Ameliar-Anne and the Green Umbrella	Heward, Constance	Macrae Smith Company
The Twins and Tabiffa	Heward, Constance	Macrae Smith Company
Little Red Balloon	Hofman, Elmer	The P. F. Volland Company
Ameliaranne in Town	Joan, Natalie	David McKay Company
Dogs	King, Julius	Thomas Nelson & Sons
The Magic Flutes	Kožišek, J. and Mates, R.	Longmans Green and Company
Happy Hour Books	Kuh, Charlotte	The Macmillan Company
The Deliveryman		
The Engineer		
The Fireman		
The Motorman		
The Policeman		
The Postman		
The F–U–N Book	LaRue, Mabel Guinnip	The Macmillan Company
Little Machinery	Liddell, Mary	Doubleday, Doran
Noisy Nora	Lofting, Hugh	Frederick A. Stokes Company
The Story of Mrs. Tubbs	Lofting, Hugh	Frederick A. Stokes Company
The Wonderful Locomotive	Meigs, Cornelia	The Macmillan Company
The Painted Pig	Morrow, Elizabeth (Mrs. Dwight)	Alfred A. Knopf
The Tree Boys	Nida, William L.	Laidlaw Brothers, Inc.
Sunny Bunny	Putnam, N.	The P. F. Volland Company
An Airplane Ride	Read, Helen S.	Charles Scribner's Sons
An Engine's Story	Read, Helen S.	Charles Scribner's Sons
A Story about Boats	Read, Helen S.	Charles Scribner's Sons
Grandfather's Farm	Read, Helen S.	Charles Scribner's Sons
Little Sally Mandy Story Book	Van Derveer, Helen R.	Henry Altemus Company
A Picture Book of Ancient and Modern Dolls	White, Gwen	The Macmillan Company
The Toys' Adventures at the Zoo	White, Gwen	The Macmillan Company

FOR THE SIX,- SEVEN- AND EIGHT-YEAR-OLDS

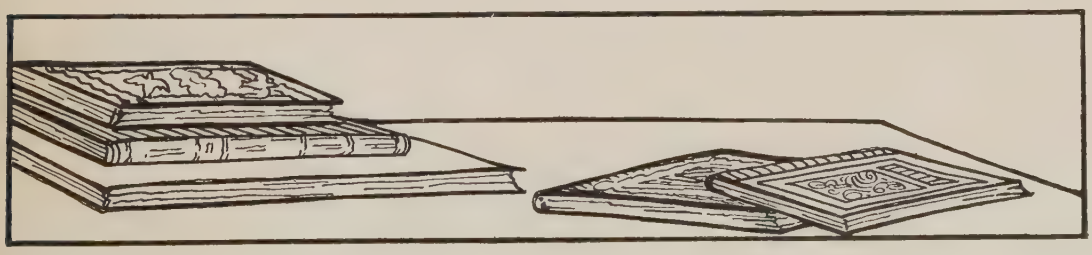
Peggy Stories	Batchelder, Mildred I.	Charles Scribner's Sons
Topsy Turvy Tales	Batchelder, Mildred I.	Charles Scribner's Sons
Penny-Whistle	Berry, Erick	The Macmillan Company
Olle's Ski Trip	Beskow, Elsa	Harper & Brothers
The Velveteen Rabbit	Bianco, Margery Williams	Doubleday, Doran
Little Boy in a Big World	Bigham, Madge A.	Mentzer, Bush & Company
Sonny Elephant	Bigham, Madge A.	Little, Brown & Company

Title	*Author*	*Publisher*
Johnny Penguin	Bryan, Dorothy and Marguerite	Doubleday, Doran
The Story of Woofin-Poofin	Buller, Marguerite	Robert McBride & Company
Animal Picture Tales from Russia	Carrick, Valery	Frederick A. Stokes Company
Tales of Wise and Foolish Animals	Carrick, Valery	Frederick A. Stokes Company
The Indians in Winter Camp	Deming, Edwin Willard and Therese O.	Laidlaw Brothers, Inc.
The Secret Cave	Everson, Florence and Howard	E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc.
Gresha and His Clay Pig	Grishina, N. J.	Frederick A. Stokes Company
Shorty	Grishina, N. J.	Frederick A. Stokes Company
Grandpa and the Tiger	Heward, Constance	Macrae Smith
The White Kitten and the Blue Plate	Hogan, Inez	The Macmillan Company
About Harriet	Hunt, Clara W.	Houghton Mifflin Company
The Billy Bang Book	LaRue, Mabel Guinnip	The Macmillan Company
Tinka, Minka, and Linka	Lederer, Mrs. Charlotte	Alfred A. Knopf
The Tale of the Good Cat Jupie	McCoy, Neely	The Macmillan Company
Talking Dolls	Mills, G. R. and Nelson, Zaida, and Mrs. Annie Stoddard	Greenberg, Publisher, Inc.
Wild Animals of America	Morse, George F.	Thomas S. Rockwell Company
Byrd's Dogs (By Dog Sled for Byrd)	O'Brien, John S.	Thomas S. Rockwell Company
Miki	Petersham, Maud and Miska	Doubleday, Doran
Tale of Jemima Puddle-Duck	Potter, Beatrix	Frederick Warne & Company
The Tale of Little Pig Robinson	Potter, Beatrix	David McKay Company
Six Little Ducklings	Pyle, Katharine	Dodd, Mead & Company
The Black-Eyed Puppy	Pyle, Katharine	E. P. Dutton & Company
Three Little Kittens	Pyle, Katharine	Dodd, Mead & Company
Two Little Mice	Pyle, Katharine	Dodd, Mead & Company
The Bojabi Tree	Rickert, Edith	Doubleday, Doran
Max: The Story of a Little Black Bear	St. Clair, Mabel Halleck	Harcourt, Brace & Company
Peregrin and the Goldfish	Seidmann-Freud	The Macmillan Company
Wheel, Sail and Wing	Stephenson, Mary Bowen	Thomas S. Rockwell Company
Little Dog Ready	Stryker, Mabel F.	Henry Holt and Company
Rag Doll Jane	Treffinger, Carolyn	Saalfield Publishing Company
Wallie the Walrus	Wiese, Kurt	Coward-McCann

FOR THE EIGHT,- NINE- AND TEN-YEAR-OLDS

Jataka Tales Retold	Babbitt, Ellen C.	The Century Company
The Terrible Nuisance and Other Tales	Bacon, Peggy	Harcourt, Brace & Company
Alice and Thomas and Jane	Bagnold, Enid	Alfred A. Knopf
Katrina and Jan	Bailey, Alice C.	The P. F. Volland Company
Noddy Goes A-Plowing	Baker, Margaret	Duffield & Green
Peter Pan (Retold by Perkins, F. P.)	Barrie, J. M.	Silver, Burdett & Company
Poor Cecco	Bianco, Margery Williams	Doubleday, Doran
The Little Wooden Doll	Bianco, Margery Williams	The Macmillan Company
The Chinese Kitten	Brown, Edna A.	Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company
Sparky-for-Short	Bruere, Martha B.	Coward-McCann
The Burgess Bird Book for Children	Burgess, Thornton W.	Little, Brown & Company
Glimpses of Familiar Birds	Carr, William H.	Samuel Gabriel Sons & Company
Alice's Adventures in Wonderland	Carroll, Lewis	The Macmillan Company

Title	*Author*	*Publisher*
Michael of Ireland	Casserley, Anne	Harper & Brothers
Wandering Monday	Chevalier, Ragnhild	The Macmillan Company
The Poppy Seed Cakes	Batchelder, Mildred I.	Charles Scribner's Sons
Pinocchio	Collodi	J. B. Lippincott Company
Perez the Mouse	Coloma, P. Luis	Dodd, Mead & Company
The Peep-Show Man	Colum, P.	The Macmillan Company
Boats: Adventures in Boat Making	Curtis, Nell	Rand McNally & Company
A Baker's Dozen	Davis, Mary Gould	Harcourt, Brace & Company
Five Little Katchinas	De Huff, Elizabeth Willis	Houghton Mifflin Company
Just Horses	Dombrowski, Baroness (Kos)	The Macmillan Company
Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans	Eggleston, Edward	American Book Company
Hitty: Her First Hundred Years	Field, Rachel	The Macmillan Company
Red Feather's Adventures	Gifford, Jane Curtis and Payne, Enoch George	Lyons & Carnahan
The Picture Book of Ships	Gimmage, Peter and Craig, Helen	The Macmillan Company
Columbus and Pepper or Little Folks from Science Town	Hardy, Mary Early	Albert Whitman & Company
Jimmie Flies	Heiderstadt, Dorothy	Frederick A. Stokes Company
Child Life Cook Book	Judson, Clara Ingram	Rand McNally & Company
Peter Pocket's Luck	Justus, May	Doubleday, Doran
How the Derrick Works	Jones, Wilfred	The Macmillan Company
Working with Electricity	Keelor, Katherine	Lincoln School, Teachers College, Columbia University
Just So Stories	Kipling, Rudyard	Doubleday, Doran
Diggers and Builders	Lent, Henry B.	The Macmillan Company
The Story of Dr. Dolittle	Lofting, Hugh	Frederick A. Stokes Company
The Twilight of Magic	Lofting, Hugh	Frederick A. Stokes Company
The Roving Lobster	Mason, Arthur	Doubleday, Doran
Wee Men of Ballywooden	Mason, Arthur	Doubleday, Doran
The House at Pooh Corner	Milne, A. A.	E. P. Dutton & Company
Winnie-the-Pooh	Milne, A. A.	E. P. Dutton & Company
The Picture Book of Robinson Crusoe	Moore, Elizabeth C.	The Macmillan Company
Donkey John of the Toy Valley	Morley, Margaret W.	A. C. McClurg & Company
The Adventures of a Brownie	Mulock, Dinah	J. B. Lippincott Company
Floating Island	Parrish, Anne	Harper & Brothers
Stories East and West	Peck, Lora B.	Little, Brown & Company
Wee Ann: A Story for Little Girls	Phillips, Ethel C.	Houghton Mifflin Company
Little Blacknose	Swift, Hildegarde Hoyt	Harcourt, Brace & Company
An American Farm	Wells, Rhea	Doubleday, Doran
Beppo the Donkey	Wells, Rhea	Doubleday, Doran
Peppi the Duck	Wells, Rhea	Doubleday, Doran
Playing with Clay	Wheeler, Ida W.	The Macmillan Company
Toys Every Child Can Make	Wright, Harry B.	Bruce Publishing Company



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